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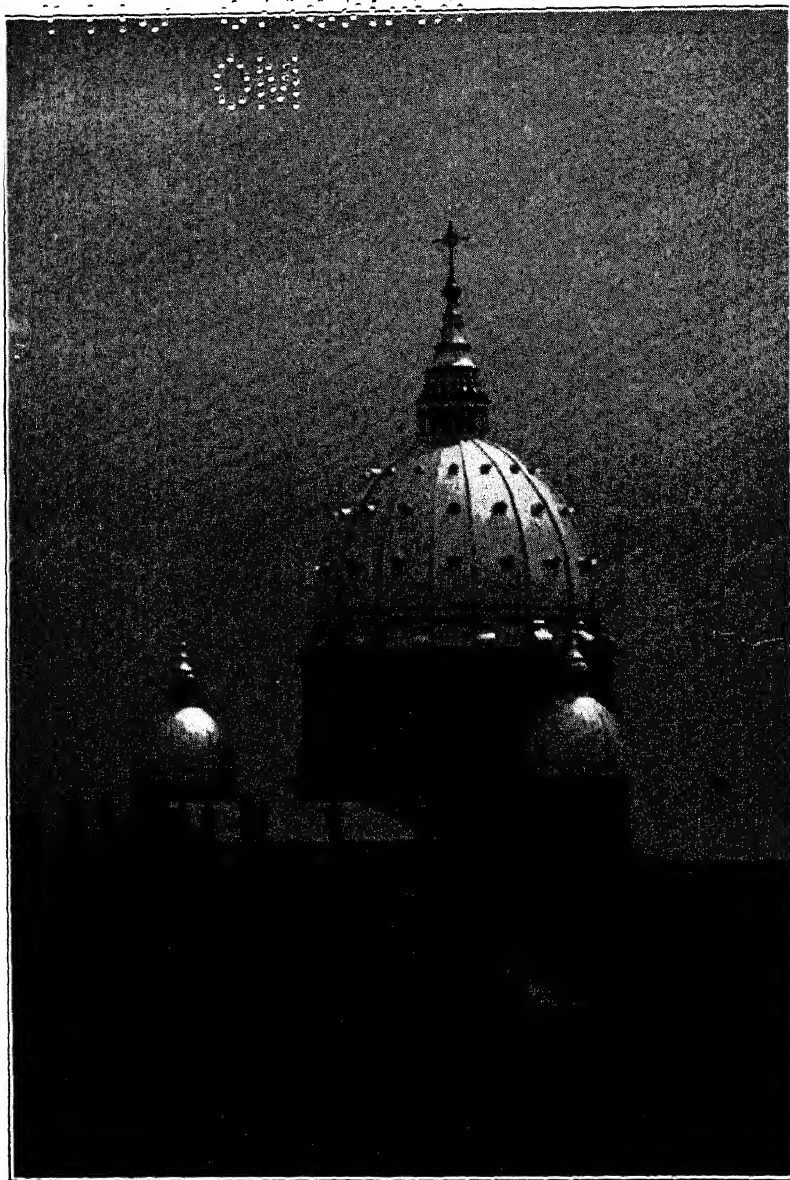
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*Courtesy of George C. Mackenzie*

ST. JAMES, MONTREAL

# QUEBEC MONTREAL AND OTTAWA

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BY T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

AUTHOR OF "THE ADIRONDACKS"  
"THE LAURENTIANS", ETC.



*ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS*

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NEW YORK & LONDON

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*First Printing*

To  
LOUIS AND BETTY COLWELL  
THE GOOD COMPANIONS



## FOREWORD

The pleasure of travel is, of course, to travel. If very bold, to travel without guides, explanations, or advice; to explore. It is a wasteful way, undoubtedly, requiring the retracing of steps, risking omissions, putting one to the trouble of forming one's own opinions. But origins rise unclouded. The companionship of the past suffers from no go-betweens. And there is more zest. Travel books should really be addressed to those who must stay at home. It is these people, lacking the glory at first hand, who deserve the richest transcription of it that can be put on paper.

Hamlet, I think, would have made a good guide had he not preferred the detective service. Recall the occasion when he volunteered to show the queen around the family portrait gallery. Instead of descanting long-windedly on styles, schools, surfaces, masses, and textures, he merely discovered the proper light for her, stepped back and said simply, "Look here upon this picture, and on this."

It is the best guiding possible.

While writing this book I have wondered whether Austin Dobson was chagrined at intending an ode and achieving a sonnet. I was having something of the same experience. I had intended a small book which would take the tractable tourist by the hand and show him the scenic aspects of these localities, with a dash of the historic, and enough of the practical to save me from his reproaches if I ever met him on the street. And then Rose crossed the road, or rather, not Rose but innumerable other people; and they did not cross, but stood there and engaged me in conversation. Who could pass by, or even inter-

rupt Father le Jeune or the Kirkes, or Madame de Champlain or any of that brave and distinguished company who had made these cities so rich in life on the grand scale? The more they told me, the more deeply was I convinced that the scenes of their lives were as rich in romance and battle and chicanery and accomplishment and faith as those cities across the Atlantic which tourists fare to see. Who could omit all this? I had intended a guide and it turned to an ode, a history, a dramatis personæ of three centuries, a collection of personal opinions interspersed with directions for the traveler. I quickly label the opinions personal to offset any other reproaches; after all, expressing opinions is half the fun.

If people knew the joys of writing a book of this sort, there would be no more unemployment. Everybody would be doing it. I begin to understand the passion of those excavators who go to any length in order to peel layer after layer off Troy, for example, and keep finding new and still more alluring Troys. It can be done as well in Montreal. *La recherche du temps perdu* is as fascinating as Mr. Wells's investigations into the future, with the added satisfaction of being a shade more solid. I guarantee a thrill to any one who will unearth for himself the Baron de Lahontan, the mischiefs of Perrot, the magnanimity of Maisonneuve. He will find them in the original papers, and he can find the original papers in the Canadian Archives and the libraries of the great religious organizations at Quebec and Montreal. Some of the derivative books which have been most helpful I have listed in the bibliography; a complete bibliography would run to a hundred pages. With these, and with the art of mingling as well as of looking on, the traveler to these cities will soon find himself indulging in satisfactions which will make the tales of all previous travelers seem superficial and insipid.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD . . . . .	vii
CHAPTER	
I THE CASTLE FRONTENAC . . . . .	3
II CARTIER'S QUEBEC . . . . .	6
III PLACE D'ARMES . . . . .	14
IV CHAMPLAIN REGISTERS ON THE ROCK . . . . .	17
V INTO LOWER TOWN . . . . .	25
VI GALLANT INTERLUDE . . . . .	32
VII TO SILLERY BY THE RIVER-SHORE . . . . .	40
VIII CHEZ LA BRASSERIE DU ROI . . . . .	58
IX THE FOREST OF LAVAL . . . . .	71
X THE BELLICOSE BUADE . . . . .	78
XI SAINTE URSULE . . . . .	88
XII EROICA . . . . .	94
XIII "HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS" . . . . .	107
XIV THE CITADEL . . . . .	119
XV L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN TOURISTE . . . . .	123
XVI MONTMORENCY FALLS . . . . .	137
XVII THE DEFRAUDED VISITOR . . . . .	141
XVIII MONTREAL BEFORE MAISONNEUVE . . . . .	148
XIX PLACE D'ARMES AND THEREABOUT . . . . .	159
XX THE STREETS OF VILLE MARIE . . . . .	173
XXI MÈRE DE L'OUEST . . . . .	186



CHAPTER	PAGE
XXII CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY . . . . .	199
XXIII SEVEN MONTHS AMERICAN . . . . .	206
XXIV MID-CITY RAMBLE . . . . .	211
XXV MOUNT ROYAL . . . . .	217
XXVI FROM DOMINION SQUARE . . . . .	222
XXVII CONCESSION À TOURISME . . . . .	230
XXVIII "ABROAD, OVERNIGHT" . . . . .	237
XXIX THE SEIGNEURS OF MONTEBELLO . . . . .	242
XXX I ENTER THE CAPITAL . . . . .	254
XXXI FROM NEPEAN POINT . . . . .	256
XXXII THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . . . .	270
XXXIII ON PARLIAMENT HILL . . . . .	278
XXXIV THE ARCHIVES . . . . .	286
XXXV OTTAWA IN NINETY MINUTES . . . . .	291
XXXVI THE NATIONAL GALLERY . . . . .	301
XXXVII LIFE IN OTTAWA . . . . .	307
BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . .	313
INDEX . . . . .	315

## ILLUSTRATIONS

ST. JAMES, MONTREAL . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC . . . . .	4
QUEBEC FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE . . . . .	21
IN LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC . . . . .	37
FROM THE OLD RÉGIME, QUEBEC . . . . .	52
QUEBEC VILLAGE STREET . . . . .	132
OXEN DRINKING . . . . .	149
MOUNT ROYAL . . . . .	165
MONTREAL HARBOR NEAR WINDMILL POINT . . . . .	180
CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL . . . . .	192
THE CALÈCHES AT WINDSOR STATION, MONTREAL . . . . .	209
THE CHATEAU PAPINEAU . . . . .	241
THE PEACE TOWER, OTTAWA . . . . .	256
THE HEART OF OTTAWA . . . . .	272
THE RIDEAU LOCKS FROM NEPEAN POINT . . . . .	289
THE OTTAWA FROM PARLIAMENT HILL . . . . .	308

## MAPS

QUEBEC . . . . .	<i>Front end-paper</i>
MONTREAL . . . . .	<i>Between pp. 186 &amp; 187</i>
OTTAWA . . . . .	<i>Back end-paper</i>



QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND OTTAWA



# QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND OTTAWA

## CHAPTER I

### THE CASTLE FRONTENAC

DECEMBER, anywhere, is the month of anticipation, of promise. Its days gain impetus as they rush to that brief but actual glimpse of universal good feeling called Christmas Eve. The six months' descent into the valley of darkness is ending. If one be closed in, it is by snow, and living comes within the reach of thought. Such is December, anywhere that men idealize.

But in Quebec, December is the ideal in person. Her snows fall and lie secure from thaw. Her streets are shrines to winter, with flame-shaped firs for candles. The air has blown through forests. Down every street the eye finds a view of river or of mountain. Change, which shifts New York about like a frontier town, folds its hands in Quebec. One can return to her and be sure. I had first seen the city twenty years ago, yet felt no strangeness now. It was good to be in Quebec again.

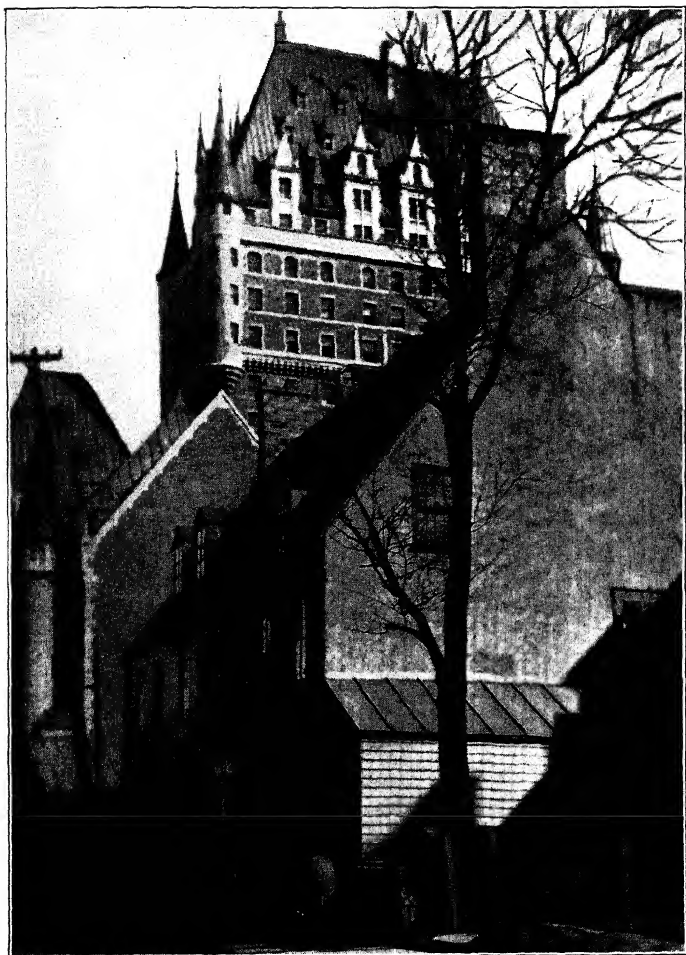
It was good to be driven up the steep and narrow, snow-banked streets and to enter the Chateau under those arches which might, as well as not, have had a portcullis suspended. The night wind struck at one in the courtyard like a mortal enemy. But within were brightness, warmth, and sanctuary. It was a fortress still.

They installed me high in the great tower of the Castle, in a comfort which would have set the original Frontenac's teeth on edge with envy. The count, it is true, had slept in a bed more

imposing than mine—which required no step-ladder and enjoyed no richly embroidered curtains. In his day the bed of state stood by tradition in the Great Hall. But the hall was floored with wide planks, its tapestries swayed in the drafts at the long windows, and the nor'easters puffed down the chimneys. Donning one's ruffs and silken hose of a December morning required the support of a hardy courage; it must have been cold as the Scandinavian hell. I, however, had merely to leap from bed, close the window, switch on the radiator, which by some miracle filled instantly with heat, and retire into a summer-like bathroom for a pellucid plunge. I could not bring myself to envy the vice-regal state of 1693.

Morning revealed a new advantage—height. Frontenac might have scorned the plumbing; he would not have scorned my view. From the eastern window I could see the widening St. Lawrence and the Island of Orleans, around whose capes had appeared four centuries of ships. Northeast lay the long line of houses on the famous Beauport Road and the gash of Montmorency Falls. Beyond rose the Laurentian mountains, waiting for the ceremony which never transpires. From the southwest sill, I could inspect the Citadel, or the precipices of Lévis across the river, or watch the river itself, endlessly fascinating with ice-floes sliding by on the tidal sweep, or I could note the goings-on in Lower Town where most of Canada's history first set foot.

The day, so begun with glimpses of distant beauty, soon developed an actual grandeur on the way to breakfast. My castle, except for the uniformed servants stationed at convenient intervals, was apparently unoccupied. I had the pleasing illusion of ownership, with a staff trained to meet the exigencies of a ducal service. In the breakfast-room I found a mellowness related to another time. Quiet flames of a wood fire played on the hearth. I chose a window looking out on the Place d'Armes, the river, and the mountains.



*Photo by Vanderpant*

THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC





Some one should write, perhaps has written, an account of the world's great hotels, the hotels with genuine personality where the discovery of the perfect way of doing things has been repeated into usage. There are not many, although it would take half a lifetime to find them out. Equipment would count something in the reckoning, and the food, and the situation, but manner would be the deciding factor.

In my castle the manner was not shamed by the coronets carved in the decorations. The courtesy was as dependable as the walls themselves. It rested one. My days, I foresaw, would be set in an ever-varying well-being. I should issue from my stronghold in the morning, raid some historic precinct for the facts, and bring my booty back to enjoy at leisure. Beyond the moat and the sentinels lay rich fields, authentic sites of greatness, characters of the intensest interest, names and discoveries. From my window I could very nearly see where Jacques Cartier had wintered at the junction of the Lairet and the St. Charles. I determined to make him my first prey.

## CHAPTER II

### CARTIER'S QUEBEC

THE astonishing thing about Jacques Cartier, astonishing to me at least because I was left to find it out for myself, was not that he discovered Canada, but that he should write so well. Canada is no needle in a haystack; sailing westward, one could be reasonably sure of colliding with it somewhere. But to write of it as this sailor of St. Malo wrote seizes me with wonder.

Why had I never read Jacques Cartier before? That is the question I asked myself from page to page. Why aren't school-boys reading him? Educators, grinding over their textbooks, have overlooked this first Canadian author. Here is one of the rare travel books derived from none other and distinguished by interest, vivacity, and truth; Canada's first book and written at the express command of a king. How did the sailor do it? Perhaps the secret of a good style hides in the obvious answer. Cartier had a compelling purpose, a sincere enthusiasm, a seeing eye, and the incisive word. With those aids one may not require a royal command to produce a little masterpiece.

St. Malo lies near the lower end of the English Channel, in Brittany, a very good place from which to start exploring. And Cartier was born in 1491, a very good time. Corsairs had once used the same harbor as headquarters, and the young Jacques listened to hand-me-down tales of them or sat up late at night entranced by the talk of his neighbors, fishermen salty from the spray of the Grand Banks or the New Found Land. It is not stretching probability to believe that he had pulled cod from the waters of the new hemisphere before he earned the rank of master-pilot and the notice of the high admiral of France.

At forty-three, and now sworn to the service of His Most Christian Majesty, Francis I, Cartier disclosed the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and its lands. He also wrote a book, and its content secured him the instant favor of the king. This most Christian monarch was especially gratified at Cartier's cunning in a little matter at Gaspé. There, at the great bay's entrance, the explorer had erected a wooden cross some thirty feet high and holding a shield with the three *fleurs-de-lis* and "*Vive le roy de France.*"

Possibly some careless sailor let drop a word of the significance, possibly the savages intuitively foresaw it. At any rate they pointed out to Cartier that the territory belonged to its inhabitants. Cartier was ready with his answer. Erecting crosses, he intimated, was simply a foible of his, and meaningless. Otherwise how should one mark the entrances to bays? Gifts clinched the explanation. The savages were once more serene, and so was King Francis who realized that he had come into a new continent very cheaply, especially as it would undoubtedly reveal the passage to Cathay.

To settle the whereabouts of this passage, Cartier was redespached westward at once. He sailed into the gulf, passed the kingdom of Saguenay, and on up the narrowing river "towards the land of Canada." And the day that the explorer wrote this phrase he put the name of the future dominion into letters for the first time. He had heard it from the Indians. Canada, they said, began with a group of islands. On one of these, a fertile principality twenty miles in length, Cartier landed. It was so richly endowed with the wild grape that in a moment of enthusiasm he called it the Isle of Bacchus. Then a political doubt crossed his mind, and he changed the name to the Island of Orleans.

It was already September and China was not yet in sight. While Cartier was considering what to do, he encountered a party of Indians who said that they were from a large settle-

ment called Stadacona, there in the environs of the handsome Rock. Food and felicitations were exchanged. The Indians unfortunately had never heard of China, but they pointed to the changing leaves of the birches and the great maples and advised Cartier to seek a harbor against winter. The sheltering St. Charles was at hand, and where a still smaller stream entered it, the Laitet, the explorer disembarked and began a fort. He built it on the left bank of the Laitet, being careful to leave the St. Charles between him and the extensive settlement of the Huron-Iroquois—then at peace. It is thought that they occupied the space between the present Rue de la Fabrique and the Côte Ste. Geneviève.

The Indians were friendly enough. These visiting divinities were to them what a committee of touring Martians would be to us, their trinkets a joy, their cannon a wonder, and their wine—well, wine. But Cartier, never forgetting what could easily happen to a small group possessing trinkets, were they in a civilized country, insisted on the fort and a night watch as well.

Our commander was not one to neglect business for pleasure, and one evening the word Hochelaga dropped from Chief Donnacona's lips. Instantly the explorer's blood was up. What was Hochelaga and where? Did they mean China?

Donnacona saw at once that he had made a tactical error. These guests were valuable. Suppose they see Hochelaga and be captivated? What would become of the red caps, the brass bowls, and the occasional wine?

So Donnacona, racking his wits, delivered an oration minimizing the importance of Hochelaga. Cartier grew all the keener to go. Donnacona resorted to the supernatural in a carefully staged and extraordinary piece of pantomime which was meant to convey that the Indians' God, Cudragny, considered the idea of visiting Hochelaga unpropitious and ill-timed on account of the weather. Cartier replied briefly that "Cudragny must be a fool and a noodle."

Cartier had run afoul of Cudragny before. "This tribe," he says, "has no belief in God that amounts to anything; for they believe in a god they call Cudragny and maintain that he often holds intercourse with them and tells them what the weather will be like. They also say that when he gets angry with them, he throws dust in their eyes. They believe furthermore that when they die, they go to the stars and descend on the horizon like the stars. Next, that they go off to beautiful green fields covered with fine trees, flowers, and luscious fruits. After they had explained these things to us, we showed them their error and informed them that their Cudragny was a wicked spirit who deceived them and that there is but one God, who is in heaven, who gives us everything we need and is the Creator of all things and that in him alone we should believe. Also that one must receive baptism or perish in hell. Several other points concerning our faith were explained to them which they believed without trouble."

Whereupon Cartier proceeded upstream to Hochelaga.

On his return to Quebec, the cold which Cudragny had promised enveloped the land and the fort. Such cold these men had never felt, nor had they known such depressing darkness. A visiting chief from another tribe, either from kindness or jealousy, whispered the disconcerting news to Cartier that Donnacona was awaiting the right moment for a treacherous attack. The commander accordingly reinforced his stockade, doubled the watches, and blew his trumpets at frequent intervals for the benefit of the lodges across the frozen river. Cartier never lacked imagination. And with that wit and penetration which marks the journal, he penned this observation—"He who is on his guard against everything, escapes something."

Against hunger, against the iron cold, against Indians, Cartier was on his guard. But now a new enemy fell upon him, the scurvy. Why a veteran sailor should have left this loophole for death is difficult to understand. Yet in death crept, touching the

flesh till it blackened, till limbs bloated, and the vitals shriveled, and teeth sagged from rotting gums. No heat could warm nor food nourish, and day after day the commander watched his crews sicken and die, his ears waiting for the whoop of exultation when the savages should find their decimation out. By mid-February a hundred of the hundred and ten men were diseased. Twenty-five had ceased to struggle, and the cold grew more intense.

The portrait of Cartier shows a man with steadfast eyes, an indomitable chin, and able hands, and his actions in this time bear the portrait out. Had he faltered in courage, the plague would have had him, too. Nor did his resource fail. Always quick at subterfuge, when Indians approached the stockade he would stroll out, as if casually, as if merely curious about the weather, calling back energetic commands over his shoulder to the invisibles within who were supposed to be hard at work, while those few who were still capable of wielding a hammer raised a deceptive din. These, I believe, were the greatest hours of Cartier's life.

One day he met an Indian who had been down with scurvy and now was cured. By general questions which gave nothing of the critical situation away, he learned that the Indian had boiled the bark and leaves of a certain tree and swallowed the liquor twice a day. The Indian soon perceived that Cartier was interested and sent him some branches. Eagerly the commander brewed his broth and the men supped. The change was immediate and miraculous.

The journal entry reads: "If all the doctors of Lorraine and Montpellier had been there with all the drugs of Alexandria, they could not have done as much in a year as the said tree did in six days." This is probably no exaggeration.

They drank up a whole tree in a week, stopping not only the scurvy, but curing up a few venereal victims as well. The tree, says Stephen Leacock, "was probably a white spruce," although

Cartier calls it a hemlock, which, to readers of Socrates, sounds dangerous.

It was about this time that Donnacona dropped in to tell Cartier a winter's tale. With a straight face he said "that he had been to the land of the Saguenay where there are immense quantities of gold, rubies, and other rich things, and that the men there are white as in France and go clothed in woollens . . . also that he had been to the land of the pygmies and to another country whose inhabitants have only one leg." The chief added further anatomical details which the squeamish would prefer left in the original.

Donnacona's main success was to convince Cartier of his unreliability and the commander finally "purposed to play him a pretty prank." The pretty prank could have been called, with greater justice, white man's gratitude. It consisted of luring Donnacona with some other prominent Indians aboard the *Grande Hermine*; whereupon they were taken to Paris, taught enough French to speak to the king, were baptized, and shortly after buried.

Cartier returned to Stadacona five years later and found the Indians joyously preparing a welcome for Donnacona. Even Cartier's mental agility was taxed, momentarily, to know what to tell them. He decided to report that their kinsmen had remarried and were prospering as great lords in France and had expressed no wish to return. There is a picture for you: Cartier elaborating on his news, the savages drinking it in with varied mien, and the crew admiring their evangelical commander in his rôle of liar without daring to exchange a wink. The story pleased, anyhow, one man—Agouhanna, Donnacona's successor. As Cartier confided to his journal, "I think he took it so well because he remained lord and governor of the country."

King Francis by now was so fired by the reports of his new lands "which lie at the end of Asia" that he decided upon a bigger and better expedition to colonize them. With royal lavish-



ness he created the Sieur de Roberval viceroy and lieutenant-general of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Labrador, and several other places. With equally royal ineptitude he reduced the experienced and resourceful discoverer to second fiddle. Roberval was given money and authority to enlist colonists. But Canadian publicity was not of the colonist-producing sort. Too much had been heard of the savages, the scurvy, and the cold. Roberval was told to comb the jails. Perhaps the malefactors under sentence of death might like to go. Even these demurred, but force was applied and the expedition slowly took shape.

Meanwhile the impatient king had sent Cartier on ahead. Remembering his alarms upon the St. Charles, Cartier sailed on up the St. Lawrence a few miles to the beautiful spot where the River Rouge slides into the greater river at Cap Rouge. Here the cannon were landed, a fort built, turnips sown, and the place christened Charlesbourg Royal. This village, as the king and Roberval proposed, was to become the center of the New World, the cynosure of a thousand tribes, the source of countless fortune, and a spring-board toward Cathay.

To-day it is still a village, lovely in its valley, but a place whose dreams even are forgotten. Cartier, after another anxious winter, and entirely in the dark as to whether Roberval had foundered or had not yet sailed—this latter was the case—reshipped his small company and started home. His indignation increased as he went. He ran into Roberval at St. John's, but had either insufficient stores or patience to sail back with him to Charlesbourg Royal. Roberval's subsequent failure was complete. He discovered that one did not plant colonies with the sweepings of jails. Even the lash, the irons, and the gibbet could not induce his thieves and cutthroats to grow turnips with enthusiasm, much less mine the rock, and Roberval soon gave it up. The viceroy was, I am afraid, too nonchalant, too uninspired,

to make a great builder, and rather deserves for a memorial the settlement which is named for him on Lake St. John!

Cartier had crossed the Atlantic for the last time. He divided his remaining fifteen years between St. Malo and his country manor near by at Limoilu, in a comfortable retirement, quietly esteemed, and the godfather to twenty-seven children.

The inquirer to-day will find no trace of Cartier's foot in Quebec. The Laitet still flows into the St. Charles, and standing at their junction one can imagine oneself back in that first strange, bleak, scurvy-bitten winter, can see the great Rock purple against the twilight, the smoke of the Indian shelters, the masts of the three small ships. It is a pity that the sailor came before history was ready for him. Yet if he left no fort, no settlement, he confirmed the country in its name, and gave it an immortal little manuscript, the "*Bref Récit*" about his findings. It was through his common sense and courage that the mirage of China began to fade and the reality of Canada start to take form.

### CHAPTER III

## PLACE D'ARMES

THRICE daily as I dined alone in coronetted state, with a tactful maitre d'hôtel and any number of auxiliaries on the horizon, I looked out upon the open place before the castle, and mused.

Now musing is very likely the least definable of the arts. It is a gentle motion of the mind arising from a state brought on miraculously by a hearth fire, a perfect dinner, a cigarette, a view through snow. It is the Indian summer of thought, an atmosphere rising from the previous activities of a consciousness now lulled by warmth and stillness. One looks on the world and the heart from a serene height, enjoying the emotions recently lived. I have no way of knowing how much the quality of Quebec was enhanced for me by that timeless quarter hour of after-dinner coffee, cigarette, and outlook on the Place d'Armes which peopled itself for me with the realities of another day.

The place, I shall admit, began by irritating me. It lived so far below its possibilities. It had begun of old as the "Rond de Chêne" where the Indians gathered yearly for their fairs. It should have been left at least a common. Instead some stuffy mind had conceived the idea that it should be made into a formal park precisely like every other formal park, with a statue in the center. It was now, of course, meaningless, so meaningless that it soon ceased to disturb, and one's thoughts could roam down its history, making pictures as they went.

"On the day of their arrival," wrote Father le Jeune of the Indians, "they erect their huts; the second, they hold their councils and make their presents; the third and fourth they

trade, sell, buy, barter their furs and their tobacco for blankets, hatchets, kettles, capes, iron and arrow-points, little glass beads, shirts, and many similar things. It is a pleasure to watch them during this trading. When it is over they take one more day for their last council, for the feast which is generally made for them and the dance, and early the next morning they disappear like a flock of birds."

Those gatherings took place in the golden age of the Hurons, when the Hundred Associates were bringing Christmas in every ship, trading lovely things—"cloaks, nightcaps, sheets, swords, bodkins, icepicks, and prunes"—for mere furs; the golden age when Fort St. Louis was building and they could sleep under the noses of its cannon when they had bad dreams about the Iroquois. They wept, reports le Jeune, for joy. It was a brief emotion. All across the Americas the savages wept twice over the whites—the first time was for joy.

In those years, I made myself remember, the Rock was a wilderness, capped with trees and bushes, with little streams. Nut trees circled the base, says Champlain. This forest, I imagine, soon dwindled. It was convenient fuel. Also Louis Hébert was making a farm. Either Hébert was scarcely a passionate farmer or else he chose a difficult spot, for during the first five years of his efforts, he and his family succeeded in cultivating only twelve arpents, about ten acres. A child with a hatchet and a match, one might suppose, could have done as much. But there were no plows for Hébert, and no horses, and there were stones and stumps and six months of frost. Also he was busy erecting a stone house, a home twenty feet by forty and the envy of the colony. Within these walls Madame Hébert dispensed a continuous hospitality. After a few more years of painful industry Quebec's first habitant became her first seigneur and I am glad to say that the authorities conveyed to him an additional holding of land down on the St. Charles where it is strange that he did not settle in the first place. From my

window I could almost see the garden wall of the seminary and where the gate pierces that wall stood Louis Hébert's house.

The warren of masonry which caps the Rock to-day grew slowly. Prints of only a hundred years ago show many open spaces. Presently, however, this Indian camp and fair-ground, this clearing in the woods, this vegetable patch, this farmer's common, heard martial music from within the fort-yard, heard the commands of soldiers drilling, the hubbub of mass-meetings. And at length came the fashionables. The Place d'Armes took on polish, and a church.

And now it was a great oval of green turf, inclosed by a hand-wrought chain and set with little conifers. Around and about it spun the black-eyed beaux and the rosy-cheeked belles of the Quebec Driving Club, very smart with their tandems of trotters and rich robes flowing from the backs of the belled sleighs. The Indians would have liked that. It chimed somehow with tradition and the older atmosphere.

It should have been left like that. To-day there is no atmosphere. Tourists drift past it by the thousand, but nothing focuses their eyes on the eras which the Place has witnessed. From my table I often wondered how it would look if the monument were dragged away, the artificial terrace filled in, and the common restored to greensward and oval as in a happier day. I believe that even the most casual automobile party would pause and ponder on the rich epitome of history that the Place d'Armes is. But to think of anything so reasonable and impossible is one of the penalties of musing.

#### CHAPTER IV

### CHAMPLAIN REGISTERS ON THE ROCK

THE wait between the curtain-raiser and the play was three generations. Time, as ever in Quebec, had a majestic gait. The scene-shifters left the Rock, but cleared away the debris of Cartiers' fort, the Indian settlement, even the Indians. Meanwhile the chief actor in the new cast was growing up in Brouage on the Bay of Biscay. Here is his portrait:

"A good captain," wrote Samuel de Champlain, "must be hardy and active, possess good sea-legs, and prove himself untiring at his work, so that whatever happens, he may be able to appear on deck, and in a loud voice issue orders to his crew. Occasionally he should not disdain to lend a hand himself. He should know his vessel's hull and also have some experience of her sailing qualities. He should see that the store-rooms are dry, that the stores are of good quality and sufficient in quantity, with too much rather than too little, since the length of the voyage is dependent entirely upon the weather. Prayers should be held night and morning, and the routine of the day carried out in an orderly manner. The decks must be well scrubbed and the ship kept clean after the manner of the Dutch, who therein surpass all other seafaring nations.

"In converse a captain should be quiet and affable, but peremptory in his orders, and not on too familiar terms with his ship's company except with the officers. Disobedience he should punish severely, but he should encourage good behavior, both by showing affection and by the grant of an occasional favor.

"He should keep a compass of his own, and should consult

it frequently to see that the right course is steered. He must also make sure that every man of each watch is doing his duty. Night he must turn into day and remain on duty the greater part of each night, lying down always in his clothes, ready in case of an accident to appear on deck quickly. Should an accident happen, the captain must give proof of a manly courage, and even in the face of death make light of this, and issuing his orders in a calm voice, incite each to be courageous and to do everything possible to clear the danger. . . .”

It is a double portrait, really, once in the sense and again in the style, for in picturing this ideal captain, Champlain was undoubtedly drawing his own successful self, and the clear force of his periods guarantees the sincerity of the utterance.

Like Cartier, Champlain learned his ropes and the temper of the sea from cradlehood. Like Cartier, his first cruise was across the Atlantic, to the Spanish Main. His geographical acuteness saw at once that Panama would be benefited by a canal. Anticipating others by some three hundred years, he wrote, “the opinion may be expressed that if these four leagues of land that lie between Panama and this river were cut through, a passage might be made from the South Sea to that on this side and the route thus shortened by more than 1,500 leagues. The whole of America would be two islands.” And a lot of misery over that northwest passage to China would have been saved.

Like Cartier, Champlain wrote a book after the voyage, and his “Bref Discours” brought him royal notice. An author was conspicuous in those days; kings now read Edgar Wallace. Also, like Cartier, Champlain had a season of transatlantic exploration before he wrote his name eternally on the granite of Quebec. But his preparation was broader than Cartier’s, his mind more comprehensive, and his era more receptive.

Europe, where blood has always been thicker than water—in the streets—was surpassing herself at the time of Champlain’s boyhood. He was learning to read when the Massacre of St.

Bartholomew inundated France. At seventeen he heard the news of William the Silent's assassination, at twenty of Mary Stuart's execution. A year later the vast excitement of the Spanish Armada swept the land, and the Guises were murdered. When he was twenty-two his own king, Henry III, fell by the dagger. War ensued and for ten years Champlain fought for Henry of Navarre. He was thirty-one before he was free to go to sea and prepare for his future greatness. At thirty-six he had sailed past Quebec on a voyage up the St. Lawrence and returned to France with a cargo of furs. This was in 1603, and the furs were beaver.

They who credulously suppose that Mr. Rockefeller began monopolies should read the story of the 1600's, if not the Bible. Monopoly-making was one of the royal recreations. The monarch, any monarch who was feeling pinched, would call for a chart of the globe and pick out a territory which looked as if it might be profitably full of beaver. He would then send for his favorite merchant and grant him the privilege of catching them—on terms very favorable to the crown. The merchant, to distribute the probable losses as widely as possible, would form a company, buy ships, stock them with gewgaws from the contemporary five and ten, and impress a few convicts to eke out his crews. Instantly the other merchants who felt excluded would raise a hue and cry of injustice. They might better have thanked their stars. For the transportation costs ran up, the criminals malingered, what profits there were seemed to find their way to the royal purse, and the conditions of the monopoly fell little by little into desuetude. Finally even the king would discover this and in a regal rage repeal the monopoly, and the last state of that favorite merchant would be worse than the first.

Luckily there were always new merchants, and a capitalist named de Monts was one of these. Upon his coming forward, to him and his company were assigned powers over the region



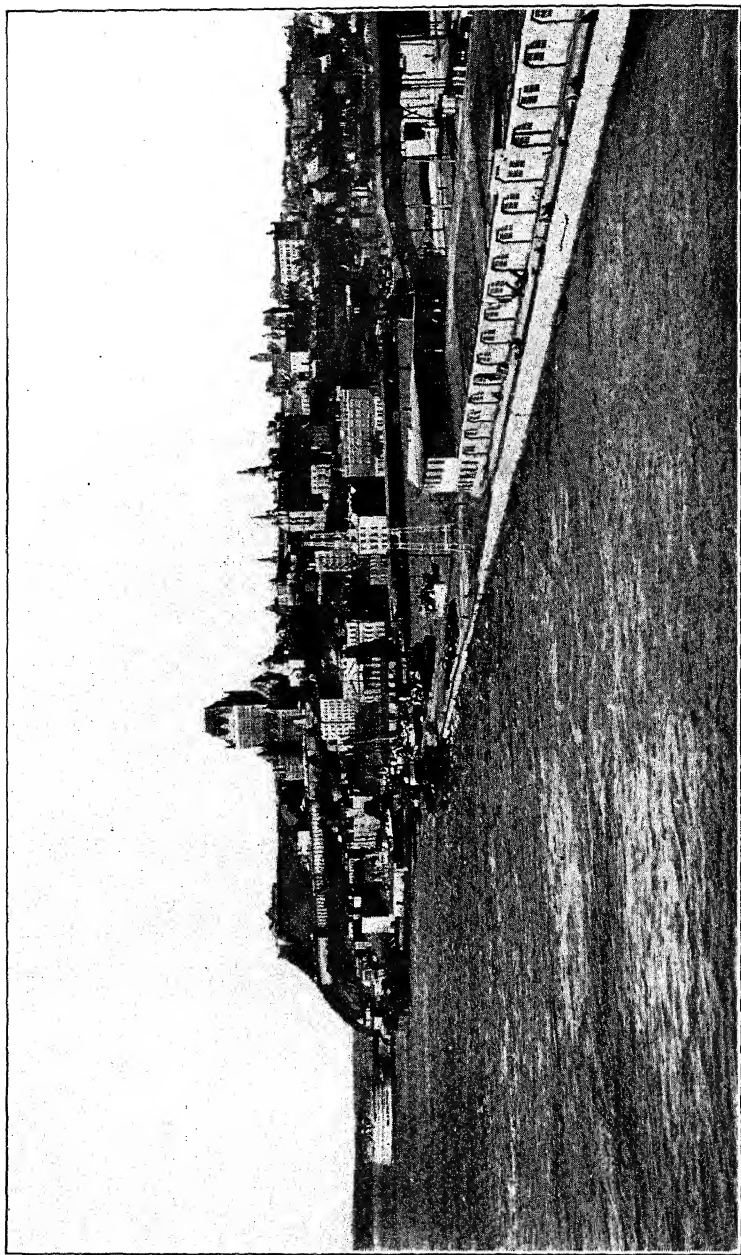
along the coast of America from the fortieth parallel to the forty-sixth with as much of the interior "as he is able to explore and colonize." In other words, de Monts might have settled New England or Manhattan, or Chesapeake Bay or Pennsylvania, or all of them together, for furs and for France, and we of Philadelphia might still be erecting memorials to Champlain instead of William Penn had one little fact been different: the beaver liked it farther north. So, since the expedition had been sent out in the hope of catching them, it turned to Acadia. Three years later it gave up, in 1607 that was, the year in which the English founded Jamestown. The nationality of a continent had been determined by a beaver's hide.

Champlain, however, was just beginning. Henry IV might regard New France as hopeless, not so he or de Monts. These men now remembered Quebec. As they talked of the Rock and the river, the forests and the furs, their enthusiasm grew from coals to flame; they planned to put a trading station there. It would be a resting-place on the way to China, said Champlain, echoing Cartier; a clearing-center for a continent of skins, said de Monts; a private enterprise, they both decided. Partners were not long to find, and on July 3rd, Champlain at last stepped ashore beneath the Rock. He was forty-one and full of hope.

Doubtless Champlain knew Cartier's "*Bref Récit*" by heart. If one were going to the moon one would scan well the account of the only previous journey. Champlain had come expecting to find Indians; the cliff was strangely silent. He rowed up the St Charles to the Laitet but found only "Cartier's ditches, some worm-eaten wood and cannon-balls. All these things showed clearly that this was a settlement of Christians." Especially the cannon-balls.

He did not favor the open stretches of the St. Charles as a site for his own settlement; he had had enough of wind in





*Canadian Government Photo*

QUEBEC FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE

Acadia. So back he went to the shelf of land beneath the Rock where, to-day, Lower Town narrows between the Place, the Rue Notre Dame, and the river, and there paced out his requirements. Between the present Rue du Fort and his settlement was to be a clearing for wheat. Work upon the storehouse began first.

Misfortune is fate's homage to a man; the strong are asked to bear much. It is the weaklings who are never flattered by undue responsibilities, exaggerated adversities. If one look at Champlain's career in this light, he appears a veritable Samson who lived in an atmosphere of perpetual compliment. Looked at in any other light, his life is a grave reflection on Providence, for bad luck distorted Champlain's shadow to the end of his days. A hundred times might Chance have thrown the dice in his favor without injuring her average—and did not. And if misadventure ceased nagging him momentarily, it was the cyclonic center passing over him; misadventure was merely concentrating for some deadlier blow.

One of these perilous episodes was now preparing. Jean Duval, a locksmith who had been through danger with Champlain at Port Royal and Cape Cod, could stick it out against his true nature no longer. For some of Judas's blood ran in his veins, and as soon as he could find some one to sell his master to, he began to dicker. The would-be purchasers were Basques. Champlain had warned them off his continent and they considered their right to trespass as good as his, the Indians never having renounced their ownership.

Duval, secure in Champlain's trust, arranged with another member of the expedition to call their leader out on a false alarm and shoot him, or, if he did not offer a good mark, to strangle him when unarmed, and then sell the stores to the cruising Basques. So filthy was this plot that it sickened Duval's aide, who blabbed to a pilot who informed Champlain, and

prompt action saved the explorer's life. It was Duval who was strangled and hanged at Quebec, and, as Champlain's page goes, "his head put on the end of a pike, to be set in the most conspicuous place on our fort, that he might serve as an example to those who remained, leading them to deport themselves correctly in future, in the discharge of their duty."

The head was ready before the fort.

Before snow blew, however, the fort—Champlain called it *l'habitation*—was completed. Habitation was as good a word for it as any. It was a decidedly composite dwelling. Apartment architects might study it with profit. The ambitious edifice contained not only the Sieur de Champlain's lodgings, warehouse, and workmen's quarters, but a smithy, a three-storied pigeon-loft, a gallery, a promenade ten feet wide around the building, a moat, a drawbridge, kitchen, terrace, garden, sun-dial, and stockade. It seemed as if at last the Old World had come to stay.

By this time the Indians were starting to drift in from the bush. They were welcome. The urge to see westward of wherever one was, this itch to move on that was contracted by all who set foot on the new hemisphere, was already making Champlain restless. He interrogated whatever redskin came to hand. Privately he thought little of them if his notes are sincere—"they promise much and perform little," "they respect no law but have plenty of false beliefs," "when one savage has a dream, all the rest have to carry it into effect to satisfy him."

The savages luckily could not read these annotations and spent their days doing good turns for the awkward whites, teaching them, among other things, how to catch eels—"the natives live upon this manna," wrote Champlain—but the French cooked them so badly that one man died outright and a lingering dysentery took off five. Scurvy killed ten. By the following June, only eight men remained of the original twenty-eight, and four of these were ailing. Why no boiled spruce? Was one

explorer incapable of learning from a predecessor? Or is it possible that he did not believe the other?

The amazing Champlain now cut loose to the westward, regardless of affairs at the Rock. He wanted to go hunting Iroquois, partly to repay the Hurons for their kindness, partly to explore. His courage was equaled only by his curiosity. He succeeded in waging a one man war, thanks to his firearms, and his journal records his bags of savages as later sportsmen register grouse. He notes, also, the prodigious admiration which he produced in the Hurons. One item he did not note—the sowing of an inveterate hatred among the Iroquois. His unconsidered forays were turning the ablest Indians on the continent into permanent enemies. It was a stupendous mistake for which New France paid with a century of agony and terrible weeping.

Meanwhile the partners in France were poring over the ledgers with pained brows. Champlain was summoned home to explain the absence of profits. Back and forth and back again across the ocean he went, discouraged when in Canada because his settlement did not grow, more discouraged when in France because of the disagreements, the opposition stockholders, the legal complications which were worthy of the present day and which paralyzed all efforts. Only fourteen years after the building of the Habitation, did Champlain dare to hope that progress might begin. The de Caens, a pair of wealthy brothers, had assumed the responsibilities, making Champlain lieutenant and promising that Quebec should flourish. Yet in 1627 this brave and tireless, if not too sagacious promoter, on looking around Quebec, saw what? Two or three tillers of the soil, fifteen hunters and artisans, two priests, and enough women and children to bring the total to sixty-five souls. He saw his old Habitation, rather the worse for its nineteen winters, with a cluster of cabins about it. On the bank of the St. Charles—where the General Hospital stands to-day—the Récollets had a residence and a clearing. Most cheering of all was Louis Hébert's farm

on the Rock. A good worker, a good friend. But even as Champlain congratulated himself on this one living root, the root died. It was fate's way with Champlain; and worse was to follow.

## CHAPTER V

### INTO LOWER TOWN

To the riverward of my castle lay a broad promenade, a high wooden shelf, the one place in Quebec where every one is certain, sooner or later, to set foot.

In summer it has more the flavor of the Continent than any spot north of Mexico. The café tables are pushed out to the edge of the sun; the wines of France and the chatter of Paris have found a home. Life turns as mellow as the sunlight on the distant hills. The depression is refuted and there is much, one sees in a flash, to laugh about.

Winter calls another tune. The sixteen winds of heaven contend for this terrace, and fourteen or fifteen of them are never satisfied with the decision. Gone are the tourists, scared away like herds of quadrupeds. Vanished are the vessels. The bottles pop indoors now, but there is as much to laugh about. More, for the besieged of life have made a momentary conquest.

It was early afternoon when I stepped out on the terrace they had named after Lord Dufferin into the improbable, disregarded, diamond-clear beauty of the North. The day apparently had reached perfection and crystallized there. A windless zero air slept in space, the low sun flooded the snow, coloring it subtly with every shade of that distant burning palette. Looking over the railing into the streets of Lower Town, I saw the narrow lanes already blue with night although it was but three o'clock, and the ice-floes were pausing at the turn of tide in the gray river. On three sides the outlook gave on wide horizons. There was the quiet of another age on every hand. To the westward the bulk of the Citadel lifted against the sky and moment by moment its shadow crept across the snow.



A monument to Champlain stood over the spot where he had built his Fort St. Louis. I wondered if he would have liked the pose. I was born out of tune with monuments. I trust there is some unknown pre-natal excuse, for no one likes to lack admiration where admiration is due. I am sure, however, that if I had delirium tremens, snakes would not be my trouble, but effigies, soldiers on horseback, statesmen looking as if they suffered from rheumatism, great scholars on whose bald heads the sparrows have felt too much at home. Bad books one does not have to read, and bad music can be escaped from, but third-rate sculpture seems unavoidable. Perhaps there will transpire a second St. Bartholomew's Eve when nations will rise in a simultaneous frenzy of good taste and heave the whole tonnage of memorial imbecility into a fine large furnace. I should be interested to see the statues which the international committee would spare. This Champlain of Chévre's would have an even chance. It is a shade flamboyant for that treacher of wildernesses who was rarely moved to adjectives and who left sentiment to others. The grandiose was foreign to his blood. Yet viewed from a little way off, this monument has dignity and strength, and one night it was utterly magnificent. A blizzard was howling out of the northeast, and there he stood, alternately stark or blotted out by the white pulses of the storm, but unshakable, unshakable. And that was Champlain.

From Champlain's monument an "ascenseur" will lower you in a little box-like elevator to Lower Town for ten cents, if you want to save time. But saving time and seeing Quebec are incompatibles. The true inwardness of the old city is carefully preserved from those who try to scoop it up on the run. So I slid downhill a block from the castle to the post-office, circled that to the right, then down some steps to Mountain Hill, and where that street veers left, I turned right and gingerly felt my way down the snow-clogged flight of steps which replace the Break-neck Stairs.

The *famous* Break-neck Stairs all guide-books say but never explain. Why famous? Being of a simple but curious mind, I wanted to know just how illustrious the neck that was broken on them? Or was it necks? Did the Intendant Bigot push some damsel down them when nobody was looking? He was that sort of a fellow. Or did a Jesuit father stub his toe while reading his breviary and thus appear over-hurriedly before his Maker? Or was it a tourist? I had a question for every stair, all unanswered. Pondering these things I nearly did a glissando down them myself. Famous is not what I called them.

At the bottom, the corner of Sous le Fort and Little Champlain streets, begins the historical tablet zone. Back in 1908, a committee had decided that forty-five buildings or localities were worthy of being tableted. They have not got around to putting up all the tablets as yet, but here was No. 2. Research had arrived at the conclusion that on this spot once stood the first Roman Catholic chapel, built by Champlain in 1615. Like most of the early explorers, Champlain, the blunt and loyal, was also devout. There was no roistering in his forts. It seemed but one step from the military to the monkish. The respectability of it astonished even Father le Jeune, who wrote:

The Fort has seemed like a well-ordered Academy; Monsieur de Champlain has some one read at his table, in the morning from some good historian and in the evening from the lives of the Saints, and each one makes an examination of his conscience in his own chamber, and prayers follow which are repeated kneeling. He has the angelus sounded at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of the day. One Frenchman came in bare feet over ice and snow, fasting, to fulfill a vow. One took the discipline more than 30 times—extraordinary devotion in soldiers and artisans.

Tablet No. 3, a little further down Sous le Fort, indicates the probable site of the Habitation.

The under-cliff light had turned cold, and the austere colors of the subarctic were settling over empty street and graying

river. I had no trouble putting myself in Champlain's moccasins. I thanked heaven I did not have to dine that night on dubious eels, nor wonder how many of my men would die of scurvy before spring, nor sleep with one ear open for Indian guests who might prove changeable, nor have to worry over the fickleness of partners in Paris. With everything right, the great Rock was an exaltation; but with everything wrong, its bulk must have been portentous, crushing. Yet that icy cliff was Champlain's true mate, his confidant, his hero; I wondered if Hélène Boullé had been jealous of it.

It is a story, a part of Champlain's life, that his biographers touch on with strokes so light as to be practically invisible. It is almost too illuminating, unless you are willing to know Champlain for all in all instead of merely as the frustrated colonizer and Iroquois-baiter. How it began is buried with the dust of their two hearts. I think it must have been in a moment of silence, a pause in the talk of beavers, that de Monts said, "Champlain, you ought to marry."

"Very like," the gruff explorer would have replied, "but whom?"

And de Monts, gratified by even this much interest, "I know just the girl, a trifle young forsooth, but all the world is enchanted by her. I will have it arranged."

So it was arranged, and bachelor Champlain, back from his womanless Habitation, looked into the face of a girl whom history has been unanimous in calling lovely. She was petite and twelve, at once gentle and spirited, and aware of high matters from her father who was secretary to the king. What were her first thoughts, her intuitions, as she first saw her suitor, a man of forty, dominant, bronzed and bearded, famous and forward-looking? Probably she fell into a hero-worship at sight. Probably he had sense enough to begin with picturing the flowers and birds of Quebec, its woods and waters and its Indian summer. His ardor for the subject she was too young to read, and

no courtier could have told her that in their eternal triangle a Rock would be the rival love. She was Huguenot and he was Catholic, but they were married, and by agreement Héléne was sent back to her family and her schooling, while Champlain sailed back to his wilderness where her brother, Eustache Boullé, would now be clerk.

It was a wedded life that suited Champlain, if not Héléne, with an ocean seasons wide between them. But on his excursions home, the burly husband would kiss the flowering girl and attempt to teach her Huron, and at last in his fiftieth year—Héléne would be twenty-two—he told her to pack up her pewter and her quilts, to provide herself with three domestics, and be ready to sail with him for the fabled land.

In the memoirs of those days there remains, alas, no record of Héléne's thoughts, her impressions, nor her fears. Each day, each night, must have bred new strangeness for her. The ocean was a monster in those times, and the wilderness was many monsters. Few women had preceded her into that savage zone, and they were hardy women of the people, laborers' wives. We do not know on whose insistence the voyage was, Héléne's very likely; but we do know that Champlain designed the fair Héléne to be the lure for other gentlewomen, an example to entice them to the ungente continent.

Héléne survived the voyage, survived even the first sight of her new home, although it must have put hero-worship to the test. Doubtless Champlain had described his Habitation to her a thousand times, lingering on the dove-cote. But the men he had left at Quebec had let the structure go to ruin with their customary sang-froid. As Héléne walked up from the ship, the first glance of her future home revealed a tottery structure with one wing collapsed, the bedroom open to the rain, the dove-cote, sun-dial, and gallery all fallen into the weedy moat, and the yokels of artisans standing idly by. Was it for this, she must have asked herself, that she had given up comfort and safety

and family and even her religion? Then her glance rose to the gleaming granite and, since she was a woman, some intimation of her rival must have come.

Four years, however, she remained. She and the three domestics doubtless set her master's house to rights, made the best of the wild fruits and the eels. I like to imagine her wandering into Madame Hébert's kitchen, on the height, to talk over the seasoning of soup and what berries were best conserved and the charms of needlework and the whole duties of a wife. Occasionally, too, I can see her sitting on the brow of the cliff watching her husband patiently as he stepped out the measurements of the new Fort St. Louis with which he filled her ear. Then, on fair days, there were the Récollets to be visited on the brink of the black forest. Did the embroidery, through the five months of winter, grow fatiguing? What books had she brought? Was there trouble with the three domestics? Did she love the great onsets of driven snow, or did she tremble with her dwelling? And was all her devotion not worth one line, one word, in all her husband's journals? It is hard to forgive Champlain this. He could mention everything else in his bare-bone way, could even spare a few lines to the Indian girl who hoped—though quite in vain—for a little passion from him, but there is no reference to Hélène, no syllable of gratitude. For all her sacrifice, she is allowed to say nothing to posterity.

Lacking babies of her own, Hélène built up a little kindergarten from the dusky beady-eyed children of the forest. No teacher ever had a more tractable class. For years the Récollets had been filling their little heathen souls full of angels, credos, and the blessed Virgin. They had been shown pictures of the saints, illustrations of heaven, with a view or two of hell. And now the holy men had caught an angel for them and had brought her to amuse them with picture-books. As she sat at the foot of a pine, fair of skin, with soft maternal eyes and a voice like a wind in the tree, it was thrilling to touch her robe, while to look

into the little mirror she wore on a ribbon proved that the priests were right. God indeed must know everything, his angel knew everything, even her shiny mirror knew every feature of their faces. It must be good to be an angel. And under this influence they would tiptoe home through the forest to the wigwam, converts to gentleness, until the next time an Iroquois prisoner was brought in and they were allowed to play with him by cutting off his fingers or heaping red-hot coals upon his chest.

It was in vain that the *Sieur de Champlain* kept his beautiful decoy on the barren rock through the fourth winter. Not a single princess, not a countess, not even another lady had followed her to the colony. So *Hélène* was released to Paris. Embroidery had lost its charm, hero-worship was painful now, and even house-keeping with a husband who was mad about a few tottery dwellings in the shadow of a Rock was something less than romance. Only the Church remained. *Hélène* wrote to *Champlain* for permission to enter a convent. She might have saved the ink and paper. Explorers concerned with continents must be excused from thinking in such small terms as wives. He might desire to exhibit his ornament again; he refused. And when he died, after weary years for her, she found that he had left his money to that church in *Quebec*! The moral husband is not necessarily the model one.

Finally, six years before she was to die, *Hélène* had her heart's desire in becoming an Ursuline, the *Ste. Hélène d'Augustine*. We know nothing of her that was not saintly, but I can understand why the biographers of *Champlain* have minimized *Hélène* to a foot-note. To her author-husband she was not even that.

## CHAPTER VI

### GALLANT INTERLUDE

EVEN more unfeeling than the chroniclers who cram the lovely H  l  ne de Champlain into a sentence are the narrow-eyed historians who stuff the first English conquest of Quebec into four lines, when they do not leave it out entirely.

I refer to the private war conducted against the powers of France by the three young and handsome Kirke brothers, the most gentlemanly war in history. Sift the ashes of history as you will, and I doubt if you can find a sporting event in the whole biography of the English peoples conceived and carried out on more spacious lines.

It was the year 1628 and hope was reviving, after twenty years of disappointment, in Champlain. The R  collets, dismayed at last by the difficulty of converting a continent of too mobile savages, had appealed to the Jesuits for help. Thanks to Champlain's earnest seconding, the Society of Jesus complied. Champlain was delighted. These formidable opponents of the devil, the Black Robes, might succeed in Christianizing the savages, and Christian savages might not be such a menace to his colony as in their natural state.

Also the de Caen brothers had been ousted, root and branch. The de Caen monopoly, promising so well at first, had soon become a thorn in Champlain's side. They were wicked Huguenots, while Champlain was a devout Catholic. To be sure, he had married a Huguenot, he had worked with other Huguenots, but now with his Jesuit reinforcements battling tooth and nail for the Faith, he saw clearly that Huguenots were wrong. Among other unpalatable habits, the de Caen crews

exercised their religion too publicly, lifting their voices in prayer and psalm-singing as they worked. So Champlain issued an edict prohibiting all praying and psalm-singing on the St. Lawrence. A revolt against this drastic order resulted in a compromise: the crews would be allowed to pray but not to sing. But the rift steadily widened, and Champlain thanked God when Richelieu obtained the ear of Louis XIII, rescinded the de Caen monopoly, and created a bigger one, the Company of One Hundred Associates.

Champlain was now sixty and this glorious consummation of his hopes had been long in arriving, but it was worth waiting for. The colony, glimpsed in two decades of dreams, would be born at last. There would be bustle in the silent streets, farms in the valleys, and manors on the cliff. Three hundred colonists were to be supplied every year. Three hundred! It sounded like magic, seeing that the first twenty years had accumulated less than four score. But Richelieu the great had promised it. The nobles had caught the cardinal's enthusiasm. The merchants. Champlain had but to suggest; his wishes would be met. A steady stream of beaver hides would pay the bills.

Poor Champlain! As was habitual, hope was once more deferred. Richelieu, the message ran, was engaged in a war with England. There would be no colonists for this year. De Roquemont, however, would arrive with provisions.

So Champlain kept a watch for de Roquemont, and one July day he observed a boat approaching, a small boat and strange. It beached. The occupants were six Basques, a woman, and a little girl. The head Basque sought out Champlain. There was no amity lost between Champlain and the Basques, but he accepted the proffered letter and read, with waxing ire, the following astonishing words:

Messieurs,—I give you notice that I have received a commission from the King of Great Britain, my honoured lord and master, to take possession of the countries of Canada and Acadia. I have



already seized the boats and pinnaces at Tadousac, where I am presently at anchor. You are also informed that, amongst the vessels I have seized, there is one belonging to the New Company which was coming to you with goods and provisions for the trade. The Sieur de la Tour was on board, whom I have taken into my ship. I was preparing to seek you, but thought it better to send boats to destroy and seize your cattle at Cap Tourmente; for I know that when you are straitened for supplies, I shall the more easily obtain my desire, which is to have your own settlement; and in order that no vessels shall reach you, I have resolved to remain here until the end of the season, in order that you may not be revictualled. Therefore, see what you wish to do—if you intend to deliver up the settlement or not; for, God aiding, sooner or later I must have it. I would desire, for your sake, that it should be by courtesy rather than by force, to avoid the blood that might be spilt on both sides. By surrendering courteously you may be assured of all kind of contentment, both for your persons and for your property, which, on the faith I have in Paradise, I will preserve as I would mine own, without the least portion in the world being diminished. Send me word what you desire to do; and if you wish to treat with me about this affair, send me a person to that effect, whom, I assure you, I will treat with all kinds of attention, and I will grant all reasonable demands that you may desire in resolving to give up the settlement.

Waiting your reply, I remain, Messieurs,

Your affectionate servant,

DAVID KIRKE

On board the *Abigail* this 18th day of July, 1628.

Nothing could have been more polite, but conceive the blow to the old man. Irony, always fastidious, had chosen a boy with silken manners to strike the weathered warrior down. Imagine him gazing steadily from his promontory for Richelieu's fleet and receiving, instead, an affectionate summons to surrender his true love, his life work, to an unknown Englishman named David Kirke. Who was David Kirke?

Managing to control his rage at this insolence, Champlain despatched a note in terms of equal courtesy that declined to surrender Quebec. He stated that he was well provided with

"grain, maize, beans, and peas, which his soldiers loved as well as the finest corn in the world" . . . "and that he should expect the attack and oppose as well as he could all attempts that might be made against the place."

The old soldier was answering bluff with bluff, for his garrison was already reduced to a ration of seven ounces of peas a day, with less than fifty pounds of gunpowder in the magazine. A thousand times his curiosity must have framed the insistent question, Who was David Kirke?

The vigils on the promontory deepened in breathlessness. Would the Englishman call his bluff? Would de Roquemont cut his way through this mysterious impediment and save them?

What suspense through the long July night!

A new arrival was announced, a young man from Gaspé, bearing tidings. De Roquemont had reached the coast. His intention was to force his way through to Quebec. But even as the young man traveled, he had heard the distant noise of cannon. He believed the attack was on.

Champlain, on the very rack of anxiety, thundered out, "But *who* is David Kirke?"

Had the messenger delayed a few hours, he might have been clearer on one point. The brothers Kirke, each commanding a small ship, were attacking, with their fleet of three, M. de Roquemont's flotilla of eighteen after sending one of their customary polite notes inviting him to surrender. Captain David sailing under the stern of the French flagship, delivered a broadside, then rounded to and threw out grappling lines and boarded. The struggle was brief though bloody. De Roquemont was disabled, several of his sailors were killed, and the rest surrendered. Simultaneously Lewis and Thomas Kirke had each got their ship. The remainder of the French fleet now struck their colors.

I like to think of the first meeting of the brothers after this first naval engagement in St. Lawrence waters, three young

fair-countenanced, well-mannered Englishmen gathering in Captain David's cabin to discuss the adventure and their ensuing policy. The sum of their ages exceeded Champlain's by very little; their fleet was not a tenth of the numbers they had expected to encounter. Yet they had obtained letters of marque from King Charles and financial backing from their father, and had crossed the Atlantic to capture the settlements, one by one, intercept the French fleet, reduce Quebec, and present New France as a token of their regard to their sovereign.

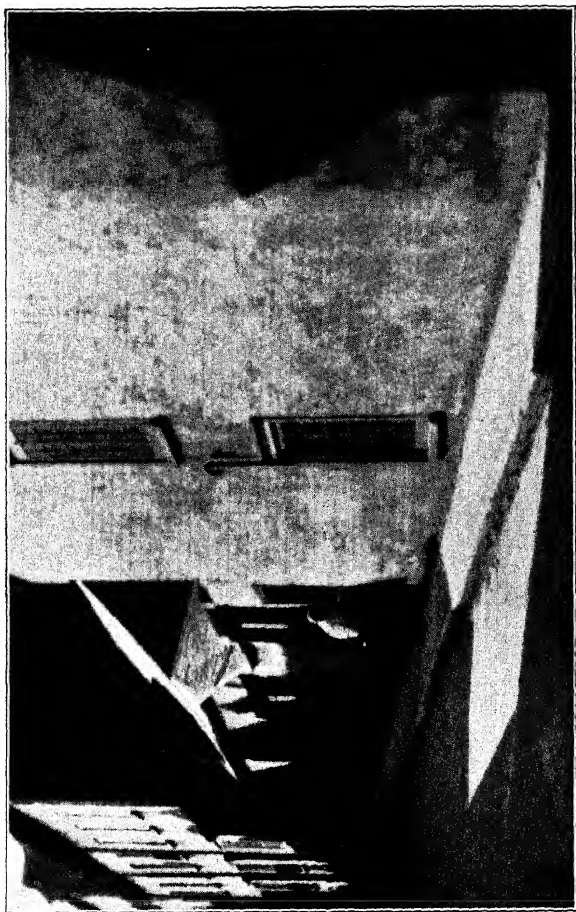
Fortune, reputed to favor the brave, succumbed entirely to these gallants. After accomplishing a few little jobs of pillaging, the brothers, with the insouciance of youth, had crushed de Roquemont and were now confronted by an embarrassment of riches. Up-river Champlain waited to be captured. But an hour's battle had presented them with 18 ships, 138 guns, the stores of a colony, several distinguished prisoners, and a complement of priests. What to do? Ambition burned to go ahead, but common sense cautioned slower progress. They obeyed common sense. So they sadly destroyed the smaller vessels, loaded their booty aboard, and escorted their prisoners back to England, leaving Champlain for another day.

England held her sides with laughter on the day of their arrival, to see three bronzed young men docking with the hopes of the French king's new continent in the hold. Lord Brundenall wrote of Captain David jokingly to Westmorland, "Kirke hath brought in a prize of French stuffe that is not vendible, neither upon exchange nor in warehouses, being wholly of Jesuits." But the boys were public heroes.

Champlain, waiting upon his Rock till autumn set the ice, drew no sigh of relief, for the brightest expectation of his life had been turned into the darkest danger. Winter was on him, and he had no food. And the Indians, ever bolder, had now discovered that he was not a god but as bereft as they.

In Paris the news of the disaster kindled the King and Council





*Photo by Vanderjant*

IN LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC

and the people to an extreme of fury. The three Kirkes were denounced as public enemies, and stuffed figures of them were borne to the Place de Grève, where they were reduced to ashes. This amused England still more.

The diary of Quebec revealed no effigy-burning; the crisis was too grim for that. The colony lived on roots. The Indians made fun of the Jesuit prayers, too long unanswered, and disease weakened all. The accumulation of distress and mortification shook even the powerful Champlain. Would succor come? Would France reply overwhelmingly with a stout fleet and generous supplies? Daily, as the fateful month of July drew on, he strode the promontory, his eyes on the waters by the Island of Orleans. On the 19th a distant sail appeared. For an hour his heart stood at the very peak of question—and then fell. The Kirkes.

This time Captain David had sent his brothers and they despatched this note:

Monsieur, In consequence of what our brother told you last year, that sooner or later he would have Quebec, if not succored, he has charged us to assure you of our friendship as we do of ours; and knowing the extreme need of everything in which you are, desires that you should surrender the fort and settlement to us; assuring you of every kind of courtesy for you and yours, and also of honourable and reasonable terms, such as you may wish. Waiting your reply, we remain, Monsieur,

Your ever affectionate servants,

LEWIS and THOMAS KIRKE

On board the *William*, this 19th July 1629.

If anything, more courteous than before. The amenities of conquest had suffered nothing by the brothers' success. Champlain could bluff no longer. So he handed over the keys to his fort and the magazine and requested that a Mass be permitted. The English flag was run up, the drums beat, and the Kirke army of occupation, not over three score strong, filed in while the cannon and musketry were fired in token of rejoicing. And thus the youthful trio achieved possession of

Quebec in the name of the King of England. That day Champlain tasted bitter waters. But in fairness he had still to write, "Lewis Kirke was courteous," though the rebellion in him added that this courtesy was due to the French-like nature of him.

Commander-in-chief David installed Lewis as commander of Quebec, and left him there with the French who elected to remain. The priests and the more distinguished prisoners were to sail, and this necessitated Champlain's saying farewell to his adopted daughters who were being detained in the colony as hostages for the good behavior of the Indians of whose race they were.

These three female Hurons had been somewhat of an embarrassment when first presented to Champlain, but he soon took an interest in their education and had them baptized *Fidélité*, *Ésperance*, and *Charité*. *Fidélité* disappeared early from the narrative, having probably sped to heaven. But *Ésperance* and *Charité* prospered, and it was *Ésperance* who reproached her new protector in these words :

"You know, wretch that you are, that I wished to go to France with M. Champlain, who has brought me up with every kindness possible, teaching me to pray to God, and many other virtuous things, and that the whole country had consented; yet you, instead of having compassion on two poor girls, behave worse than a dog to them; but remember this, though I am only a girl, I will contrive your death, if possible, and if in future you should ever dare to approach me, I will plant a knife in your breast if I should die for it. A dog is better than you; he follows those who have given him subsistence, but you betray and destroy those among whom you received your being, selling your countrymen for money."

The new guardian turned from Hope to Charity, asking if she had anything to add.

"All I can tell you," Charity replied, "my sister has said; I

can only add that if I had your heart, I would eat it, and with better appetite than the meat on that table."

"Everybody," wrote Champlain, "admired the courage and discourse of this girl. She did not speak at all like a sauvagesse."

Interludes must end, although comedy held this one to her high level until the curtain. Champlain was housed so comfortably in London that he actually complained "that he is upon a diett where he hath much more than he desires."

The Kirke brothers had a better reason for complaint, for the King of England handed Canada back to France, tossed it back for a purse of ready money! Queen Henrietta Maria's dowry, it seemed, could be collected in no other way. And so all the youthful heroism, all the investment in cannon-balls and ships, the hopes of a great fur trade and other uses of the virgin continent, were wiped out by three strokes of the royal pen. How different the annals might have been had Charles possessed a stronger imagination!

But one man, who deserved a taste of satisfaction before he died, rejoiced, and on March 23rd, 1633, Champlain sailed from Dieppe for Quebec on his last voyage.



## CHAPTER VII

### TO SILLERY BY THE RIVER-SHORE

It had grown too cold to contemplate the gray-white cliff indefinitely, and yet was too beautiful to go indoors. I was not so sure now that the great Rock was solid granite, for a moon had begun her eerie work. Luckily an iron frost strove against the insidious charm or the patient stone might have been dissolved in that assault of magic. Already it had lost all earthiness, all weight. Only a sense of toes freezing saved me. I determined to walk up the river on Champlain's street.

Is there a league of road in all America with greater memories? At one end of it lies the parent hive of Canadian history. Above it rises the loadstone of centuries of European ambition. I passed the spot where Montgomery, after warning Carleton of the folly of resistance, fell in the scaling of Cape Diamond. I walked through shadows which had seen the extreme of frightfulness in the days when young men were shanghaied to man the lumber ships. I circled the cove where Wolfe had climbed from darkness into universal light. Ahead of me the church spire of ancient Sillery spoke of an eternal verity. And higher still a half-moon rode in a silver beauty equally eternal.

My soft footfalls on the half luminous snow made me think of the Indians who had trod this trail, and they in turn recalled the black-robed priests who had hurried after, trying to catch up with their souls. An Indian, trained to genuflexions and bead-telling, must have seemed very like an Indian attending a barbecue in a dress-shirt, his normal approach to the Great Spirit being so much simpler; but the Indian—until double-crossed—

was always a complaisant fellow who generously lent himself to the effect desired, and the good fathers really believed that they were herding him into heaven.

The story of their efforts is very great, possibly the greatest of all the sagas of Canada; and whatever may have been the net results for the Indians, certainly without the Jesuits the infant colony of New France would have died an infant and Quebec have been lost forever to the Faith.

It was in June of 1625 that the first fathers, Lalemant, Massé and de Brébeuf, arrived off Quebec in the blunt-prowed high-pooped supply ship of the de Caens along with the bodkins and prunes for the Indian trade. It had required all the power of the viceroy to get them on the vessel, for the de Caens could not forget that they were Huguenots. From the minute the vessel left the dock the black-robed Catholics were able to enjoy a certain amount of persecution—the manna of the holy—and for eight or nine weeks they had to listen to gibes and sneers while en route to the Rock.

Now gibing and sneering is one thing, and harmless as the devil blowing his nose, but when the anchor dropped and Emery de Caen sent out word that they could not land, it looked to be time for prayer, or better still a miracle. There simply was no room, said de Caen, either in the fort or Habitation. Further, a malicious broadside had been circulated among the seven families which made up the population and the seven doors were closed. The fathers fell on their knees. To recross the dreadful ocean, to sail away from the stately Rock on which they hoped to establish the Faith, surely Heaven could not design this.

“Wait,” said Lalemant, “I see an answer to our prayers,” and he pointed to a boat coming down the St. Charles. There were gray-robed friars in it.

The Récollets came aboard and offered the Jesuits a roof. What relief! So obviously was this solution god-sent that the

Jesuits fell once more upon their knees, on disembarking, kissing the given ground in an ecstasy of consecration, while the gibing Huguenots looked on from afar, one supposes, with mixed feelings. Little they surmised of the force liberated in their midst.

Aside from the cool reception, the Jesuit band must have been excessively disappointed in the pioneer parish. The colony was seventeen years old and there were just six white children, probably little sneerers, too. Aside from Louis Hébert and the trio of Récollets, nobody bothered to put spade to ground. When the other males were not handling furs, they were throwing dice or drinking, and the de Caens remained in their counting-house, uncaring.

The fathers chose a site for their first shelter close to Cartier's, at the junction of the Lairet and the St. Charles, and with their flair for a nomenclature which should compensate for everything that God and nature had omitted, they called their house Notre Dame des Anges. It contained four rooms below, a chapel, a refectory, two other rooms, a kitchen, a room for workmen, and a garret; there was nothing cramping in their ambitions. Their stores consisted mainly of pork and butter, flour and drinks. They were hardly settled before the Kirkes upset God's plans so brazenly, and it was not until July, 1632, that the lily-sprinkled flag of France once more flapped above Quebec and Father Paul le Jeune arrived to view the scene of his future joys and tribulations.

Is there a country in history, so inconsiderable in population and with a span so brief, that has supported so many heroes? Other small civilizations have more greatly shaken the world—Greece, Palestine, Scotland, perhaps Virginia. But where has so rich and continuous a stream of heroism poured across a land as that dark current of endurance, leaping again and again into feats of sheerest courage, which has watered Canada? In Poland perhaps? I wait to be told. But I think I could match

name for name from Canada's archives, and the "*Relations*" of the Jesuits would furnish me with many.

The "*Relations*" were the Jesuits' annual reports, and they are better reading, yes, and better writing, than the life-work of many men who are esteemed as writers. In them an era lives, detailed with reality, every motion of its hand, every wrinkle of its face, caught for our perusal. In them the Indian breathes as he never breathes in Cooper. Without them we should have to depend on guesses for news, on dry documents for history. Without them, indeed, New France might have foundered, for it was their pages that instructed Europe, that wrung money from the pious when kings grew tired of pouring treasure into the transatlantic sieve.

Very few people except the type-setter, I suppose, have read every word of the seventy or eighty volumes. Even the wonders of God, in the matter of conversions, have a tendency to cloy. The professional unction grows a little forced, and miraculous cures seem at last no miracle. The righteous never seem to learn that satiety is nearly as perilous as sin. It would not surprise me to learn that God is an artist and rather impatient with the monotonous. But the "*Relations*," although no more intended as best-sellers than the Bible, became such and with a good reason, and I propose to pass on some reflections from this mirror of that distant life wielded by the thorough-going enthusiast, Paul le Jeune. And first some of his little discoveries about the country:

The great forests here engender several species of mosquitoes which are little flies. There are common flies, gnats, fireflies, mosquitoes, large flies, and a number of others.

The inns found on the way are the woods themselves, the wine of this inn is snow melted in a little kettle.

Four animals I have never seen in France. One is a low animal, about the size of a little dog or cat. I mention it here not on account

of its excellence, but to make of it a symbol of sin. It is more white than black, and at the first glance you would say, especially when it walks, that it ought to be called Jupiter's little dog. But it is so stinking and casts so foul an odor that it is unworthy of being called the dog of Pluto. No sewer ever smelled so bad. Your heart almost fails you when you approach the animal. I believe the sin smelled by Saint Catherine de Sienne must have had the same vile odor.

### Of the Quebec climate:

Tender and delicate maidens who dread a snowflake in France, are not frightened when they see mountains of them here. A frost would, in their well-enclosed houses, give them a cold; while a severe and very long winter, armed with snow and ice from head to foot, does them no other harm here than to keep them in appetite. Your damp and clinging cold is troublesome; ours is sharper, but it is calm and clear and to my mind, more agreeable although more severe.

The departure of the ships produces a wonderful silence here, and directs each man's attention to his own family in deep tranquillity.

At all events I find but one single good upon the sea, which is, that you are every moment in a dependence upon God greater and more immediate, so to speak, and consequently sweeter, than when upon land.

Le Jeune was not content to study the Indians as they came to "Notre Dame des Anges," but spent part of a winter trekking with them, starving, bearing every manner of hardship and danger, in order to learn their language and effect a contact. Here are some of "the delicate usages of this country."

I am hard as bronze. I have passed the winter with the savages. Famine almost killed us; but God is so present in these difficulties that this time of famine seemed to me a time of abundance. It is true that some persons generally die in these beginnings, but death is not always a great evil. It is a great occupation, to suffer nobly.

But when it is necessary to become a savage with the savages, one must take his life and all that he has and throw it away, so to speak, contenting himself with a very large and a very heavy cross for all riches, and God sometimes hides himself and then the Cup is very bitter.

One Indian said, "It is true the soul has neither bones nor flesh. I saw mine and it had neither."

If we begin with physical advantages, I will say that they possess these in abundance. They are tall, erect, strong, well-proportioned, agile; there is nothing effeminate in their appearance. Those little Fops that are seen elsewhere are only caricatures of men compared with our savages. I almost believed, heretofore, that the picture of the Roman emperors represented the ideal of the painters rather than men who had ever existed, so strong, so powerful their heads; but I see here upon the shoulders of these people the heads of Julius Cæsar, of Pompey, of Augustus, of Otho and of others, that I have seen in France drawn upon paper, or in relief on medallions. As to the mind of the Savage, it is of good quality. I believe that souls are all made from the same stock, and that they do not naturally differ; hence these barbarians, having well formed bodies and organs well regulated and well arranged, their minds ought to work with ease. I have not seen any one thus far of those who have come to the country, who does not confess and frankly admit that the savages are more intelligent than our ordinary peasants. They do not open the hand half-way when they give—I mean among themselves, for they are as ungrateful as possible among strangers.

I would not dare to assert that I have seen one act of real moral virtue in a savage.

This last remark of le Jeune's comes after several pages of praise of their lack of avarice and ambition, their even temper in trying times, their attachment to each other and especially to children, their lack of vindictiveness, their generosity, long-suffering and childlikeness. In short the holy father could not recognize as virtue the very virtues he had come so far to preach. His dissection of the Indian and his ways are as vivid a picture as exists in literature and has the advantage of being a truthful transcription of what le Jeune saw every day.

Eating among the savages is like drinking among the drunkards of Europe. Those dry and ever-thirsty souls would willingly end their lives in a butt of malmsey, and the savages in a pot of meat.

An Indian's paradise, the pleasures of his jaws.

As to their food, it is very little, if any, cleaner than the swill given to animals, and not always even as clean. One day some shoes which had just been taken off fell into our drink; they soaked there as long as they pleased and were withdrawn without exciting any special attention, and then the water was drunk as if nothing whatever had happened. I am not very fastidious, but I was not very thirsty as long as this malmsey lasted.

The savages love the beverages of brandy and wine with an utterly unrestrained passion, not for the relish they experience in drinking them but for the pleasure they find in becoming drunk. They imagine in their drunkenness that they are listened to with attention, that they are great orators, that they are valiant and formidable, that they are looked up to as chiefs, hence this folly suits them.

The Eat-All Feast. They would rather burst than to leave anything. The one who eats the most is the most admired. You will hear them describing the prowess of their jaws, naming the parts and the quality of the beast which they have eaten. God knows what kind of music follows this banquet, for these barbarians give full liberty to their stomachs and bellies, to utter whatever sounds they please in order to relieve themselves. As they are naked I saw that they were swollen as high as their necks. They will say "I am really eating," as if any one doubted it.

We had only a little food left but these barbarians ate it with as much calmness and confidence as if the game they were to hunt was shut up in a stable. Sometimes they depart without breakfast, continue on their way without dining, and go to bed without supping.

They laughed at me cautioning foresight. "Tomorrow," they said, "we shall make another feast with what we shall capture." Yes, but more often they captured only cold and wind.

Lying is as natural to savages as talking. I will say in passing that the Montagnais savages are not thieves, but the Hurons steal with their feet.

Indians are dressed properly when they are dressed comfortably. There is no article of dress, however foolish, which they will not wear in all seriousness if it helps to keep them warm. Propriety is convenience. A child that could sew a little could make their shoes at the first attempt, so ingeniously are they contrived.

Indians' house: In order to have some conception of the beauty of this edifice, its construction must be described. You cannot stand upright, the smoke suffocates. When you go out, the cold, the snow, the danger of getting lost in these great woods drive you in again more quickly than the wind and keep you prisoner in a dungeon which has neither lock nor key. Four other discomforts are cold, heat, smoke, and dogs. As to the smoke, I confess to you that it is martyrdom. God glories in helping a soul when it is no longer aided by his creatures. A soul very thirsty for the Son of God, I mean for suffering, would find enough here to satisfy it.

Oh, how just is the judgment of God, that these people, who place their ultimate happiness in eating, are always hungry and are only fed like dogs. I said that if hogs and dogs knew how to talk they would adopt their language.

The absence of ceremony spares these simple people many words. It seems to me in the Golden Age they must have done like this, except that then cleanliness was in greater favor than among these people.

Oh, how little curiosity have these souls!

Wandering is the misfortune of this nation which I verily believe is descended from Cain.

All the savages made sport of me because I was not a good pack-horse, being satisfied to carry my cloak, which was heavy enough, a small bag in which I kept my little necessities, and their sneers, which were not as heavy as my body.

The next morning I found that my bed, although it had not been made up since the creation of the world, was not so hard as to keep me from sleeping.

The thought came into my mind that I was not lost since God knew where I was. Hunger which makes the wolf come out of the woods, made me go farther in to seek the little ends of the trees which I ate with delight.



Our savages, having no food for a feast, made a banquet of smoke. The fondness they have for this herb, tobacco, is beyond all belief. They go to sleep with their reed pipes in their mouths, they sometimes get up in the night to smoke; they often stop in their journeys for the same purpose, and it is the first thing they do when they reënter their cabins. I have lighted tinder so as to allow them to smoke while paddling a canoe. I have often seen them gnaw the stems of their pipes when they had no more tobacco, I have seen them scrape and pulverize a wooden pipe to smoke it. Let us say with compassion that they pass their lives in smoke and at death fall into the fire.

Crosses are rendered sweet by the love of the Cross.

If crosses and trials are the most solid foundations of the edifice which is to raise its pinnacle to heaven, the seminary for the Hurons is very well established. There is nothing so difficult as to control the tribes of America. All these barbarians have the law of wild asses. They are born, live, and die in a liberty without restraint. With them, to conquer one's passions is considered a great joke, while to give free rein to the senses is a lofty philosophy.

One of the particular thorns in le Jeune's flesh was a Sorcerer. Once when the father rebuked him for promiscuity, the Sorcerer replied, "Thou hast no sense. You French people love only your own children, but we love all the children of our tribe."

The Sorcerer sometimes made me write vulgar things in his language, assuring me there was nothing bad in them, then made me pronounce these shameful words, which I did not understand, in the presence of the savages. Believe me, if I have brought back no other fruits from the savages, I have at least learned many of the words of their language: shut up, shut up, thou hast no sense; he looks like a dog; he is captain of the dogs; he has a head like a pumpkin. The Sorcerer invited me to share his cabin, giving me as his reason that he loved good men, because he himself was good and had always been so from his early youth.

Le Jeune was very indignant at the uncomplaining devotion with which the savages sat through hours of sorcery, often in ungraceful if not obscene postures. "Is Belial more lovely than

Jesus? Why is he more ardently loved, more promptly obeyed, and more devoutly adored? But let us pass on."

The Sorcerer said "Father Le Jeune, I will speak in my turn. Know then that whatever there may be in your belief, there are five things that I will not give up: the love for women, the belief in our dreams, the desire to kill the Iroquois, the belief in sorcery and making feasts for them even to bursting. Those are the things we will never abandon."

Having heard this horse-and-mule speech, I answered it in this way. "As to women, thou art permitted to keep one with thee; having only one body, thou hast need of only one woman; and as thou wouldst not like to have other men debauch thine, so it is not permitted thee to touch theirs."

He replied that he would not fail to do so if he could.

One chief said that our belief was fatal to them—that believing and dying were one and the same thing to them.

Indians are willing enough to receive without giving, but they do not know what it is to give without receiving.

Their presents are always bargains. There is not an insect, nor wasp, nor gadfly, so annoying as a savage. The savages never prefer what is decent to what is agreeable.

"Presents speak while we keep silence," say the savages. "This is a good custom, you ought to observe it as well as we."

Presents among these peoples despatch all the affairs of the country. They dry up tears, they appease anger, they open the doors of foreign countries, they deliver prisoners, they bring the dead back to life, one hardly ever speaks or answers except by presents. That is why, in the harangue, a present passes for a word. Presents are given to incite men to war, to urge them to make peace. Presents speak.

The cunning which finally coined the term jesuitical is not absent from the "Relations."

I began by heaping praises upon him, as bait to draw him into the nets of truth.

I have been troubled sometimes in asking savages about certain sins, lest I might cause them to infer that baptized persons could commit these.

There is no place in the world where Rhetoric is more powerful than in Canada.

Father Benier writes me that he would be inconsolable at not coming to Canada, if he were not confronted with his sins which prevent him from it.

Sacred pictures are half the instruction that one is able to give the savages. I had desired some portrayals of hell and of lost souls; they sent some on paper, but that is too confused. The devils are so mingled with the men that nothing can be identified therein, unless it is studied closely. If some one could depict three, four, or five demons tormenting one soul with different kinds of tortures—one applying to it the torch, another serpents, another pinching it with red hot tongs, another holding it bound with chains—it would have a very good effect, especially if everything were very distinct, and if rage and sadness appeared plainly on the face of the lost soul. Fear is the forerunner of faith in these barbarous minds.

Part of this present (a barrel of hatchets) was to waft the canoes gently homewards, part to draw them to us next year. It is rare prudence in these Gentlemen to ascribe to Religion what has been given, up to the present, almost entirely through policy. It costs nothing to offer with holy intention that which must be given for another reason.

After Father le Jeune returned from his novitiate in the bush he resumed teaching. His school consisted of an Indian child and a negro boy whom the Kirkes had given as a parting remembrance to Madame Hébert.

I returned to my A B C with so great content and satisfaction that I would not exchange my two pupils ( a Moor and a Savage) for the finest audience in France.

The class soon increases to twenty.

I have them say the Pater, the Ave, and the Credo. I explain to them the mysteries of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, and

at every few words I ask them if I speak well, if they can understand perfectly. "Yes, yes, we understand." I close with a Pater Noster and a bowl of peas.

Faith enters by the ear.

Le Jeune analyzes the discontent of their servants:

It is the nature of working people to complain and to grumble. The difference in wages.

They are amazed when required to drag some wood over the snow.

Insects in summer, the snows in winter, and a thousand other inconveniences.

They all lodge in one room.

They see that a stick for the purpose of chastising them is of little use in our hands.

The altogether angelic chastity demanded by our Constitution is necessary here; one needs only to extend the hand to gather the apple of sin.

For although the soil of our country is very fertile, the French women have this blessing, that they are still more so.

A great many people in France imagine that all we have to do is to open our mouths and utter four words, and, behold, a savage is converted. And when they are here and see these barbarians in their resistance, they exclaim that it is time lost to preach to them the word of God. How can they be satisfied and heaven peopled with these barbarians?

The "Relations," however, soon reflect a growing salvation:

It is no slight indication of the efficacy of the grace of holy baptism, to see a man who has been steeped for over 60 years in Barbarism, imbued with their errors and illusions, resist his own wife, his children, his sons-in-law, his friends, and his fellow savages, his sorcerers and jugglers, and throw himself into the arms of strangers. . . . In the burial we followed as closely as possible the ceremonies of the church, which was very acceptable to the relatives of the new Christian. These simple people were enchanted seeing 5 priests in surplices honoring the little Canadian angel.

My only trouble was to make her feel sorrow for her sins. The savages have not this word "sin" in their language, though they certainly have it in their customs. The word for wickedness and malice among them means a violation of purity, as they have told me. We were greatly comforted at seeing the grace of God working in a soul where the devil so long made his habitation. The poor woman is still living, nearer to heaven than health.

Le Jeune mentions the Lord and "the Sorcerer, stopping me, said in a loud voice, 'When I see him, I will believe in him and not until then.'"

The joy that one feels when he has baptized a savage who dies soon afterward and flies directly to heaven to become an angel certainly is a joy that surpasses anything that can be imagined.

And for the inhabitants of Notre Dame des Anges this joy was now constantly increasing. "Our fathers find the air of New France the air of Heaven." They grow increasingly busy. Messengers come running in saying this child is at hell's door, or that. The fathers dash out, gathering up holy water as they go, commandeer one of the few nobles to be godfather, decide on a name—usually Marie for a girl, Ignace for a boy—and hasten to the hut. Perhaps the child is old enough to object. They promise him that he will be made a Frenchman if he lives, an angel if he dies. Sometimes the adults, though rarely, are allowed salvation and instructed as to the Trinity. "Alas!" cries le Jeune, "is it so small a thing that a soul be damned? All the great affairs of Conclaves, of the Courts of Sovereigns, of Palaces, are only child's play in comparison with saving or losing a soul. But let us pass on."

Four years after le Jeune's arrival he was able to exclaim:

In contemplating the progress of affairs in New France, I seem to see an Aurora emerging from the profound darkness of the night. The rightful possessing of these lands was debated in France, while famine and the English, one after the other, divided and afflicted them. The Lilies died here in their birth; the few French who dwelt here were strangers in their own land. In short,

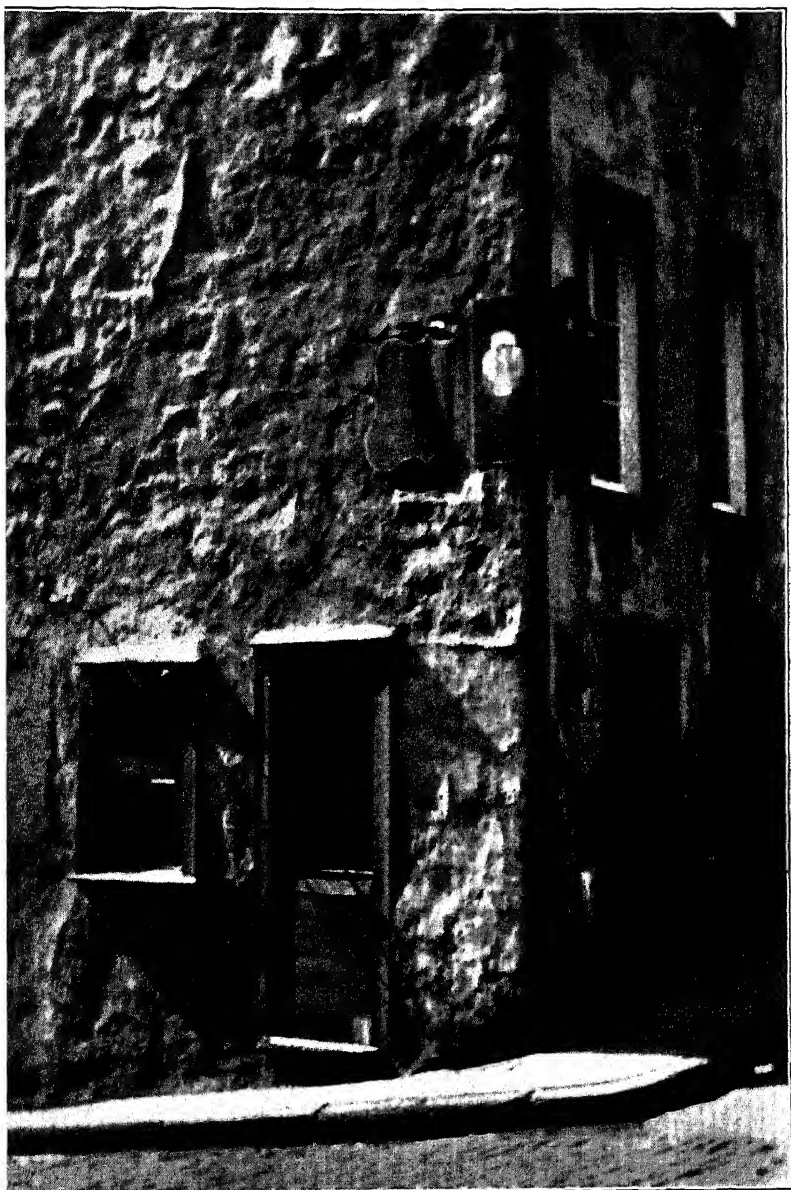


Photo by Vanderpant

FROM THE OLD RÉGIME, QUEBEC



these immense Provinces could aspire to no higher fortune than to be made a storehouse for the skins of dead animals, than to fill savage mouths, to support elk, bear, and great quantities of trees. Four things make a country desirable: good soil, strong and fortified localities, the character and number of the inhabitants, and the government.

As to me, I frankly confess that Kebec seems to me another country and no longer the little corner hidden away at the end of the world where could be seen nothing but a few delapidated huts and a few Europeans. When we entered the country we found here only a single family, who were seeking a passage back to France in order to live there under the laws of the true religion. And now we see a great number of very honorable persons land here every year, who come to cast themselves into our great forests as if into the bosom of peace, to live here with more piety, more immunity, and more liberty. The din of Palaces, the great uproar of Lawyers, Litigants, and Solicitors is heard here only at 1,000 leagues distance. Exactions, deceits, thefts, rapes, assassinations, treachery, enmity, blackmail, are seen here only once a year in the letters and Gazettes which people bring from Old France. Would to God that souls enamored of peace could see how sweet is life remote from the Gehenna of 1,000 superfluous compliments, of the tyranny of lawsuits. . . .

Those who aid in the conversion of souls are not always saved, the first conversion one ought to make is that of one's self. Woe unto him who acts as a broom, cleaning the house but soiling itself.

Unfortunately the zeal of the fathers was communicated so effectually to their charges that it turned them into horrid little prigs. One unnatural youth showed much grief at his lightest offenses and soon "fully appreciated the coarseness and cruelty of his nation and held it in horror." Another young man counseled his father:

My father, since you wish to be a Christian and go down there to the French, I beg you to understand well why you wish Baptism, and do not mingle therein any worldly considerations; do it to know God, and for the salvation of your soul, not in the expectation of deriving some benefit or some favor from the



French. You already have enough Porcelain necklaces; I still have some that I leave you. When you are down there with the French, do not go idling from cabin to cabin, do not go into the houses of the French, playing the nuisance or the beggar; visit M. de Champlain often and do not go far from the Fathers.

The whole place is soon filled with an adolescent mania for religion. If any of the neophytes sees a fault in a companion, he tells him that he must confess. There is a special inclination to pray to God outside the hours specified for doing so. "They urge us a hundred times a day to have them pray . . . they are so modest that if one of them has her throat even a little uncovered, the others tell her that she will drive away her good angel."

This ecstasy spreads to the adults. One savage sensually assailed rolled his naked body in the snow until "those infernal flames were entirely quenched." Others put burning coals to their bodies. One uttered an ejaculatory prayer two hundred times in a single night, and others traveled by unfrequented trails "in order to converse with God."

These people imagine that in France every one breathes nothing but holiness; that the conversation of companies is only of God. We are astonished to see that many who previously seemed to have ordinary minds appear wholly changed when they have become Christians.

One young brave at the altar made this remarkable address to his bride:

"Be careful of what you are about to say. I do not conceal my bad temper from you. I am a hasty and irritable man. I make all serve me. I wish my wife to obey me. Do not bind yourself ill-advisedly. Consider whether you will take me with those defects." The woman gave her consent and verified the proverb which says that she who marries a husband also marries his humors.

Le Jeune was so entranced with the improvement that he penned this parable:

There are lands so good and fertile that they produce better grain than the seeds sown in them. There are some so malignant that they change the good grain into bad, transforming wheat into rye and causing barley to degenerate into oats. But I do not believe there is to be found in the bosom of nature any land which produces heads of wheat after having received only thistle seeds. Yet this miracle happens quite often in New France.

And this conversion was going on all over the face of the wilderness. Acadia, Tadoussac, Three Rivers had their missions. Brébeuf had penetrated to Lake Huron. New priests were arriving with each spring to be welcomed by le Jeune, trained a while, and sent on to the privations and perils, the least of which was death. Remembering his own pains of education, le Jeune wrote down some instructions to facilitate the progress of the novice:

1. Be prepared for all emergencies that may arise.
2. You must have a sincere affection for the savages.
3. To conciliate the savages you must be careful never to make them wait for you in embarking.
4. You must provide yourself with a tinder-box or a burning mirror or with both to furnish them fire in the daytime to light their pipes and in the evening when they have to encamp; these little services win their hearts.
5. You should try to eat their salmagundi in the way they prepare it, although it may be dirty, half-cooked and very tasteless.
6. You must tuck up your gowns so that they will not be wet.
7. It is not well to ask so many questions. Silence is a good equipment.
8. Each one will try at the portages to carry some little thing according to his strength; however little one carries it greatly pleases the savages, if it be only a kettle.
9. Be careful not to annoy any one in the canoe with your hat; it would be better to take your night-cap. There is no impropriety among the savages.
10. It is almost incredible how they observe and remember, even to the slightest fault.

From the foregoing nosegays which I have picked from the wide meadows of the "Relations"—there are seventy-three volumes in the R. G. Thwaites edition—the discerning reader can surmise what a wealth of observation and human interest awaits him. The story, unabridged, is still more fascinating. One lives with le Jeune, sees, feels, and sympathizes. And so did his contemporary readers in France, until here and there the sympathy flowered in action. There was:

A Curé so zealous for the salvation of the poor savages and parishioners so full of kindness that they have made 3 general processions and 75 fasts, they have taken the discipline 124 times, they have offered 18 almsgivings and a great many prayers all for the conversion of these tribes. Is not that delightful?

They went even farther:

We are trying to fix the wandering savages. I confess that golden chains are needed for this purpose. A person of great virtue has begun to lay this snare for them, having hired some men to aid these poor barbarians to build for themselves and to cultivate the land. At the first setting of this divine trap, he caught two families, composed of about 20 persons.

I will report a Godly man, walking in the footsteps of God, whose name is written in the book of God. It is he who began that miracle which is now being performed, of making a family of savages stationary.

And finally the Chevalier Noel Brulard de Sillery, a Knight of Malta and a wealthy man, caught fire, and determined to devote his fortune to founding missions. It was the neighborhood named after him and the site of his first mission that I was nearing under the cold clear moon.

Sillery is best visited as most will visit it, on midsummer afternoons, when it is the very incorporation of quiet and green cheerfulness. Castled Quebec on its stately rock looks like a distant Camelot, and the river flows as if the day of Black-robe and war canoe were but yesterday. If there could

have been a locality able to perform the miracle "of making a family of savages stationary," Sillery was that place. Could there come a second Gray inspired to write a New World elegy, I think he could choose no richer spot in all America than that churchyard of Sillery with its outlook on the eternal simplicities of nature and the cloudy conflicts of the three races.

Having seen this superb vista by day, I was delighted by the wonder of it at night, with the St. Lawrence thrice mysterious under the moon, and the city making a lace of light against the eastern sky. A few minutes up the road is the little monument to Father Massé, who with Lalemant and Brébeuf had pioneered. Nearly opposite is the house supposed to be the oldest in Canada. I did not hunt up the care-taker and key. Imagination saves a lot of bother and the sight of the real beams which sheltered the pious fathers would have added nothing to the reality of this spot. I could see the temporary habitations of the Indians, and the black-robed priests shouting for prayers, or talking among themselves on the chances of these savages remaining sedentary. What a moment that would be, when whole congregations of redskins would attend mass regularly, eat eels on Fridays, and learn to contribute to the Church.

The beautiful picture was never realized, although the savages did appreciate the hospital. In 1643 its patients numbered more than a hundred, with the Iroquois doing their best to add to the list. In fact the Iroquois overdid it, and mission, hospital, patients and all were removed to the comparative security of Quebec.

It was seven o'clock and the sun had been set nearly three hours. I walked up the long hill from the church between two rows of giant spruce, with the moon pursuing her easy way above them. It was as if an eternal blessing guarded the peace of this region.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CHEZ LA BRASSERIE DU ROI

ONE delightful feature of my castle on the Rock lay in the fact that whenever I wished to sally forth and see a sight, my way led downhill. Sight-seeing is so bald a pursuit and requires so unnatural an exertion, that if one has to start out up-grade in addition, one might as well, one might better go swimming.

The ideal circumstance of course is to have the sight rise up out of the ground before one, unheralded, unplanned for, and above all unstaled by the picture post-card. But since this is impossible, the picture card having murdered sight-seeing, the next best is to be able to slide down to it. The sight I remember most gratefully overseas was the cottage on a long Scottish hill where Stevenson started—or finished—Treasure Island. I was coasting by it so swiftly that I could not bear to stop, and that cottage remains a vivid memory, an eternal curiosity in me to this day.

It is merely to cheat oneself if one prepare too much. The illumination can come afterward. First curiosity, then surprise, and after that you can mop up with the facts; but the heart-beat of sight-seeing is surprise. That is why I remember with lively pleasure the afternoon of unpremeditated enjoyment that began on the down-grade and ended in the Intendant Talon's cellar over a glass of Boswell's ale.

Contrast, to be fair, played a part, for in my reading I had just left Champlain's death-bed.

On the 25th of December [wrote le Jeune in the year 1635] the day of the birth of our Savior upon earth, M. de Champlain,

our Governor, was reborn into Heaven; at least, we can say that his death was full of blessings. I am sure that God has shown him this favor in consideration of the benefits he has procured for New France, where we hope someday God will be loved and served by our French and known and adored by our savages. Truly he has led a life of great justice, equity, and perfect loyalty to his King and the Gentlemen of the Company. But at his death he crowned his virtues with sentiments of piety so lofty that he astonished us all. What tears he shed! How ardent became his zeal for the service of God! I was charged with the funeral oration, for which I did not lack material.

No, there was no lack of material. Vision, courage, tenacity, probity, strength; from these can be made a very nice funeral oration. Add a stoic optimism in the face of unremitting disappointments, and the oration improves. Qualify slightly with his treatment of H  l  ne, with his too-hasty policy of provoking the Iroquois, and his too-patient acceptance of the stupidities of his masters, and the truth, if not the oration, gains. Then round it off with a glance at his devotion and his faith, and one approximates Champlain, the cornerstone of Canada.

Another thirty years would have added little to his happiness. The Ursulines arrived, but so did the Iroquois. The more spirited young men slipped away into the woods, feverish for a young man's freedom. The merchants continued to plan with a petty selfishness and took few profits. Richelieu was immersed in the Thirty Years' War. Fifty-seven years from that day when Champlain first landed under the Rock, Quebec could count but 70 houses, 550 souls, and they hungry and despondent and threatened with a painful extinction from without. Only then did heavy-footed progress quicken her steps to such a pace that, three years later, the population had doubled, the savages ate their threats, hope had ousted despondency, and New France had changed from a long-drawn puling infancy into lusty adolescence. How? And by whom? I found satisfaction for these questions in the vaults of an old brewery.

I had wandered—downhill all the way—from the Chateau to the Ramparts and past the Hôtel Dieu, thence by even a steeper decline into St. Charles Street at Nicholas. Boswell's Brewery at the corner was my goal, for Mr. Boswell, I had heard, owned a bit of history and had thrown it open to the public. After some talk with him about the company's investigations, he turned me over to Daniel Egan who did the honors to tourists and survived it.

Egan, I saw at once, was not one of those paralyzed mentalities called guides, but a youth with a refreshing interest in his show and considerable knowledge of it. He led me across a courtyard, down a flight of ancient stone steps, and I was actually standing in a vault of the continent's first brewery, constructed in 1668. The arched stone looked as if it would stand another three hundred years without trouble.

"Eight feet thick," Egan patted the wall, "and sound as the day it was built. We found two large vaults and five small ones. They evidently needed a big brewery in those days."

"You surprise me," I said. "I thought the majority opinion was against drink."

"Prohibition was the big question, that's true."

"So they built the brewery to stop drinking?"

"To stop brandy-boozing. Here are their own words for it," and Egan handed me a pamphlet that Mr. Boswell had had printed. I read, "The Minister approved the plan of erecting a brewery not only on economic grounds but because the vice of drunkenness would thereafter cause no more scandal; by reason of the cold nature of Beer, the vapors thereof rarely deprive men of the use of judgment."

"History," said I throwing originality to the winds, "certainly repeats."

"Like a hand-organ," said Egan. "By the way, would you care for some ale?"

"I think we both should have some," I said, "as a safeguard against brandy."

The picture is very pleasant to me still: the antique vaults, my companion entering with bottles on a tray, the silence of the ages about us, and a new peep-hole into oblivion offered to my view.

Egan raised his glass, "To the wise intendant."

"And down with drinking," I added.

"Especially among Indians."

"I wouldn't think of giving this to Indians."

It was amber electricity, that cold rich ale, and no surrounding could have been nearer the authentic on this continent than that vault of the King's Brewery, the king being Louis XIV. I was very hazy, however, as to just what was an intendant. I surmised that he was something less than the governor and something more than anybody else, but I was vague as to his exact rating.

"We'd call him superintendent, now," explained Egan. "He was responsible for the management of the colony. Finance, justice, and public safety."

"What of the governor?"

"He was usually a noble and a soldier and not expected to know about civil affairs. The king had to have somebody who knew how taxes could be got."

"Taxes . . . prohibition . . . how familiar it all sounds."

"There was a difference in those days, the time element. It took Talon a hundred and seventeen days to cross the Atlantic in sixteen sixty-five. Naturally it took the king's wishes just as long to cross. So the intendant had a chance. If Talon did something that Louis didn't like, say in the autumn of 'sixty-five, Versailles didn't hear of it till the summer of 'sixty-six, and Talon wouldn't be reprimanded until June 'sixty-seven, and by that time the good would have been accomplished."



"I see your point. But how did the man ever perform his wonders in three years?"

"Brains," said Egan, "and enthusiasm. Also resources. Louis was good and scared about his colony. He was painstaking, too. Did you ever think about the number of reports he read?"

I had never thought about it very long at a time, I told him.

"He read volumes of them, libraries of them, and wrote replies in his own hand. Then he had Colbert."

"I know about him," I said quickly. "The wisest administrator France ever had."

"It was a wonderful combination," said Egan, "Colbert with the plans, Louis with the power, and Talon to do the dirty-work for them. The three of them gave the run-down little colony a winding-up that set it going for the first time in history . . . your glass, *s'il vous plaît*."

As Egan talked, I began to see the machinery of progress with a new clarity: Louis, still youthful, poring over the vacant map of North America with a handsome frown, and allowing Colbert to point out to him the weaknesses of the feeble outposts at Three Rivers, Montreal, Quebec. Colbert inducing his sovereign to deign to accede to the suggestion that Jean Talon be despatched with the new governor, the *Sieur de Courcelles*. Talon, at the age of forty, with the ten years' experience as intendant of Hainault at his back, pacing the deck of the *Saint Sebastien* as it drew nearer the Rock on that September morning and eagerly identifying the establishments with which he should have to deal. Surely even Talon must have been impressed by the great promontory just then ablaze with an autumn such as no reports had ever described.

Nature had given to each stratum of society its appropriate place. The river-shore for sailors, and the ribbon of Lower Town where the merchants had their shops and residence and the royal stores were kept. Above, in the rarer atmosphere, stood the

edifices of religion, the Jesuits' College and Chapel, the new Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, the monasteries of the Ursulines and the Hôtel Dieu. The Chateau Saint Louis a step higher still, and highest of all the Redoubt from which the white and gold of France floated in the waning summer. Picturesque as the scene was to eyes tired of the sea, Talon's glance was for the streets, the people. Why was this colony not yet a living organism? Why this anemia in a paradise of nourishment? Well, now for a transfusion of new blood!

Within a month reports were started Versaillesward, and their requests honored. Presently arrived the Marquis de Tracy as viceroy with four companies of soldiers of the Carignan-Salières regiment. The Iroquois, said Talon, must be quelled. So they were quelled. A punitive expedition of 1,300 men, half of them Canadians, covered 900 miles in seven weeks, destroying as they went. The Five Nations were thunderstruck. For two generations their leading activity had been trying new ways of revenge for Champlain's tricks. At last the unparalleled phenomenon had taken place, the French had turned. So impressed were they that their truce to scalping lasted eighteen years. Young men and women in their twenties who had never known a night wholly secure in all their lives could now go to bed without a gun. The Marquis de Tracy finished up his campaign and went home.

With the list of Talon's activities before one, all new and all necessary, it is to wonder what the residents of Quebec had busied themselves about during the previous fifty-seven years. Talon soon discovered that the only business had been skinning beaver, the only agriculture harrowing the souls of the heathen with threats of hell, the only conversation arguments on prohibition and the probabilities of being scalped.

In order to know where he stood, Talon instituted the census. The lists totaled 2,034 males in all of Canada, 1,181 females.

Of these 3,215 persons, only 152 were over fifty years of age; it was indeed a young man's country. The only horse was, alas, dead.

Talon had not been in the country three months before he had planned a model village, in fact three model villages, and he ordered forty dwellings erected as a starter. The land grants were triangular, narrow at the village head where the house was to stand, broad at the base, the wood-lot end. Thus a nucleus of homes gave mutual protection and sociability. The plans of these Charlesbourg villages still show, to-day, how indelibly Talon's form of settlement was stamped on the soil. To drive his scheme home by example, Talon bought a farm near by on the St. Charles and built on it, cultivating the fields and stocking them with animals from France. The "one horse" age was gone forever.

The next need was somebody to play rustic in earnest, and Talon had three schemes for this: to disband the soldiers, to encourage immigration, and to hustle the unmarried into matrimony. With characteristic zeal these plots were carried out. The soldiers found themselves building houses, milking cows, and hauling manure to new fields on the banks of the River of the Iroquois now rechristened the Richelieu. Fleets of ships brought out colonists in such numbers that Colbert asked Talon if he wished to unpeople France for the purpose of populating Canada. And the bachelor was in sorry case.

"Those who seem to have absolutely renounced marriage," wrote Colbert, "should be made to bear additional burdens, and be excluded from all honors; it would be well even to add some marks of infamy."

Talon agreed, forbidding the unmarried who had failed to find a wife within fifteen days after the arrival of the ships from France to leave for the bush. If systems are to be judged by results, this was perfect. For in 1671 seven hundred babies were baptized, a number greater than the total population of

Quebec six years before! The local destiny was manifest at last.

There remained to find something for the new settlers to do, and at this Talon was in his element. A detachment of colonists was sent cod-fishing, other detachments were put to ship-building, others to finding mines and mining them, and still others to commerce with the French West Indies in the new ships. Trails became roads, outposts settlements, cattle dotted the new fields and from the cattle came hides. The habitants smoked their own home-grown tobacco. Women and girls were taught to spin and weave. The forests begat furniture and potash and tar. Schools were erected in preparation for the new armies of children. The seigneurly system was strengthened. Energy ran in the streets. The incalculable influence of one human being!

With things going so nicely outdoors, Talon turned his attention toward promoting an equally efficient economy in internal affairs. The government of New France was vested in the Sovereign Council. This numbered seven. The governor sat at the head, the bishop on his left, the intendant on his right, and this triumvirate appointed the four others, next in prestige being the attorney-general who determined which petitions should be presented.

This body was august and arbitrary. There was nothing which it did not seek to regulate, nothing which its paternalism found too petty to discuss. It met on Monday mornings in the Chateau, and for seven months of the year it met in the happy knowledge that the king could not interfere.

The king was no inconsiderable bogey. Louis was God, and his providence equally uncertain. It was not only the Louis of an expansive moment who had patted his chest and said "The State, that's me!" He acted on that general premise. To be sure Louis XIV dealt generously with New France, but he wanted no notions of too sturdy an authority there. In 1675, fear-

ing that he had detected signs of sturdiness, he diluted the Sovereign Council by three more councilors and announced that he would make the appointments hereafter. In 1703 he had another worry—the name Sovereign Council did not sound quite right to his ear, so he changed it to Superior Council and watered the body with five additional councilors, making the prestige of each quite fractional.

A man of Talon's force could not help presiding over any council he sat in, much to Governor Courcelles's barely concealed chagrin. The air grew sultry, but things were accomplished. Talon's chief concern was the public morality. There was too much larceny, too much drunkenness, too much rape. The thieves were publicly whipped and sent off to the galleys for three years. The men convicted of rape, which was surprisingly frequent, were executed. The brandy addicts were more difficult to legislate for, being chiefly Indians. The liquor traffic was the perpetual thorn in every flesh. It had never ceased to be prohibited, had never ceased to go on, and Talon set himself to the study of it.

At first the intendant was a dry. The Indians, he was forced to admit, did not know how to drink. He agreed with Laval that the results of savages getting hold of a keg of brandy were shocking. But he began to see that there was something in the practical and prevailing view that the Indians would procure brandy, anyway, from the English if not from the French, and that if it was prohibited, his colony would lose both its trade and its red allies. Monseigneur de Laval protested this reasoning. The trade, he said, would not be lost, for the Indians in their sober moments realized that brandy was their ruin; but, lost or not, the French had no moral right to inflame the Indians to every crime for the sake of filling ships with furs.

Talon at length compromised with a list toward wet, passing an ordinance which stated that it was better to trade openly with the Indians rather than leave them the prey to the unscrupulous,

and giving the king's permission to sell them liquor, at the same time forbidding the Indians to get drunk under the penalty of two beavers and the pillory! No one can say that Talon had no sense of humor.

It is probable that Talon's reasoning did not go far enough. What his young colony would have lost in furs it would have gained in settlements, the flow of young men into the bush would have been halved and the country's vitality diverted into permanent channels. If the Indians, unstable allies at best, had been thus early lost, a sounder military would have been built up. In this after wisdom it looks as if Talon's judgment had been on a too immediate plane; but if this was an error, I know of no other in his marvelous career.

Confidence breeds gaiety and the first ball ever held in Canada was given in that winter of 1667 at the house of M. Chartier de Lotbinière. Talon was working himself into ill health, however, and family matters pressed at home. Society heard rumors that he would return to France. To lose this genius of prosperity was a blow indeed. He did visit France but was back again in 1670 and while in France he achieved another measure of relief for the colony, succeeding in freeing it from the destructive monopoly of the West India Company, thereby giving Canada free trade. The man could not move without conferring some substantial blessing.

It was during his second term as intendant that Talon enlarged his scope. As he wrote to the king:

Since my arrival, I have sent resolute men to explore farther than has ever been done in Canada, some to the west and north-west, others to the southwest and south. They will all on their return write accounts of their expeditions and frame their reports according to the instructions I have given them. Everywhere they will take possession of the country, erect posts bearing the king's arms, and draw up memoranda of these proceedings to serve as title-deeds.

One of these resolute men was La Salle, another Saint Luson, another Joliet.

Almost as a final act before his leave-taking in 1672, Talon authorized sixty seigneurial concessions in the execution of a well thought-out scheme. These seigneuries, granted chiefly to officers, created little military colonies on the frontier at Sorel, Chambly, and other critical points. They protected and they enriched. It was Jean Talon's crowning work, and when he sailed for France, he bore with him not only the affection of the colony, which was something, but the knowledge that he had set New France upon her feet and directed whither she could best go.

I am no courtier [he wrote to Louis XIV] and it is not to please the king or without reason that I say this portion of the French monarchy is going to be something great.

"Your glass . . . *s'il vous plaît*." It was Egan, attentive host.

"Would it be a good example to the Indians?" I asked.

"Well, I haven't answered your questions yet about the Palace," smiled Egan, "and that's as long as a bottle. This whole part of the city is called the 'Palais,' you know, because, a few years after Talon, they built a spacious Palais de l'Intendance with rooms for the Sovereign Council which now held its sessions down here instead of at the Chateau. It must have been a busy spot, this Palace, for it housed the courts of justice, vaults for the public archives, and a jail. Across the courtyard were the government stores and supplies for the colonists. In Intendant Bigot's time, the luxury and the goings-on over our heads here were something to write to Paris about."

"What became of the Palace?" I asked.

"Your Benedict Arnold . . ."

"Yours . . ." I bowed slightly.

"Well, our Benedict Arnold, when he was still yours, captured

the place in 1775, and it was destroyed while being held by his troops. He left a few souvenirs, however."

Courtesy prompted me to gaze for a full minute at the case of relics: Indian tomahawks, pike heads, a portion of the chandelier from which mistletoe may have dangled at the Palais' balls—if the French required mistletoe—and cannon-balls marked with a broad-arrow, showing that they had been used by the British in the attack on the Americans in the old Palace.

"Talon left one mystery," said Egan, tilting the last bottle, "which has not been solved yet. Have you read this?"

It was an extract from two of Talon's letters. In 1667 he wrote to Colbert:

This coal is good enough for the forge. If the test is satisfactory, I shall see that our vessels take loads of it to serve as ballast. It would be a great help in our naval construction; we could then do without the English coal.

And next year he continued:

The coal-mine opened at Quebec, which originated in the cellar of a lower-town resident and is continued through the cape under the Chateau Saint-Louis, could not be worked, I fear, without imperilling the stability of the Chateau. However I shall try to follow another direction; for, notwithstanding the excellent mine at Cape Breton, it would be a capital thing for the ships landing at Quebec to find coal here.

"And there never has been coal here?" I asked.

"Nobody has ever heard of coal here," said Egan. "Yet Talon talks about it in two letters, and he was no pipe-dreamer. It burned well in a forge. The vein struck under the Chateau. Nobody has seen any signs of such a vein. What has become of the mine? And where is the coal? It's a first-class mystery."

"It's plainly time for me to go," I said, laughing. "You'll be talking about secret passages up to the Chateau in a moment."



"There *is* one," said Egan seriously. "Sure you won't have another?"

I thanked him for a most educational afternoon, and Talon for his brewery. It was no trouble at all to float upward to my castle.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE FOREST OF LAVAL

A DARK brooding day had spread the portent of heavy snow over the sky and I felt in the mood for enjoying something gloomy. I determined to go lose myself in the great petrified forest of Quebec that fills the city's heart. On the days of ozone and flashing light I had skirted this forest. Now I would penetrate its passageways, see behind the barred windows, and join those ascetic shadows, the dark-robed priests, pacing forever beneath its heavy granite boughs. So I entered the great maze leading within the windowless walls, the labyrinth covered by the single name Laval.

To feel Quebec, it is more important to know the purport of this name than to know Champlain or Frontenac or Wolfe. For half the population of the dominion it is the greatest name in Canada and as one wanders from the grand seminary to the minor seminary and on into the university, one's respect grows for the amazing old man who casts this multiple and still waxing shadow from a life two hundred years away.

I call him an old man; it is the fault of pictures. That long thin face, the long almost pendulous nose, the compressed lips, stern chin, and calm implacable eyes give me an impression of time's own weariness. Yet he was young once, this François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, whose family was as noble as it was old, as rich as noble, and as virtuous as rich.

"François," we are told, "edified the comrades of his early youth by his ardent piety." Certainly he had back-bone; and knew what he wanted—characteristics never to leave him. At twenty his elder brothers were killed in battle and their death

pushed open for him, simultaneously, all the portals which young men would adventure through. By inclining his head he would enjoy wealth, titles, a marriage of splendor, the glamour of court and of king, and a career. He preferred the Church. His mother visited him in his college and implored him to accept his due, to marry and be a great Montmorency. He refused. Even the Bishop of Evreux suggested that he abandon the ecclesiastical course. I should like to have the words of his reply; they probably stung. Young François was already Laval and quite inflexible. He declined the world, and from that moment he dedicated his every heart-beat to God and to having his own way.

God, in turn, accelerated the progress of his disciple, and in the June of 1659, this François, at the age of thirty-six, was Monseigneur de Laval, titular Bishop of Petraea and Vicar Apostolic of New France, and he had landed under the austere Rock, so like himself, where he was to rule the spiritual world, and as much of the temporal as he could contrive, for fifty-one years.

His first acts were symbolical of this new nature which had come to perch upon the Rock. He set an example of asceticism in his daily life which amazed the Ursulines and the Jesuits, who, as heaven knew, had never pampered themselves. And he promulgated an order enjoining upon all the secular ecclesiastics of the country the disavowal of all foreign jurisdiction and the recognition of his only. For himself, a crust; for his position, the last jot and tittle of its due.

The process of wringing the last jot for Heaven soon brought the clashes inevitable in a sinful world where men were sometimes more engrossed in the advancement of their own affairs than in Heaven's. Laval led the celestial forces with an almost uncelestial eagerness. All the fighting blood of the Montmorencys rushed to his brain at the first suggestion of a slight to the honor and glory of God whom he was representing. There

was the matter of formal dinners. Should God be seated below the King? Impious idea. The vicar apostolic not only claimed precedence at parties, he must receive the first salute, he must have the soldiers kneel, rather than stand, when they mounted guard at Fête Dieu processions. The Jesuits soon gave up inviting the Church and State simultaneously to their banquets; the strain was too hard on the third beatitude, not to mention the digestion.

There were, of course, more profound interests than precedence. Like Talon, Laval was a creator. To grow, to spread, to gather into the fold, these were his motivations, and he soon founded a seminary where young clerics should be educated and trained "as may appear fit" for the service of God. "We desire it to be a perpetual school of virtue," a recruiting station for pious and capable ecclesiastics in embryo, who could be sent anywhere, and also recalled.

Funds were needed to nourish the young plant. Laval had discovered that his diet of porridge and water, with an occasional taste of fish, cost practically nothing. If the colony would imitate his example, his institution need no longer lack endowment. So he persuaded the king to clap on a tax, one thirteenth of the harvest, collectible by the Seminary. The colonists, lacking Laval's disinterestedness, demurred, and the governor, with the noises of the precedence quarrel still in his ears, sympathized with them. Only his timely demise and the arrival of Talon—who speedily cut the amount due from the colonists in half—prevented worse than acrimony.

The seminary had come to stay, and no sooner had Laval moved into it than he began to plan a cathedral on the site of Champlain's Notre Dame de la Recouvrance. This little chapel had been enlarged by the Jesuits in the year of Champlain's death and placed under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception. In spite of that it burned to the ground in 1640. When rebuilt it was dedicated to Notre Dame de la Paix—the peace

being with the Iroquois—and this edifice Laval enlarged and raised to the dignity of a cathedral.

“Splendid” was his word of description for it in a letter to the Common Father of the Faithful. As he also mentions orchestral accompaniments, organs, choir-boys, silver chandeliers, and other “very fine ornaments which are either gilt or pure silver,” it is deducible that the system of tithes was working well.

From one seminary it was but a small step to another—this time for school-boys. Caught sufficiently young, almost any boy could be adapted unconstrainedly to pious reading and so led by insensible gradations to the priesthood. This school was a relief to the overworked Jesuits, and the scholars welcomed the change, since they were now allowed to wear a blue cloak and belt. Also the new seminary had its own hop-fields as it brewed the beer its students consumed. In addition to humility and prayer, the Quebec lads, white or Huron, were trained to defend theses on physics and philosophy, and as the summer light stole over their Latin grammars they probably wished they had run away to the bush and become wicked *coureurs de bois*.

Since Laval’s diocese extended from the Atlantic to the lakes and on to the Gulf of Mexico, his ecclesiastical sowings were not confined to the home plot. Churches and chapels arose at Montreal and along the North Shore and occasionally the bishop—he was appointed Bishop of Quebec in ’74—journeyed to France to gather in more money, or combat the Archbishop of Rouen, or to have a governor-general recalled from New France.

At this last Laval grew increasingly adept, succeeding in having three governors—men with unfortunate minds of their own—removed from Quebec. Even when the king, worn out with a surfeit of bickering, allowed the bishop to pick his own governor, it was no better. Saffray de Mézy proved, in truth, the least tractable of the lot. The fact was that the grim, half-starved, hard-working old bishop had not a pliant fiber in his being.

He could not concede a molehill to get a mountain. Montmorcys had never been required to practise tact; tact in spiritual matters would be monstrous. So Laval hurled excommunication upon the trader with a hip-flask as readily as on one guilty of the blackest heresy, and any one that differed from his view was of the devil. There could be no arbitration with the devil.

So this spiritual dictator, wearing a hair shirt and spoiling his soup with water lest it have a pleasant taste, toiled in his freezing palace, adding stone to stone of these institutions which now loom on every horizon of the city where the exasperated officials who contended against his lordship are but names on a student's lips.

Pondering these triumphs, I walked the interminable corridors. The minor seminary has a thousand pupils, sixty professors, while an adjacent faculty counts two hundred students of divinity. By chance I passed a window looking out on the quadrangle and saw a solitary elm, immense and tonic in its sky-free beauty, after so much ceiling. Its leafless branches presented the very anatomy of grace. The snow-cradling wind swayed it, and the first flakes of the coming swarm swirled in the shelter of its bole. I felt closer to it at that moment than to the meek-voiced guide who was so conscientiously filling me with information.

I finished the seminaries and sought Laval University. Here another youth did his best in excellent French to point out the most exciting relics of the museum, the beauties of the stuffed badgers, the treasures of geology and of the art gallery. Salvator Rosa, I was told, had painted four of these pictures, Van Dyke two, Poussin, David, Tintoret, one apiece. But neither my guide nor I knew why.

A warmer spark was kindled by the library, which is not only the largest—again I am told—in Canada but has an invaluable collection of manuscripts regarding the early days of the country. What forgotten hearts, losing their eyesight as

they added page to page, are piled along those shelves! What new tunnels into truth a mole on my errand might not make if let loose! The mole would, of course, have to be proficient in old French.

As one accustomed to the warm, clubby, care-free atmosphere of the American college, with its tree-shaded campus and athletic excitements and politics and get-rich undertone, this university struck me as bare, as bleak as the great Bishop himself. But it was single-minded; it undoubtedly offered an education. Medicine and law, theology and arts, commerce and music and chemistry and accounting, forestry, the higher philosophy and modern languages: you could have them all. It was an oak whose roots had split the rock of ignorance and indifference; and the nourishment was appreciated. I could not imagine its undergraduates singing sentimental ballads to their alma mater, though perhaps they do; but I could see them earnestly carrying her image with them, in the shape of strengthened wills and expanded faculties, to Montreal or the Mistassini and remoter places still. The French Canadian has been told, in the very accents of God speaking to Moses from the bush, that he has a providential mission in America. Within these acres of gray masonry that mission incubates, and from the seminaries and the university go missionaries, less openly than of old, but with an enthusiasm hardly a whit diminished. It is a devotion racial, theological, and timeless, and for its example having its first unforgettable and warring bishop.

Through the increasing storm I walked over to the Basilica of Notre Dame. Monsieigneur Laval's only outings toward the end of his life had been the short walk to this place, and as I took my seat I had no trouble picturing him, especially at funerals which he loved, offering the holy sacrifice of the mass for the repose of souls, tall, gaunt, reserved, proud, yet humble, austere, yet in a grand way benign. His remains rest in peace in the seminary chapel adjoining. In the same chapel they will

show you portions of the true Cross, the crown of thorns, the seamless robe.

The Basilica was aging into the dignity of a national temple. On this spot had worshiped Champlain and all the great who succeeded him. History had shown here her deepest earnestness, had celebrated here her great triumphs, wept out her great despairs. The tale of suffering, aspiring humanity was tinged here with that devotion which suffuses high facts with a fact still higher. How then shall one suppress anger on learning that ten years ago they let this consecrated memorial burn down? There are certain things that *must* not happen, that people care about so much that they do not happen. This was one. The history of Quebec itself is an uninterrupted chronicle of fire. Seminaries, cathedrals, palaces, chapels, chateaux, and occasionally half the city at a time, have gone up in flames. It may have been excusable; I doubt it. Paris does not lose her antiquities year by year. Westminster does not have to be rebuilt every century. Europe's humblest, least progressive towns seem able to protect their treasures and hand them on from generation to generation without a smudge. Yet Quebec, with only a handful of antiquity to cherish, loses some irreplaceable shrine every few years.

In the case of the Basilica, some of the central masonry still dates back to 1647. Also the church plate, the silver crosses, the ornaments given by Louis XIV, the holy vessels, the relics of the saints and the Cross were happily in the safety vaults and came through. As for the rest, one will have to take consolation from le Jeune's line, if one can believe it, "God demolishes only to build better than before."



## CHAPTER X

### THE BELLICOSE BUADE

IF Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac et de Palluau, gave thanks for anything on his death-bed—a far-fetched notion, I admit—I can believe that he thanked the Lord most heartily for inspiring the invasion of Sir William Phips. For it was Phips who gave Frontenac the occasion to display at last, in all its range, his magnificent temper.

Always before the noble count had felt some slight repression. One did not bastinado a bishop with all the words that sprang to lip. The countess, his wife, had a way of turning his words very unfairly; she not only disedged them but also very sensibly kept a separate establishment and was never at hand when his rage wanted a good venting. The governor of Montreal lived at a distance, too. Jacques Duchesneau was a pin-prick, a damnable reiterated series of pin-pricks, but too inconsiderable a being for a wholehearted feud. There remained the Jesuits and the Sulpicians, but what satisfaction was it to bite off their tonsures? Should choler find no perfect mark?

And then came Phips!

Louis was still a boy when it occurred to him that his *métier* was fighting. France was then engaged in her characteristic endeavor of capturing Alsace. Success crowned her arms, and Frontenac's. At twenty-three he was a colonel, at twenty-six a brigadier-general. At twenty-eight he enjoyed an interlude of love, eloping with a girl of sixteen who was soon known at Court as *La Divine*.

If the portrait of Lady Frontenac in the Versailles Gallery

is veracious, Louis de Buade was fortunate to lay down his arms for hers. It is a painting of one whose lips and eyes and breasts were made for passion. The court might well call her heavenly. But in four years she was through with Frontenac.

No one knows now where the justice lay. Certainly life with the count could not have been felicity unalloyed. His father had once played on the royal bed with Louis XIII, then too a child, and this intimacy seems to have gone somewhat to the family's head. They referred to the privilege too often. And in addition to being proud, Frontenac, if you can believe the Duchesse de Montpensier, was also vain and boastful. She added that his delight in new clothes was childish, and that he compelled guests to speak admiringly of his horses, despite their manifest appearance. It sounds unfortunately plausible.

As acclaim receded, Frontenac stimulated favorable comment by spending money. He developed estates in imitation of Versailles, forgetting the limits of his fortune. This soon went. Providentially another war broke out and Turenne selected Frontenac to combat the Turks with the Venetians. The Turks won, but Frontenac, once more in the royal eye, received Louis's command to succeed Courcelles as governor at Quebec.

Frontenac was fifty-two, a man fascinated by fine living, with a reputation in army circles, a wife at court if not by his side. In Canada the society was limited, the governor's salary was but 8,000 livres, the climate had broken younger men, and there was no one to fight but Indians who brought small fame in the military gazettes of the time. Then why Canada? Was the count being exiled or rewarded? Some rumored that Lady Frontenac favored the removal, others that another lady would esteem it a convenience, still others that the minister had tired of his lavishness and pretensions and would put him somewhere out of sight and out of mind. If this last is so, the minister did not yet know his Frontenac; out of sight, perhaps, but never out of mind. But I think the most obvious reason for the appointment

is soundest: that Colbert wanted somebody at the head of the colony who could awe the Iroquois. If so, he had made the perfect choice. Frontenac sailed in the summer of 1672. The king, taking pity on his poverty, made him a parting gift of 9,000 livres to provide a body-guard of twenty horsemen for the purpose of entering upon his office in state. One does not have to inquire as to whether Frontenac was pleased.

Everything was lovely at first. The country was green and not half so barbarous as supposed. The Rock loomed high, a natural fortress created by God expressly for soldiers. The villagers were appreciative and obsequious. Best of all, the Bishop Laval had been detained in France. The Chateau Saint Louis, to be sure, had been designed for shopkeepers and was no fit residence for vice-royalty. But that could be changed; it would be changed, enlarged, luxurified. Meanwhile, to allow the inhabitants to see how things were done by a man representing majesty, Frontenac gave a series of sumptuous balls. The beaver, he determined, should pay the deficits.

The governor soon had an even better idea than balls. He would stage a grand gathering of the Three Estates—the nobles, the clergy, and the commons—with the double purpose of expressing his loyalty to the king and of affording a spectacle. This latter he doubtless accomplished, although he was put to it to discover blood of the proper elevation to represent the nobility. But a child might have known that Louis would not greatly care to be reminded of the States-General who had all but supplanted the crown in an earlier day. The Bourbon reprimand arrived the following summer, but by that time Frontenac was essaying into the wilderness to combine business with the pleasure of intimidating the Iroquois.

For this purpose the fecund imagination of Frontenac had planned a woodland drama in two parts: a naval display on Lake Ontario, and the building of a fort before the assembled In-

dians' eyes. The play went off without a hitch. The navy, lugged in to Lake Ontario with some labor, engaged in a sham battle with large effects, and then the fort was erected complete with the astonished savages looking on. So gratifying were the results that Frontenac established a fur-trading post under the happiest auspices with La Salle for partner. But one fact marred the outlook. The governor of Montreal, Perrot, also had deficits and a trading-post. And both men could not sell the same beaver. Perrot was first in the field but Frontenac's father had once rollicked in the royal crib; that must never be forgotten, nor that he was governor. Collision resulted, spread, and Frontenac was soon engaged in the first of his colony-disrupting quarrels. It is worth a novel but can have only a line. Frontenac lured Perrot to Quebec, clapped him in jail for nearly a year, hanged one of his *coureurs de bois* in front of his cell, and finally despatched him to Paris. Talon, who was just, took Perrot's side. But Louis, feeling that his own majesty had been outraged by this resistance to his governor, sent Perrot to the Bastille. Frontenac rearranged his plumage and awaited the next cock-of-the-walk.

He was not kept waiting long. Laval had returned, newly a bishop, and no longer dependent upon the decisions of France but of the papacy. With him came Jacques Duchesneau, Intendant, successor to the great Talon who had over-shadowed governors.

The very idea of a rival in importance irked Frontenac; to find his autocracy threatened drove him instantly into a froth. Causes for dissension abounded, but Laval's prohibition policy ranked first. If it succeeded, Frontenac saw that his beaver trade instead of his deficits would be cut in half. The governor issued flats, Laval excommunications. The governor raged, but his angers spent themselves against the calm, cold convictions of the bishop without effect. Then there was the parish priest controversy. The Jesuit controversy. And Duchesneau exhibited

letters stating that he was to preside at meetings of the Sovereign Council. Preside? Preposterous, shouted Frontenac, I will preside. And the feud was on.

For five years it raged, embittering the very air, through an ever-widening range of accusations, countercharges, memorials to the throne, and remonstrances from the distracted Colbert. Duchesneau accuses Frontenac of inventing a plague scare in Montreal so that the Indians would not come, whereby he could purchase furs the cheaper. The bishop threatens to excommunicate the governor himself if he persists in his stand on the brandy question. Frontenac charges the Jesuits with keeping spies in the Chateau, and alleges that they run their missions for profit—a slander too fantastic for even the king to believe. The reports of mischief multiply. Paris hears that the colonists are taking sides, attacking each other in the streets.

Colbert began to fear for the very stability of the colony. The bishop was now beyond his province to recall. The Jesuits, although he deprecated their growing power, were useful in the wilderness. But Duchesneau and Frontenac, fighting like cat and dog when they should have united for the commonweal, should learn the king's displeasure. Both were summoned to France.

It is the fashion for historians to pause before the following seven years of Frontenac's obscurity and hang medals around the governor's neck. One medal for building Fort Frontenac and scaring the redskins into ten years of truce. Another medal for his encouragement of the explorers du Lhut and La Salle.

But Frontenac's less disputable triumphs were approaching. His successors had proved weak, Le Barre a profiteer, and Denonville deceitful, with the massacre of the French by the Iroquois at Lachine as his deceit's chief legacy. Panic shook the Canadian people, a panic increased by the news from Europe—James II expelled from his throne and the peace between France and England broken. It was with relief that the citizens of

Quebec saw emerge from the next ship the figure of the familiar old fighter, Count Frontenac, unbowed for all his seventy years. A salute boomed welcome from the redoubt, and that night men talked more confidently in the taverns of Notre Dame Street.

With the old energy, Frontenac did not wait for spring to launch his expeditions. Three parties of French and Indians, led by seigneurs of the colony, surprised New England. Schenectady, Dover, Salmon Falls, Casco Bay, were put to the torch and the inhabitants scalped or burned with an indiscriminate ferocity worthy of modern war. New France was jubilant, and Frontenac was receiving congratulations when news came that New England was preparing to reciprocate, that Boston had raised £50,000—a stupendous levy in those days—for an armada. The next news was worse: Port Royal in Acadia had fallen. Thirty-four ships were sailing up the St. Lawrence.

Louis de Buade had lived seventy years for this moment. Gray, wrinkled, but still fiery at heart, he directed the defenses to be strengthened: a battery erected by the Chateau, one near the windmill on Ste. Ursule Street, with guns on St. Louis Street and other approaches. Barrels filled with earth were set up as a barricade across Mountain Hill Street, Sault au Matelot, at the Jesuits' ferry—where the Dorchester Bridge stands to-day—and a palisade was erected around the Intendant's Palace at the foot of Palais Hill.

The thirteen hundred inhabitants of Quebec felt stronger, but what of the villages on the Island of Orleans, at Beauport, Charlesbourg, Sillery, Notre Dame de Ste. Foy, Lorette? Even the buildings in Lower Town were too exposed to the ships' guns and were abandoned as the New England fleet dropped anchor before the town in the greatest spectacle the Rock had ever seen. On board there was a soldier for every man, woman, and child ashore, and several hundred over, and in the flag-ship a fortune-hunter of parts.

William Phips had been a nobody until he discovered a

Spanish galleon with £300,000 in her hold. King James had knighted him for this exploit and had generously allowed him to keep £16,000. Naturally such a man had made a stir in the young city of Boston. He was made admiral of the fleet designed to destroy New France. From his flag-ship now could be discerned a boat rowing shoreward with a flag of truce.

Frontenac at once despatched a canoe for the messenger who was blindfolded in midstream. Once on land, he was purposely led over several of the barricades and up into the Chateau. Picture this subaltern's surprise when the bandage fell. There stood the erect and haughty Frontenac, frowning with outraged majesty, and backed by the aristocracy of New France in uniform. Color and coronets, grandeur and severe formality, oppressed the poor subaltern in whose place, of course, the uninformed Phips should have sent at least a man of rank.

With some acerbity Frontenac demands the meaning of all this. The subaltern tenders him a letter. Frontenac glances at it while choler raises in him. The letter announces, after a caustic preamble, that Phips will be content with—

. . . a present surrender of your forts and castles, undemolished, and the King's and other stores, unimbezzled, with a seasonable delivery of all captives; together with a surrender of all your persons and estates to my dispose; which, if you refuse forthwith to do, I am come provided and am resolved, by the help of God in whom I trust, by force of arms to revenge all wrongs and injuries offered, and bring you under subjection to the Crown of England, and, when too late, make you wish you had accepted of the favor tendered. Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue.

Demands for towns had lost something of their urbanity since the day of Sir David Kirke!

"Your answer positive in an hour."

Nobody had ever addressed the Count of Frontenac like that. The messenger is already fiddling with his watch. Frontenac

unlimbers his heaviest guns of sarcasm and invective. It is his magnificent moment, with France behind him and England, personified in the bewildered wretch, before. At length Frontenac stops and the envoy can think of but one thing to say: he asks for the count's reply in writing.

"From the mouth of my cannon, rather," roars Frontenac, and turns on his heel. The subaltern is again blindfolded and returned with Frontenac's brimstone compliments to Phips.

Perched in my castle tower, I could trace the progress of those exciting days. In 1690 the river washed the garden of the Intendant's Palace. From this critical spot the line of defense ran up-stream under the Rock; on the other side, up the cliff and across the plateau along Ste. Ursule Street, returning by Ste. Geneviève Street to the governor's garden and down the cliff again to the Cul de Sac. Within these lines stood the pride of the town—Laval's Seminary, the church, the Jesuit College, the Hôtel Dieu, the Ursulines, La Congregation, the Récollets' Hospice west of the Place d'Armes. Where would the enemy strike?

By noon they knew. Phips landed two thousand men on the Beauport shore near the St. Charles hoping, as Wolfe was to hope, to force a passage into the Upper Town by its easiest slope. The Bostonians formed in solid array and advanced. The Canadians, fighting from the cover of trees, sniped at them. Dusk came early, but before it came, a hundred and fifty of the invaders had been killed, while the Canadians had lost one man, the Sieur de la Touche, with a dozen wounded.

Sir William's fleet did no better and was soon forced to alter its position before Lower Town by the fire from the batteries in the square. Frontenac was delivering his answer positive. There was jubilation that night ashore and humiliation on ship; both sides knew that a greater effort would be demanded.

Three days later it was made. The fleet sailed in, but gun-fire from Sault au Matelot shattered the mast on Phip's flag-ship and



his colors fell into the river. Invaders landed on the right bank of the St. Charles, but Frontenac led three battalions up the inner bank opposing them and they contented themselves with burning buildings. Sir William wished that he had stuck to treasure-hunting.

The great push came on October 22nd. The Bostonians landed in force and pursued the Canadians. They pursued them so hard and so fast that they fell headlong into an ambush. They sent a brave messenger back to summon reinforcements. The reinforcements were skilfully diverted into another ambush. The affair was speedily becoming a boomerang. Again night fell, and this time Phips took advantage of it by loading his forces aboard and sailing quietly away. The inhabitants of the beleaguered town woke anxiously and rubbed their eyes. Where the numerous and hostile portent had been anchored was vacant water; not a hull, not a spar was seen, not even a distant sail. Quebec was saved.

Frontenac, first in war, was naturally not second in the subsequent celebrations. In a crucial moment of the war, the ladies of Upper Town had promised by a solemn vow to make a pilgrimage to the Church of the Infant Jesus if only the Blessed Virgin would obtain their deliverance. This the Virgin did and the ladies now proceeded to perform their part of the bargain. They persuaded the strait Laval to transfer the church from the patronage of the Infant Jesus to the Blessed Virgin and change its name to Notre Dame de la Victoire. Then, with bonfires along the strand, amid salvos from the captured English guns, between rows of cheering Canadians, Count Frontenac bore the captured colors of Phips's flag-ship triumphantly to its place of exhibition in the new chapel. This was his proudest hour.

Two more slight seasons of happiness were to be assured the grizzled leader: a fierce quarrel with a new intendant, Champigny, warmed his cooling blood; and a final foray against

the Iroquois which he led in person at the age of seventy-seven, much to the respect of his redskin allies. This feat sealed his fame as warrior hero with the people. All the cantankerous past, the bickerings and disruption, the recall, were forgotten, and as his eyes closed in death, in 1698, the intendant wrote to France, "On the 28th of last month, Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac died, with all the sentiments of a true Christian."

With these sentiments went 1,500 livres to the Récollets with the command that they say a mass for his soul on each anniversary of his death, and he added that Lady Frontenac's name be included. More, he requested that his heart be removed and conveyed in a silver casket to the countess with his regard. It was an unexpected tenderness, and was the countess overcome? She was not. La Divine bundled the courier back across the Atlantic with the heart, saying that since she did not possess it living, she would have none of it dead. So the count's grave was opened and his heart returned to him. The Récollet church burned down, of course, but Frontenac's casket was discovered and re-interred beneath the Basilica where it lies to-day.

A very human being, Frontenac. Shakspeare is needed to expose his combative yet sometimes tender heart. Parkman denies him greatness. And rightly, if greatness must subdue the self for the cause. Frontenac remained an egocentric. When his call was to unite New France and serve its true prosperity, he kept it in a turmoil with his tantrums. His movements toward the heights were mere sallies compared with the relentless advancements of his chief adversary Laval, whose monuments increase. Yet in those sallies, what a figure! Vehement, courageous, blustering the English from the gates, intimidating the savages in their forest, rallying a colony by his bluff example, he commands enthusiasm. And in this human glow, this waving of the hat, all the long rest is forgotten; but he will never be.

## CHAPTER XI

### SAINTE URSULE

When we were informed [wrote Father le Jeune] that a bark was about to arrive at Kebec bearing a college of Jesuits, an Establishment of Hospital Nuns, and a convent of Ursulines, the news seemed at first almost a dream. . . .

DREAM or nightmare? I asked myself, when I read those words, for I wondered how the hospitable fathers could contrive to house such a multitude in the almost cabinless Quebec of 1639. I pictured the ship arriving, the starboard rail crowded with Hospital nuns, the port with Ursulines, while the forward deck would be black with scores of Jesuits eager to disembark. Le Jeune's magniloquent language had deceived me. The college of Jesuits, the Establishment of Hospital nuns, and the convent of Ursulines totaled exactly nine persons, three of each!

The Ursuline trio was headed by a remarkable woman, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, and accompanied by an egregious aide, Madame de la Peltrie. They received a Broadway welcome, with cannon booming, the governor bowing, the savages staring, and the chapel echoing the mass. They were shown over the hospital, dined at the fort, and then led to the house on the tiny square before the present Notre Dame des Victoires which had been built for them. Mère Saint Joseph, whose sense of humor had survived the three months' crossing, called it "le Louvre."

They were soon to move higher. Six arpents of land had been given them on the Rock near Fort St. Louis for their convent. It rose three stories high, stood ninety feet long and thirty wide, and its four fireplaces burned nearly two hundred

cords of wood a winter. A paling surrounded it and Madame de la Peltrie's house clung just outside.

This lady seizes the imagination. From a precocious infancy she had done everything in her power to enter the religious life, only to be foiled repeatedly by marriage. Her father insisted on a husband and she dutifully supported the arrangement, though her heart was fixed on God. As if her prayers had been heard, M. de la Peltrie was taken off by a providential pleurisy, and his widow again proposed the religious life. And again her father insisted upon matrimony. This time, less dutiful, she hesitated, and in her time of hesitation God's providence employed the illness upon her own person. She was very sick. Her father, it might have been supposed, would have been touched. He still desired to see his daughter married. Madame remained obstinate, and vowed her wealth and her not inconsiderable energy to the heathen savages; she was miraculously cured. There only remained to circumvent her father. This was done by a pretended marriage to a M. Louvigny, and at her father's sudden death—whether from satisfaction or by an impatient Providence is not clear—her pseudo-husband was among the first to expedite the fulfilment of her vow.

Would that Madame de la Peltrie had kept a journal! In the annals of the religious she approaches the unique. She was gay, she was enthusiastic, she was changeable. An Indian child, a good one, threw her into ecstasies. "She experiences," writes le Jeune, "a matchless joy and consolation when she can receive communion with these good neophytes. They vie with each other in caressing her." And she vied with them. She embraced every little savage that she met. When she heard that the Hurons were to be visited, she begged the Jesuits to let her go with them. So many nice little savages would be there! The Jesuits were sensible and of course refused. She did flit off to Montreal for eighteen months, but the novelty abated and she flitted back again to Mère Marie, and grew in generosity and piety.

The convent had served the colony for about ten years when—as the reader will have guessed—it burned to the ground: God's way of chastening those he loves. Jails never burn; no one hears of saloons going up in flames; but the inhabitants of Quebec were rarely at a loss for a fire to run to. And the odds were two to one that it was a church.

The new convent was at length ready, thanks to insistent begging from France and the kindness of the local citizens; and it lasted as long as thirty years before being again destroyed by fire. Once more the whole colony assisted and the resulting edifice of stone endures as part of the convent of to-day.

I always found something sedative and comforting in the stroll through Parloir Street, not far from the Castle, where the Ursulines maintain their temporal home. Only from the air can one visualize its whole extent, only by assuming female form could one explore the interior. For no male may enter, unless he be the privileged governor-general. There is, however, a hallway with a grating and a bell which the profane may ring. I rang it and an invisible individual asked my errand. To see the church? "*Attendez un moment, s'il vous plaît, monsieur.*"

As I waited I remembered the arduous days of Mère Marie—Agnes Repplier recounts them in an illuminating and witty book—and I wondered about the life behind that grille. Seven acres of convent, six hundred inhabitants, nuns and school-girls suspended in a clarity of refinement to take on a silvery education. Was it austere charming in there? Or had the world been shut too completely out? I should never know. Did they display Mère Marie's considered dictum on all the walls? "Bear with man for the sake of God." "Bear with man for the sake of God." "Bear with man for the sake of God." I could imagine neat placards wearing this piece of wisdom in every corridor and tiring-room. The wisdom sounds, of course, a little cynical, but a nunnery is cynical in essence, is it not? If in the fullness of praise we call life divine, what is the implication in the denial

of its fundamental laws? But there are many ways of losing one's life to save it, and voluntary incarceration may be one. My reverie was fortunately interrupted by a French girl who slipped out of the mysterious interior to show me the chapel.

With admirable conscience she pointed out and named the sacred paintings; with equal conscientiousness I looked at them. "The Death of St. Jerome," "Ste. Theresa in Ecstasy," "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," very suitable. I shall never be a judge of church paintings, any more than Joseph Herge-sheimer will be—by his own admission—a connoisseur of wines; though we both have tried hard. Nor shall I comment on the value of the convent's relics: the body of St. Clements from the catacombs of Rome brought to grace the new edifice in 1687, and St. Justus's skull, procured even earlier. They missed getting Ste. Ursule's skull, but have that of one of her companions. Also they are fortunate in owning a portion of the Crown of Thorns, and of the Cross.

Fate, that ironist, has played a prank upon these nuns who, though shrinking from the sight of man and forbidding the chaplain even to enter their choir, are daily confronted by a token of romance, a perpetual reminder of vanished passion.

Once there was a lover, a Marie Madeleine de Repentigny, of one of the noble families of old Montreal, to whom a young and handsome officer was all the world. She had wealth and rank and beauty, he talents and passion. He was sent off to duty and he died. A violence of grief swayed her spirit in one direction, and then a reaction into the world of pleasure swayed it in the other. Neither satisfied, and she was as one distrait until a Jesuit touched her deeply with a sermon. She sought the Ursulines, but the contrasts of the new existence were almost too much for her sensitive nature. In her struggle with the torments of the change, she threw herself before a statue of "Our Lady of Great Power" and implored her aid. Instantly her inner conflict was resolved and the joy of unity possessed her. In her

stress she had vowed to light and tend a lamp; she kindled its flame in 1717.

That jet of love has never been extinguished. Her brother insured the keeping of her vow in perpetuity by a gift. The flame was forty-two years old when Wolfe's shells played havoc with the heights of Upper Town and wrecked part of the convent. Ten nuns risked their lives to remain and protect the votive fire, and they succeeded. For two hundred and fifteen years has it burned. In 1903 a relative of Mlle de Repentigny was converted in the presence of the trembling light and has added a lamp of her own. While flame burns and devotion endures, the tongue of fire will speak of Our Lady of Great Power, but also of two lovers whose bodies are forgotten.

During the course of Wolfe's siege, a shell blasted a hole in the convent foundations, and in that hole fate, still somewhat ironical, buried the illustrious defender of New France. Montcalm's tomb was apparently forgotten, for when it was found necessary to repair a wall more than half a century later, an aged nun who had attended the funeral as a child, pointed out the burial spot. The skeleton was discovered, and as that era had a predisposition toward skulls, it filched off Montcalm's; the initiate can view it to-day. The mortal rest of him was sealed up in the wall.

The French Academy, four years after his death, composed an inscription in Latin, and this can be read by those who admire the sturdy conciseness of the Roman tongue from the marble slab near his bones. The last lines run :

By his counsel and bravery he held back the imminent fate  
Of the colony for four years . . . Wounded in the van of  
Battle, but shining with the faith which he had ever  
Cherished, to the great sorrow of his people, and  
Even of his enemies, he died  
September 14th, 1759  
In the forty-eighth year of his age.

The French, mourning, laid the mortal remains of their  
 Peerless leader in a grave dug for him by an  
 Exploding bomb,  
 And commended him to the keeping of a generous foe.

Lord Aylmer erected another tablet to his memory in the  
 chapel. It bears a more succinct but no less beautiful tribute—

Honour  
 to  
 MONTCALM!  
 Fate  
 Though depriving him  
 of Victory  
 Rewarded him by a  
 Glorious Death.



## CHAPTER XII

### EROICA

QUEBEC is the Eroica of Canada. Here have sounded most searchingly the horns of valor and the muted instruments of death. The Marche Funèbre has haunted her every narrow street, for Quebec is the city of tragedy. Long is the roll of the brave and steadfast to whom Nemesis has been cruel. Champlain, founding a colony before its time; the Jesuits endeavoring to change the mores of a savage people; Laval, ascetic example to a fleshly race; Talon, the business general with no followers; Montcalm, combating destiny itself. These men are tragic and noble figures; but Montcalm, I think, was the most tragic and the noblest of them all.

I had been reading Montcalm for days and wanted further to incorporate him in me by seeing the sights that he saw, studying the ground he had studied, and trying to hear the man in my mind. For this his burial place did not suit at all. A man's grave, if one will be frank about it, is the least repaying of all places to visit. It is the one spot which the buried person tried to keep away from while alive. An old coat is far more touching. I could not imagine Montcalm there.

The battlefield, so far as Montcalm was concerned, was almost incidental, aside from the fact that the terrain where he fell is built on and unrecognizable. That field was where the lightning chanced to strike; it was not the storm. Nor did the so-called Montcalm House on St. Louis Street mean anything. He did not live there, and it is now known that he did not die there. But he did live at 40 Rampart Street, and I could imagine

him there, now looking down on the Intendant's Palace, whence came much of his woe, now perfecting his plans to beat destiny back for still one more campaign. Through the eastern window I could follow his glance to Candiac.

He loved that castle at Nîmes, in France's south, where he had been born in 1712. But he was usually hungering for it from afar. At fifteen he was an ensign in his father's regiment, for members of the Montcalm-Gozon family went early to the school of war. At twenty-four he had married into another military family. In spite of the War of the Austrian Succession—where Wolfe, too, fought—he managed some time at Candiac, watching his children grow up among the olive-trees. He was wounded, and made a brigadier, made a Knight of St. Louis, and his eldest son was grown and engaged to be married, when news of ill omen came from New France. The Baron Dieskau, commanding the French in Canada, had been taken prisoner. The Minister of War turned to Montcalm, asking him to take command with the rank of major-general. The king promised to put the young Montcalm at the head of his father's regiment. This undoubtedly threw weight into the scale of the elder Montcalm's acquiescence. On May 13th, 1756, he reached Quebec, to find an invitation to a dinner in his honor given by François Bigot, the intendant. All was luxury and profusion. Montcalm was astonished at the lavishness of the banquet for forty in a colony which he had understood was impoverished and struggling. A fortnight later he had an equally ostentatious welcome by de Rigaud, Marquis of Vaudreuil, the governor-general, at Montreal.

"The governor-general overwhelms me with politeness," he wrote home to France. It was his only opportunity to employ that expression.

Montcalm set himself to studying the situation which the French philosophy of empire had already rendered nearly hopeless. Louisbourg, Quebec, and Montreal were the only towns

of importance, and Quebec, the largest, had a population of only 12,000. Furthermore, Quebec was as much help to Louisbourg as if it had been in China. The French colony stretched in an attenuated arc from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, and with all its townspeople, habitants, explorers, roving priests, and defenders of the Ohio-Mississippi forts, numbered 100,000; while the rival British colonies, bulked on the inside of the arc, contained 1,200,000. Thanks to the French policy, Canada still depended on the ships from France; the British colonies were self-nourishing and independent, in reality, as they were soon to become in name. Worst of all, the absentee overlordship of Canada by the king had resulted in opportunities for corruption which was, unfortunately for French history, reaching its finest flowering at the most critical moment of the colony. Not only was the intendant one of the world's foremost swindlers; the governor-general happened to be one of the world's most conspicuous fools.

Montcalm, so prettily received, had no way at first of gaging the infamy and folly then unfolding. His attention was directed toward the military lay of the land, and he found it worse than precarious. Britain already quite unsentimentally ruled the sea, threatening the very existence of Louisbourg. Montreal was merely a growing invitation to New England and New York for whom the Lakes George and Champlain and the Richelieu River provided an easy route, once Fort Ticonderoga was blasted from the way. The farther west one went, the slimmer grew the French strength. Fort Frontenac looked across Lake Ontario and saw British forts rising, three of them at the mouth of the Oswego. Montcalm knew that he could do nothing for Louisbourg. Ticonderoga he might perhaps defend, although the odds were highly unfavorable. To deal a quick blow at Oswego, however, was practicable; and success there would have two results. It would notify the British colonies that a new

spirit had arisen in the north; and it would warn the Indians not to waver in their present allegiance.

Vaudreuil, one might suppose, would have rejoiced to have a general of standing in the field, a bulwark against the rising tide of British hostility. But Vaudreuil, while an ardent French Canadian, placed patriotism second to egotism and considerably to the rear. He was incredibly vain. Although any boy delighting in a snow-fight would have excelled him in courage and perhaps military genius, Vaudreuil desired complete control over the troops on whom the safety of the dislocated parishes depended. When he heard that the king was sending a general he wrote in protest to the minister:

I must, my Lord, have the honour to represent to you that it is not necessary to have a general officer at the head of these four battalions—La Reine, Languedoc, Guienne and Béarn; they can be disciplined and exercised without that. War in this country is very different from the wars in Europe. We are obliged to act with great circumspection so as not to leave anything to chance. . . . However brave the commander of those troops may be, he could not be acquainted with the country, nor perhaps be willing to receive the advice subalterns may offer; would rely on himself or on ill-enlightened councils, and would not succeed, though he should sacrifice himself. I flatter myself that you will approve my representations, the object of which is the good of the service and of this country.

The ministry thought differently, but Vaudreuil's fears were laid at rest by the sight of Montcalm's commission. Although Louis concluded "that a better choice could not be made than of dear and well-beloved, the Marquis de Montcalm, Major-General in our armies, considering the proofs he has given us of his valor, experience, capacity, fidelity, and affection to our service," he at the same time bound Montcalm hand and foot by explicitly stating that he was "to command only under this Governor's authority and be subordinate in all matters." In short, Montcalm, the experienced and successful, was to take orders

in emergencies from an inexperienced and unsuccessful civilian. Even if Vaudreuil had been normally intelligent and just, the arrangement would have been foolish; as things were, it was preposterous. With that clause Louis manacled the prospects of New France.

Vaudreuil's campaign of interference had not got under way sufficiently during the first summer to cramp Montcalm. This general marched to Ticonderoga and made a demonstration to such an effect that the British postponed attacking the ill-conditioned fort. Then, leaving the Chevalier de Lévis there to maintain the illusion, Montcalm hastened to Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario with 3,000 men. In swift succession he made roads through the forest for his cannon, routed five British vessels with his two, silenced the three forts, one after another, took 1,600 prisoners, 200 boats, 123 cannon, and stores of all sorts, and returned to Montreal.

It was astounding, as much to the colony as to the British. Such swiftness! Such precision! So rare a victory! The foe had been out-generaled. Numbers need not mean everything. There was hope. Canada went wild with joy and bore the captured flags through her streets. Over the sea in France, they said "Fought like a Montcalm," and in Montreal and Quebec, "Montcalm" was the name, the epitome of praise, on everybody's lips.

On the lips of everybody but one. To Vaudreuil the acclaim was gall and wormwood. This imported general, whom he had prayed them not to send, had come in spite of him and fulfilled the governor's worst apprehensions, had become more famous than himself. Vaudreuil was adroit enough to see that he could not stem Montcalm's popularity in Canada. Not at once. But he could undermine it at home. So he wrote busily to the ministers of war and of marine: "The measures I took made our victory certain. If I had been less firm, Oswego would still have been in the hands of the British. I cannot sufficiently congratulate my-

self on the zeal which my brother and the Canadians and Indians showed. Without them my orders would have been given in vain." And so on, for pages.

Montcalm at the same time was penning praises of the men: "You can hardly believe how full of resource he is," he wrote of Bougainville, and between reports he was weighing the next campaign. It should center on Lake Champlain, clearly, where the ever-increasing British were concentrating for the push to Montreal. Another surprise, as at Oswego, and then hold until winter, that reliable ally, arrived. So Montcalm planned. But Vaudreuil, smarting still from the universal esteem for Montcalm, had a plan of his own. He would despatch his brother with a raiding force of Canadians and Indians on this errand, without Montcalm, without even telling Montcalm. Then whose would be the laurels?

Asininity, the childishness of injured conceit, could hardly go farther. Montcalm naturally heard of the expedition and offered to lead it. He was refused. He offered Lévis. In vain. De Rigaud went. The British declined to surrender Fort William Henry. And De Rigaud returned. The net results of this maneuver were to put the garrison on its guard, to consume already scarce supplies, and to make obvious to the people the rift between the governor-general and the snubbed Montcalm.

Meanwhile Fort Henry stood, a permanent threat to New France. Through the early summer of '57 Montcalm quietly prepared for an attack. The Indians, greatly impressed by Oswego, thronged in the streets of Montreal, offering their services, clamoring to see the big chief, and causing jealousy in Vaudreuil because of their desire to set eyes on the general rather than on himself.

It was by European standards a crazy army that Montcalm led from Montreal: 3,000 regulars, 3,000 militia, 2,000 Indians from 51 tribes. The general was put to it to humor the savages who disliked delay; hated to be ordered about, refused routine,

and all but rebelled when the big guns were not fired off to please them. But Montcalm won them with promises of large destruction, and when the siege guns finally spoke, tearing the timbered fort to splinters, they joyed like children on a noisy Fourth.

Colonel Monro surrendered. His men were sick with small-pox, Lévis blocked the trail between him and reinforcements, and the French batteries grew hourly more effective. Montcalm granted the honors of war, but ordered all liquor in the fort to be destroyed, lest his Indian allies discover it and get out of hand. The liquor was not destroyed, the Indians did get out of hand. Before the French could stop the massacre, a hundred British were killed. No one who can read the records blames Montcalm, but the horror of those hours darkened his victory, and created a fury in the British colonies.

Vaudreuil was able to obtain some pleasure in this victory, not from Fort William Henry's fall, but because Montcalm, who lacked supplies and who had to send his militia home to reap the fields, had been unable to venture farther into enemy territory and take Fort Edward as the governor-general had ordered. On these grounds Vaudreuil based long secret complaints to France, complaints so pure in their injustice that even Bigot could not agree with them. But the governor-general's circle took its tone from him. Montcalm heard whispers, saw covert smiles, and knew that jealousy was doing its best to warp his outline in the common mind. To the forthright marquis, who would have been in Candiac but for his sense of duty, the situation was already galling. But these ills faded before his discoveries on taking up residence in Quebec. For Bigot's work was now bearing its pinched and rotten fruit.

The Intendant Bigot was the almost perfect exhibit of human effrontery. Verres, whom Cicero exposed, could have learned from him. Although he was a walking crust of corruption, none

dared puncture it. Our crude and slobbering politicians should con his methods if they desire to advance. A brazen neatness distinguished his every act. Consider his manipulations in grain. Part of Bigot's duty was to supervise the supply of food, and if it appeared scant, to seize it and put the colony on rations. His schemer's brain saw gold mines in this power. Accordingly he announced a crisis in grain—when there was none, seized the supply, sent it to France in the king's vessels, carriage free, and when it was safely stored there, had Vaudreuil send word to the sovereign that his colony was starving. At once Bigot's associates in France reported to Louis that they had grain which could be shipped to Canada. The king purchased this god-send—without asking the price—and shipped it to Quebec where Bigot was waiting to store it in private warehouses which he owned, whence it could be sold to the colonists. They asked the price, indeed, but found it high.

The profits from such multiple turnovers were enormous, and on this wealth new pyramids of exaction could be raised. Bigot and his go-between lived as such emancipated plebeians would live, in senseless luxury, gambling insanely, and blowing themselves up with wanton pride. "The least coup of dice was for stakes of £900, even of £1,500," wrote Montcalm in his diary.

In the streets outside the Palace there was black famine. "The population has been reduced at Quebec to two ounces of bread. There has been a mob of women at the lieutenant-general door." Bougainville wrote that people in the country were starving, that many were forced to boil and eat grass.

Montcalm entertained on horse-meat and had a Frenchman's pride in the number of ways it could be served. He doubtless should not have entertained at all, and certainly have declined to partake of the atmosphere of the Palace. One feels that an absolute firmness somewhere in the colony might have been of avail. Yet the general's whole interest lay in the military cam-



paigned ahead and Bigot had been found useful in crises with Vaudreuil, nor in that age did one refuse the king's authority even if vested in a clever scoundrel.

Even at that moment, had he known it, Bigot was undermining Montcalm. It was Bigot's engineers who had been made responsible for the fortifications at Ticonderoga being made ready for the inevitable invasion by the British during the following summer. They were not ready. Plunder had diminished the stores, and blunder had mismanaged the construction. Meanwhile the largest army yet seen in America was advancing, 15,000 strong. Against them Montcalm was unable to throw his whole weight; Vaudreuil intervened. Unbelievable as it may seem, Vaudreuil wished to divert 1,600 soldiers for a raid up the Mohawk Valley. Such raids pleased the militia and this one might help to restore his popularity, Vaudreuil argued, and though he dared not say it aloud, he knew that such a diversion would seriously weaken Montcalm. Montcalm would have only 3,000 troops, then, to face the 15,000. If anything should happen to Montcalm—it would be too good to be true. So Vaudreuil persisted in ordering the Mohawk Valley raid, and Montcalm was sent to complete the neglected defenses and to meet Howe and Abercromby as best he could.

This best was genius. Given an impracticable defense, deprived of support by Vaudreuil, faced by an enemy four times his strength and adequately equipped, knowing that he had supplies for only eight days, and worried lest the British detach sufficient strength to cut through the woods behind him and force him from even the defense he had, Montcalm planned brilliantly and inspired his men to so magnificent an effort that it remains the enthusiasm of military students.

Fortune favored him in two respects. Lord Howe, the brains of the British expedition, was lost with a small party in the woods and Abercromby committed fortunate errors, dilly-dallying while Montcalm was finishing his fortifications, and

then attacking before his guns had been brought up, taking an engineer's word for it that the French could be dislodged from their lines by the bayonet.

The advice was suicidal. Montcalm had constructed an abatiswork of trees, with a ditch in front, and in front of the ditch another artificial hedge. Against this murderous trap Abercromby sent his men in solid columns. Again and again they charged only to be mowed down. In one supreme effort they seemed to overwhelm one sector by sheer numbers, but Montcalm rushed thither and Lévis hurried with support. The supreme effort failed, the slaughter being as terrific as futile; and at the end of a long hot bloody afternoon, Abercromby gave up the battlefield of Ticonderoga. Montcalm had won the day, the campaign, and the greatest victory ever vouchsafed the arms of France in the New World. The cost of it had been one man killed in every nine, but the enemy had lost one in every three. With thanks Montcalm set up on that field a cross with these words:

*Quid dux? Quid miles? Quid strata ingentia ligna?  
En signum! En victor! Deus hic, Deus ipse, triumphat.*

Was Vaudreuil's little heart melted by his nearness to genius? Was he grateful? On the contrary, he now distinguished himself by claiming the credit for this victory for himself and his intelligent commands. He sent streams of senseless messages to the front ordering Montcalm on and on—although he was without food or adequate forces—into the British colonies, and uttering shrill complaints because Montcalm could not go. After three series of such orders, Montcalm was stung to retort: "I think it very strange that you find yourself, at a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, so well able to make war in a country you have never seen."

Ticonderoga was the colony's sole good news that summer; the Ohio was being taken, Louisbourg had fallen, and Mont-

calm, who had asked to be recalled, now determined to remain and fight to the end, although he was aware that this decision was tantamount to an eternal farewell to Candiac.

To the stupidest it was clear that New France was in a desperate way. Unity at home, a complete loyalty to the common cause, as Montcalm saw, was the only hope of fronting the enemy. Although the general despised Vaudreuil, he desired to compose their differences, outwardly at least, and sent this manly letter: "You may be sure that none of the things which are done against me will ever lessen my zeal for the good of the country or my respect toward you, the governor. Why not change your secretary's style? Why not give me more of your confidence? I take the liberty of saying that the king's service would gain by it, and we should no longer appear so disunited that even the British know all about it. I enclose a newspaper printed in New York which mentions it."

Vaudreuil, grown anxious over the turn of tide against Canada and worrying over the loss of his station, agreed with Montcalm and consented to send two of their mutual friends to Paris to put the affairs of the colony before the king. He gave this open letter of introduction to one of the envoys: "Colonel Bougainville is, in all respects, better fitted than anybody else to inform you of the state of the colony. I have given him my orders and you can trust entirely in everything he tells you." Then, secretly, he sent another letter virulently defaming Montcalm and his reference to his envoys is: "In order to condescend to the Marquis of Montcalm and do all I can to keep on good terms with him, I have given letters to Colonel Bougainville and M. Doreil. But I must tell you that they do not really know Canada well, and I warn you that they are nothing but the creatures of the Marquis of Montcalm."

Vaudreuil has been always called a fool, vain and vacillating, but chiefly a fool. Historians pretend that he did not know what

he was about, that he did not know the extent of Bigot's knavery. But I cannot believe it. The man was simply incapable of acting without duplicity. Vanity perhaps, instead of avarice as in Bigot's case, was the mainspring of his actions. But cowardice motivated more and more his decisions, if you can call them decisions. I believe that he knew Bigot and was afraid of Bigot and therefore connived with Bigot. The logic of his treatment of Montcalm was equally the logic of a weak man turning slowly knave. First displeasure at a threatened rival, then jealousy, then guile. Bigot considered New France well lost if his treachery might be covered in the fall. Vaudreuil, although posing as a patriot, was willing to jeopardize New France if only he might emerge from the maddening shadow of Montcalm. At this crisis, he tries to poison the character of Montcalm behind his back.

Montcalm's character however was well known in France. Bougainville, commenting on the fame of his name, reported that "even the children use it in all their games." The king made Montcalm a lieutenant-general.

Bougainville brought back not only promotions; he had news of the English, of a large army, 9,000 soldiers, and 18,000 man-of-war's men in a record-breaking fleet. In all Canada there were only 22,000 men who could fight, while the British numbers exceeded 50,000.

Montcalm, after arranging for the defense of Niagara, Champlain, and Montreal, hastened back to Quebec in May, with Vaudreuil at his heels. The British had already corked the lower St. Lawrence with their fleet. Montcalm implored Vaudreuil to order batteries erected commanding the channel at the Island of Orleans. Vaudreuil pooh-poohed the possibility of a fleet navigating that channel.

Montcalm next did his utmost to persuade Vaudreuil to defend Point Lévis, opposite Quebec. Vaudreuil made excuses,

and did nothing, and at length the British fleet did navigate the channel and Wolfe took advantage of Point Lévis. It was enough to drive Montcalm to despair.

But the great have no taste for despair. Although Montcalm had lost two vital opportunities through Vaudreuil's donkeyishness, he set about making the best of his position. He chose a farm-house for headquarters just east of the Beauport River, about half-way along the six miles of shore from Quebec to Montmorency Falls. The Montmorency River would act as protection to his left, the heights of Quebec his right, and it was unlikely that a general of Wolfe's caliber would make a frontal attack on the intrenched position that was his center. This done, his only recourse was to wait for Wolfe to do his worst, praying meanwhile that Vaudreuil would not do his. It was an extravagant hope.

## CHAPTER XIII

### "HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS"

QUEBEC'S fame rests on many strata of varying colors, but even the half-educated of distant countries know it for one little plot of ground, the battlefield where an exchange of musketry determined the mastery of half a continent.

The actual field where old Abraham Martin herded his cattle home from the bush in Champlain's day and where Montcalm drew up his lines on that Indian summer morning is no more. Its soil is occupied by houses, hydrants, and the other repetitions of urban uniformity. De Salaberry Street now runs where Wolfe's line of battle was drawn up. The new Museum would be at his rear. But the land west of this, a continuation of the Plains, and extending on to the battlefield of St. Foy, has been turned into the National Battlefields Park.

That winter morning I had the place as much to myself as ever Abraham had, and it was hard to imagine war there. From the magnificent terrace, the river and the snow-blue hills captured the attention, and the mind was not easily brought back to colonial strife, even by the surrounding cannon captured at Louisbourg. While picturing war, one was lost in peace.

Yet after the first shock of beauty, I began to wonder if any other campaign, lasting for months, had transpired so concisely under the eye of the watcher. There on the living map I fixed my eyes on the successive pictures which history had animated for their brief and tragic moment: Admiral Saunders' mighty fleet filing up the channel to fill the Basin with its sails; the

breathless night when the fire-rafts were launched down-stream; the occupation of Point Lévis; the afternoon of thunderstorm and the attempt at Montmorency; the fortnight of maneuver whose hours were Damoclean swords suspended over the responsible Montcalm; the hushed scaling of Wolfe's Cove; and the battle. All were there still, for the seeing; and the event is brought to a focus when you come on the memorial which takes the place of the rock rolled by some of the soldiers to the spot where their commander had breathed his "I die content." It bears four moving words—"Here died Wolfe victorious."

Wolfe will always be loved because he was so human and in the favor of the gods.

Those who wished to flatter him, when speaking of him, called him plain; he was almost grotesque. His body was lank and lean, his hair red, and General Townshend, who caricatured him with a malicious minimum of exaggeration, had only to accentuate his tilted nose and receding chin by the smallest degree to bring the desired titters. Yet, offsetting these features, were eyes that revealed the candor, the courage, and the liveliness of his personality. Those talking to him soon forgot the poverty of his looks in the wealth beneath the surface, a wealth largely self-acquired.

The boy certainly wasted no time in deciding his vocation. He set off to the wars on the Spanish Main with his father at thirteen, and only an illness put him ashore and doubtless saved his life. The false start deterred him no whit. At sixteen he was second in command of a regiment, fighting his first battle, and shrewdly observing the conduct of war. At twenty-three he was lieutenant-colonel. He was also in love, but his mother discountenanced the idea of wedding a girl with only £12,000 dowry, and he obeyed her wishes. His inner rebellion took the form of a few amorous forays which he found not to his taste. He then left for Paris where he learned to jot down sarcastic observations about the French:

If I should imitate the practice of this country, I should study how to talk, how to persuade you that I am the thing I am not. . . . There are men that only desire to shine, and that had rather say a smart thing than do a great one; there are others, rare birds, that had rather be than seem to be. Of the first kind this country is a well-stocked magazine; of the second, our own has some few examples. A Frenchman that makes his mistress laugh has no favor to ask of her; he is at the top of his ambition.

Then he had spent years with his regiment in Scotland and learned to make sarcastic remarks about the Scotch:

We have plays, we have concerts, we have balls, public and private, with dinners and suppers of the most execrable food upon earth, and wine that approaches to poison . . . the men drink till they are excessively drunk. The ladies are cold to everything but a bagpipe; I wrong them, there is not one that does not melt away at the sound of an estate; there's the weak side of this soft sex.

Wolfe mirrored much versatility in his letters. At thirty he was not robust, not graceful, not quite popular with his fellow-officers, who rode hard, drank deep and played high. He was often touchy, sometimes explosive, "the worst quality," as he says, "that can seize the heart of man and the devil's assistant." Yet if he was rather free with advice, it was because he thought much, and he was good at heart, "the soldier's friend." His men warmly liked him. So did dogs. And so did the great Pitt who pushed him ahead, giving him his chance at Louisbourg, whence he came back to England famous.

Romance lent him a brief interval. This time he aspired to a Miss Lowther of the superlatively wealthy Lonsdales and a beauty in her own right. He loved her and she probably loved him. His mother again objected. It was her nature, apparently. Her son was a mature man, a hero, engaged to a charming and distinguished-looking heiress of a powerful family. What the exasperating woman wanted for her son is not known; but the engagement was not announced, and Katherine Lowther became in later life not a widow but the



Duchess of Bolton. Wolfe, who had offered his "slight carcass" to Pitt, was made a major-general and put in command of the Quebec expedition. With 22 ships of the line, 27 smaller vessels, 1,944 guns, and 13,000 men—nearly a quarter of the manpower of the British navy, he reached the lower St. Lawrence in June. In the officers' mess, the favorite toast was "British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison in America." While, in the men's quarters, they were singing:

Come, each death-doing dog who dares venture his neck,  
Come, follow the hero that goes to Quebec;  
Jump aboard of the transports, and loose every sail,  
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;  
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough;  
Wolfe commands you, my boys; we shall give them Hot Stuff.

It was this force, under this commander, united with this spirit and equipped by Pitt with every possible circumstance for waging war, that Montcalm, with fewer men, still fewer supplies, and with traitors for masters, awaited behind his lines at Beauport.

Through July Montcalm watched Wolfe's preparations for his first main stroke with secret satisfaction, for the Montmorency River, on whose far bank at the falls Wolfe was making his camp, was one of Montcalm's allies. The Quebec cliffs, the St. Lawrence tides, the eventual winter were allies, too, but the swift Montmorency was as dependable as any. It had upper fords, but when Wolfe attempted to cross these, he found Montcalm waiting.

On July's last day, Montcalm woke to see the men-of-war coming closer, their decks cleared for action. Two small boats were purposely run aground by Admiral Saunders opposite the left of Montcalm's line, Lévis's headquarters. From these, from the men-of-war, and from Wolfe's batteries beyond the falls, a heavy shelling started. Montcalm concentrated his fire on the stranded vessels, and forced them to be evacuated, while he

withdrew his men from the trenches under fire. For six hours the cannonading went on, but Montcalm's redoubt was not destroyed. Wolfe determined to carry it, and landed one brigade on the beach, still under French fire, while two brigades prepared to join it from the main camp beyond the falls.

For some reason never explained, the sailors of the fleet broke into cheers, and the beached grenadiers mistook their cheering for a signal to advance. They broke ranks and charged the redoubt. Montcalm instantly ordered its garrison back, up-hill, into the trenches where he had concentrated his strength. Like Abercromby's redcoats at Ticonderoga, the grenadiers rushed on and up and into an inferno of cannon-fire, mortar-fire, musket-fire. They were decimated and the remainder decimated again. A thunder-storm, long-gathering, increased the confusion with its weird darkness and wild wind-driven rain. The grenadiers, leaving five hundred of their thousand on the field, regained the beach where Wolfe had brought his two brigades. But the slaughter had been too great to risk a second. So Wolfe withdrew, while Montcalm reported to Vaudreuil his fourth victory. Had he now had his way, uninterfered with by the governor-general, it is more than possible that he could have held Quebec until winter's arrival. Wolfe had had a tremendous reverse. In six weeks he must sail his ships away. He was sick in body and in heart. What to try next?

What would Wolfe try next was the question that haunted Montcalm's mind. He had no way of gauging. The news all flew one way. Vaudreuil, in common with all light men, could not hold his tongue, and the secrets of the Chateau on one day were the table-talk at Wolfe's headquarters the next. Information which the governor-general should have passed on to Montcalm actually reached the British first. In addition, Vaudreuil was excelling himself in thwarting Montcalm's suggestions as to the disposition of new batteries and troops. Why some William Tell did not rise and exterminate this creature to whom station

gave the privilege for every folly, is hard to see. Either those who knew the situation were too noble, or too supine. Vaudreuil lived to a ripe age unscathed.

During August the contest hinged on food. Quebec kept soul in body only by the barge-loads of provisions which were floated down the river at night. Wolfe ravaged the country-side in attempts to stop these supplies, and Montcalm's anxieties grew. Which would arrive first, starvation or frost? Wolfe deemed starvation unreliable and considered a new attack. He lay his plans with utmost secrecy. One day new evidence of activity was brought to Montcalm. A feint attack, or rather the preliminaries to a repetition of the first attack on the Montmorency redoubt was in progress. But it was merely cover for the withdrawal of Wolfe's army from his camp. With these men moving, Montcalm had no shred of knowledge as to where the next effort would be launched.

And now began a game of supreme bewilderment, a game managed with masterful ingenuity by Admiral Saunders, Holmes, and Wolfe, and resulting in ten days of fearful suspense for Montcalm and the beleaguered city. It was played along a front of thirty miles, from the Falls of Montmorency to Pointe aux Trembles, twenty-two miles up the St. Lawrence from Quebec. The initiative rested with Wolfe. He could strike anywhere, and Montcalm had to be there or lose the fateful advantage held so far.

Consider Montcalm's state of mind as the days and nights passed without eventuality, as the impending blow did not fall. Night was merely a denser veil than day, for no telephone could assure him of the present disposition at any part. The British fleet, moving with the tides, swept up and down the long north shore under Admiral Holmes, for Saunders remained as a threat opposite the Beauport entrenchments. Was this a cover, still, for another attack at Montmorency, when the French general slept? Or was it a feint to facilitate Wolfe's

landing at Pointe aux Trembles? Or at Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec? Or would there be a triple effort? To add to the doubt, redcoats at times crowded little boats, as if they were about to land.

So Montcalm was forced to plan defense along the entire front. In the city, misery had reached new depths, and in the ranks, the French Canadians were steeped in disillusion, deserting the lost cause in swarms, and carrying information directly to the British. Sickness increased. Worst of all, an urgent demand for reinforcements to save Montreal necessitated sending Lévis, Montcalm's best officer, with a thousand of his best troops, since to send the mediocre would be mere waste. How, in these pressing circumstances, to split one's dwindling forces to the best advantage?

Montcalm, under the deepening shadow, was never greater, and his military economy might still have staved off ruin had he been master. He put Bougainville, the reliable, to watching the thirteen miles of shore from Pointe aux Trembles down to Cap Rouge. One battalion was set to guarding the heights from Cap Rouge to Quebec. He held the nerve-center, Quebec itself. And his main army remained below the city, yet ready to hurry above the city at the call.

Vaudreuil, as one might be sure, carped at this arrangement, and finally decided that the posts and guns along the Plains of Abraham were sufficient. So he ordered back to camp the battalion—it was La Guienne—stationed there by Montcalm. It was the donkey in him that caused this countermanding; he had no other better use for La Guienne. But his authority, he fancied, showed to advantage. And his command, of course, was supreme.

The 8th of September came, and Bougainville reported great activity at Pointe aux Trembles. The next day there were landings on the south shore at St. Nicholas. Then back to Cap Rouge flowed the fleet. These movements were not only baffling, they

were playing Bougainville's army out. Up and down the rough of the river-shore they had to march, while the redcoats floated at derisive ease upon the stream.

The 10th arrived, and with it news that British officers were spying out the land around the Foulon—now Wolfe's Cove—with telescopes, from the south shore. At once Montcalm grew apprehensive for that spot, recently stripped of La Guienne by Vaudreuil. He sought an interview and asked to have them returned. Vaudreuil refused. Then Montcalm requested Vaudreuil to substitute another officer for Vergor, a very inferior soldier. Vaudreuil refused this. At least, begged Montcalm, have Vergor recall his men from the farms where half of his hundred were harvesting. It pleased Vaudreuil to refuse. Declining to accommodate Montcalm gave him that glow of superiority which was Vaudreuil's breath of life.

The 11th dawned and Montcalm was informed that the activity at Pointe aux Trembles was increasing. At the same time came news, almost the first from behind the British screen, that the grand attack was to be up there; the British brigadiers had so agreed with Wolfe's approval. But no attack broke. Suspense was wearing away morale, and Bougainville's men were still continuously marching. For them the 12th was a day of perpetual movement, and the men slept that night too exhausted to cook their suppers.

The 12th also increased the anxiety of Montcalm. Some action was obviously imminent. But where? Saunders was laying out buoys as if to mark landing-places for a new attack on the Beauport lines. But the redcoats were more numerous than ever at Lévis, where the guns were increasing their bombardment as if to cover Wolfe's passage down-stream to join Saunders. Montcalm could cope with landings above or below, but one locality especially disturbed him—the Foulon, and the line of cliffs from it to the city.

So oppressed was he that on the afternoon of the 12th, he

determined to countermand his superior's order and directed the Guienne battalion to spend that night on the top of the Foulon. This prescient action was stopped, just as the soldiers were about to march, by the sudden appearance of Vaudreuil, insolent and angry.

"Those English haven't wings," he shouted for the benefit of all near by. "Let La Guienne stay where it is! I'll see about that Foulon myself to-morrow morning."

Thus, by blind pride, the cause was given away. Rome, they say, was once saved by a goose; Quebec was lost by one. But by a divine justice, Vaudreuil, who could not bear the slightest diminution of self-importance in life, became for all time the *tête exaltée*, the arch ass, of history.

Montcalm kept vigil through the night. Saunders made an occasional demonstration against Beauport, and before daylight the Lévis batteries redoubled their fire upon the half-ruined town; but another, a new sound came to the troubled ear of Montcalm—from above the Citadel. Had the provision barges been attacked? Or was this more than such a raid?

Galloping toward the walls, Montcalm found Vaudreuil busily writing a letter to Bougainville. How characteristic its terms!

"I have set the army in motion. I have sent the Marquis of Montcalm with one hundred Canadians as a reinforcement. . . ."

One hundred Canadians for a reinforcement, and Wolfe had five thousand men already on the plains. Montcalm could see the redcoats moving over a ridge toward Quebec, marching over the very ground he had implored Vaudreuil to allow La Guienne to guard. Is it any wonder that he cried out in bitterness, "Ah, there they are where they have no right to be!"

Instantly he became the man of action, sending orders for his entire army, with the exception of 2,000 militia, to come up with all speed.

Vaudreuil, with equal promptness, countermanded the order, bidding the regulars and all the militia, with the exception of 2,000, to stay where they were.

Montcalm sent for twenty-five field-guns, all he had.

Vaudreuil changed that demand, permitting Montcalm three. The governor-general could not, it seems, even be startled into an intelligent act.

Montcalm overrode the other, however, and obtained by hook or crook some 5,000 fighters. He swiftly had the 2,000 militia and 500 Indians sniping at the redcoats, while he drew up his 2,500 regulars before the walls. His supplies were now cut off; one course remained, to force a quick decision by arms, the quicker the better, since Wolfe's transports were still thronging to the Foulon with reinforcements and siege-guns.

Montcalm had eight battalions, five of the French regulars, three of Canadians. As he rode along the line, he recognized those who had fought for him at Oswego, at Fort William Henry, Ticonderoga, Montmorency. Would this be a fifth and crowning victory?

*"Vive le roi et Montcalm,"* shouted the soldiers as he ordered the advance.

All went well until the Canadians came within musket-shot. Suddenly they began to fire without orders and to lie down for reloading. This was disconcerting to morale, and still more so when these three battalions ran off to the flanks to join their comrades under cover.

Montcalm advanced with his five battalions of regulars. A British gun was cutting down his soldiers on the French left, but Wolfe's long line, drawn up two deep, stood waiting, grimly still and grimly silent. It required infinite courage to march, in slow time, into that certain coming blast of fire.

The terrible strain told at last on the substitute soldiers of the Languedoc battalion. They fired without orders. Already the five battalions were drifting outward to the flanks, lest the

red line inclose them as in jaws. But there were not men enough to cover the red width, a serious gap yawned in the middle.

A hundred paces distant now, and still the redcoats did not fire. The French marched on with an intrepid constancy. Fifty paces intervened.

Forty.

Suddenly Wolfe raised his sword. Commands came down the line.

"Ready. . . . Present. . . . *Fire!*"

That roar was the crowning exaltation of Wolfe's life, the final catastrophe in Montcalm's. Nearly every front-rank Frenchman fell. The smoke drifted to disclose the redcoats near. Another volley, and another. The French dropped in a confusion of slaughter. The officers were down. All three brigadiers had dropped. Montcalm, still sat his horse, ignoring his wound, endeavoring to encourage the Languedoc survivors.

It was too overwhelming. They gave, they ran. The Sarre battalion followed, and then the Béarn, the La Guienne. Only the Royal Roussillon still fought. Montcalm galloped toward them, but they were breaking. And now they fled. Montcalm made one last attempt to rally them against the pursuing British, but he was hit a second time. He reeled in the saddle. Two grenadiers caught him and held him up, and his horse bore him gently down the Grande Allée and so through the St. Louis Gate into the town he had given his life to save.

Vaudreuil was already in flight. Possibly regretting now his interference with Montcalm's orders, he seized a horse and hastened for the bridge of boats across the St. Charles. He passed some soldiers and called back to them to make a stand, but he kept right on. He reached the bridge and safety, when his coward mind had a new inspiration. He would cut the bridge adrift, and the devil take the rest. He had already given these orders when some officers stopped this last stroke of shameless folly and thereby saved the fugitives. Vaudreuil that night from



a goodly distance and surrounded by the entire French army bethought himself of one thing he had neglected. He sent back word urging the citizens of Quebec to resist to the last! One could admire Judas as easily.

Five days later, de Ramezay, who had refused to surrender in the hope that the French army would re-form and attack, was forced to capitulate. The flag of France came down from the Citadel, the British flag went up. And a new era had begun.

As I walked back from the battle-field with the trooping shadows of old heroisms in my mind, I stopped in the Governor's Garden, close to the Chateau. A granite shaft stared upward at the sky. On one side was lettered the name, Montcalm, and on the other, Wolfe. And below, this inspired inscription united them:

*Mortem virtus communem  
Famam historia  
Monumentum posteritas dedit.*

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE CITADEL

THERE was never any doubt in Quebec's mind, I imagine, as to what should crown the Rock. What God had created so beautifully for a fortress should be fitted with a fortress. And it was so.

Perhaps cities are epitomized by their summits. Ottawa looks to its Parliament towers. Montreal divides her mountain top between a café and a cross. Athens, they tell me, has the Parthenon. And the citizens of Quebec pass and repass beneath an out-moded fort whose family tree is ancient and mossy.

Citadel Hill road leaves St. Louis Street just inside the St. Louis Gate at the Garrison Club, once headquarters of the Royal Engineers who built the fortifications and who, with a delightful versatility, also built the English Cathedral on George III's orders.

Once through the tunnel-like gate, a turn to the left brought me to the sentry who produced a guide, a corporal in the Royal 22nd French-Canadian regiment. He was one of those well-built, dark-eyed sons of the province, with health ten generations deep in the blood, who should be mentioned in a list of somewhat less than spiritual beatitudes. As soon as he saw that I was really interested and that I would have information if it took three questions for every fact, he unloosened a stream of it.

It was Champlain's successor, Governor Montmagny, who built the first stone fortress, and inside the Chateau St. Louis,

though Champlain's Habitation, that miscegenation of medieval castle and backwoods stockade, was Quebec's first fort.

Frontenac reported the walls of the fort as practically in ruins. The king had other things on his mind; he was considerably farther from the Iroquois. But the citizens of Quebec, whose ears were perpetually cocked for the war-whoop, voted to inclose the town by palisades. His Majesty, on learning this, urged them to lose no time forthwith. This was in 1690 and from then on something was always being done about the walls—with magnificent results for the contractors.

The French, who do things superlatively well, did not fall away from this high standard when it came to graft. The records of expenditure on the Quebec fortifications for the next seventy years are worthy to be set beside our most notable examples of municipal corruption. So constantly was money sent, so regularly was it stolen, and so repeatedly the demand was raised, that Louis XIV desired to know whether the fortifications of Quebec were built of gold. As soon as one appropriation was exhausted, an entirely new and more ambitious plan was proposed as being absolutely essential to the colony's safety, until Louis demanded a plan of fortification "which will not be susceptible to alteration like previous ones." The rascality went on. So, early in 1746, the king gave up, ordering all construction discontinued. Every one was delighted, except the authorities, the contractors, and the bishop, who suggested a tax on wine and silk to defray further costs.

But political events developed, if the walls did not, and in 1757 France approved of further efforts to repair the breaches. Some parts of the walls had been so flimsily made that no attempt to fix them was carried through, and other works were erected in front. Then Quebec fell.

For twenty years a stream of familiar complaint poured from those responsible for the defense of Quebec to the officials in Britain, but nothing was done. When Arnold and Montgomery

attacked in 1775, barricades were set up at Sault au Matelot and Près de Ville. It was reminiscent of the times when Frontenac had repulsed Phips.

Finally, in 1823, Great Britain determined to carry out a plan drawn up by the famous Holland and a man named Twiss. These fortifications required nine years to build and cost \$35,000,000 and, with the exception of the gates, are what one sees to-day. If experience could teach mankind anything whatever, how much less expensive our existence would be. Forty acres of geometry covered the plateau of Cape Diamond with enough angles to set any sentinel with a touch of Euclid planning originals. It was a world of its own given up to the sky and bugle calls. A Citadel Square, a parade-ground, a residence for the governor-general luxuriously renovated *Willingdonibus consulibus*, quarters and mess for the officers, an artillery museum beneath the commandant's office, a guard-room, barracks, with all the sheds and cook-houses and other appurtenances of a community. Possibly they had a chapel; I've forgotten. My corporal showed me a little brass cannon captured by the British at Bunker Hill; I was glad they had something to show for all their efforts. That lonely little cannon mercilessly suggested the cycle of war, particularly of that stupidest of wars: the imbecile stubbornness that conceives the contest, the infinite courage lavished on its prosecution, and the lamentable consequences from generation to generation. Had there been no Bunker Hill there would hardly have been a Marne.

We paused on the King's Bastion, four hundred feet above the river, and every arpent of view speaking with history. The corporal, however, spoke of beer, which is more friendly in effect. He did not know, nor I, of any other walled town but this in the New World, still less a walled town with glacis, and redans and ravelins and martello towers, and all the rest of the medieval tongue which takes one back beyond the knightly period when a Kirke could send in a demand for

capitulation couched in a most courteous spirit. Counting Cartier's fort, this locality has seen defense works for five centuries. Unfortunately even the remnants of the French walls have gone. Humor-loving bus-drivers still tell tourists that the old works on Cape Diamond date back to Vaudreuil and beyond. But bus-drivers are themselves driven—by imagination. It is their protection. These old works are remains of temporary British works of 1783. The martello towers, one of them overlooking the St. Lawrence, were built for magazines and tanks. Their exposed sides were made thirteen feet thick but only seven feet on the opposite side so that they could be destroyed.

On the heights of Lévis are three other forts, and a modern defense was built in 1910 on the south shore, eight miles below Quebec, to command the St. Lawrence channel. The Mother Country has spent upwards of \$2,500,000,000 for the defense of Canada.

The story of civilization could be written from its bills.

## CHAPTER XV

### L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN TOURISTE

THE variety of Quebec freshened each morning with anticipation. Should it be old life, new life, low life, or a call on the men and women who were authorities on the phases of its history? The snow-heaped entrances led me to book-lined, fire-lit interiors and a hospitality which, in the siege of winter, seemed doubly contenting. I came under the illusion of an older day when there was leisure to discover what we truly loved, when a home in old Quebec was a fortress wherein one forgot the polar cold outside and the wilderness encircling. Life in Quebec is not lived at white heat; neither does it leave a heap of ashes. Enjoyment mellows into happiness there.

To hurry at sight-seeing is merely to swindle oneself, I thought, as I stopped at the Duke of Kent's house close to the Chateau on St. Louis Street. The casual guide will remind the tourist, who may have forgotten his Strachey, that the Duke of Kent was Queen Victoria's father. The bewildered tourist, glancing once at the little house, will wonder what Queen Victoria's father was doing in Quebec and why he wasn't living in a palace. The guide now diverts the tourist's attention to the Montcalm house across the street, making statements of pure cab-driving fiction, and the Duke of Kent is forgotten. This is unfair to Kent and unfortunate for the tourist, who loses a delightful encounter thereby.

The Duke, christened Prince Edward Augustus, had the misfortune of being a son of George III who, after mounting the throne, had become pronouncedly respectable and hard to

get along with. As soon as possible, the boy was given to a churchman for tutor, a sententious bishop-in-the-making, who taught him Christian fortitude and how to bear injustice, mortification, and penury.

This was excellent preparation for Edward's next governor, Baron Wangenheim, who had only two interests—discipline and the accumulation of money. Edward's allowance was £1,000 a year; he did not see £100 of it. His letters to Buckingham Palace were intercepted and a false picture of him was built up in George III's mind which, at the best, was hardly elastic.

Edward, having some mettle, escaped Wangenheim and reached London, but the king was so irate at the idea of his son having crossed the Channel without permission that he refused to see him. For two weeks Edward waited for the paternal will to soften. His Majesty consented for just long enough to tell Edward of his shortcomings and pack him off to Gibraltar.

The boy was tall and twenty-two, impecunious but prepossessing, and at Gibraltar he discovered a charming girl named Alphonsine Therese Julie de Montegenet de St. Laurent. She was kind and witty and had the added advantage of being a widow. The two fell into each other's arms, and when Edward was ordered to Canada, Madame de St. Laurent, as he always called her, went with him.

The two reached Quebec in 1791. Edward was twenty-five, the son of the sovereign, in love with life and Madame de St. Laurent, and Quebec delighted in them. Balls, dinners, parties gay with the costumes of the old régime, made the big Rock an island of pleasure in the sea of Edward's troubles. The young man responded by showing himself very able in trying times. Canada had not been under British rule a full generation, and the first Britishers were a sorry crowd. Edward stopped one riot by a speech ordering the election crowd to let him hear no more of the odious distinctions of French and

English. He journeyed out to the Island of Orleans to dance with an active centenarian. He saved a mutineer from the scaffold. He opened Sunday Schools. He helped fight a fire in Sault au Matelot Street. In short he behaved like a Prince and won the esteem of French and English alike, seconded by the tactful and vivacious Madame de St. Laurent when she was not having children. Edward had a genius for country homes, and romance has seldom picked a lovelier setting than theirs at Montmorency Falls.

Three years and Quebec saw them leave with extraordinary regret. Edward indeed wished to remain and be governor-general of Canada. But he was a prince who never had what he wanted—except Madame de St. Laurent, and when the Princess Charlotte's death threw the succession in doubt, he gave her up.

"God only knows the sacrifice it will be to me whenever I shall think it my duty to become a married man," exclaimed Edward, on reflecting that he might be required to provide an eligible heir for the throne. At the same time another widow swam into his ken, the Princess Victoria of Leiningen. Edward was officially a bachelor. He married her. Two of his brothers married the same year in one of the strangest baby-getting competitions in royal annals. Edward won, and the British Empire was saved. Two years later he died of wet feet.

And Alphonsine? "Madame de St. Laurent has retired to a convent," wrote a friend to Madame de Salaberry. Behind the convent walls she would listen, I can imagine, for the roar of Montmorency, or stand still as she recalled some memory of the little ménage on St. Louis Street when Edward was her own.

No house in Canada has seen more romance than this one which dates back, in part, to 1650, when it was built for Governor d'Ailleboust. The Lotbinières lived in it. So did the Chevalier de Ramezay who signed the capitulation of Quebec in its living-room. After the Duke of Kent it was lived in by Jacob Mountain, and as he was the first Anglican Bishop



of Quebec, the style of entertainment presumably changed. If houses boast of their family trees, this, the oldest house in Quebec, is probably the proudest.

But not the gayest. I walked on down St. Louis till I came to the little house with two guns on its sunset side, once inhabited by Angélique des Meloises, married to the Chevalier de Pean, and mistress to Bigot. I wondered whether the brains of this witty woman, who deceived her husband, helped Bigot and the butcher Cadet devise their schemes? Or had the intendant wit enough not to whisper of them as he lay in her arms? Angélique! The French have lovely names.

Only a stone's throw from Kent's House, across the Place d'Armes from the castle, the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity rises on the ground where the Franciscan Friars first worshipped. Its plain old stone has a dignity enhanced by the trees about it, and the edifice is filled with the glamour of history. George III gave the communion plate, massive pieces of solid silver, embossed with the Royal arms. General Murray gave a communion service in 1766, and the church still uses it. The Royal pew is in the gallery, and all the English governors-general of Canada have warmed that seat.

So far as I could ascertain, the Cathedral is the only church in Canada where a duke is buried, certainly the only duke who died of hydrophobia. Richmond was a friend of Wellington. It was his Duchess who gave the great ball on Waterloo Eve. This witty, and energetic, lady had fourteen children, and she made sure that even her lapdogs should be immortal by having three townships in Ontario named after them.

But the love of animals can be overdone. The Duke bought a fox; which bit him, and some weeks afterward His Grace was discovered in the bush completely mad.

The only other soul to share this distinction of interment within the church is the first Anglican prelate, Bishop Jacob Mountain. In my opinion his son should have enjoyed a

similar grave, since throughout his life he bore the name of Jehoshaphat Mountain, for which there should be some deserts.

Beside the Cathedral stands the Court House, successor to the one burnt sixty years ago, which in turn succeeded the Récollets' monastery and church, also burnt, and the Senechal's Court preceded them on the same ground. It was built in 1650. Beyond, on Mont Carmel Street there used to be an Indian cemetery. A stone windmill was built there in 1690.

At the corner of Ste. Anne and des Jardins streets was the old store where the Company of One Hundred Associates traded with the Indians. The store was promoted to churchhood and used as a residence by the Jesuits. I was surprised to learn that streams wandered over the Rock, and a brook still flows here under cover.

The Jesuit college, built in 1635, stood opposite the Basilica. It was burned, rebuilt, occupied by soldiers at the Cession and came to be known as the Jesuits' Barracks. About forty years ago they built the City Hall on these storied grounds, and they did well with the \$150,000 expended.

In front of this building stands the monument to Louis Hébert apothecary of Paris, adventurer with Champlain at Port Royal, first habitant, and first seigneur of New France. I should like to have known Hébert. He may have been very dusty and practical, but he was extraordinarily persistent and courageous. He and his family turned the furrow in solitary usefulness for years while the traders made money, the priests prayed, and the other colonists ran off with the Indians. In Upper Town, Hébert owned the land now belonging to Laval Seminary and University, the Basilica, and the residences on Couillard and Hébert streets. Guillaume Couillard, with Abraham Martin and Nicholas Pivert, preceded Hébert to Quebec. Couillard was the bachelor. Why he did not marry Martin's daughter, or Pivert's niece, or the daughter of Pierre Desportes is not in the books. But by waiting he got Hébert's

daughter and made her the first bride of Canada. Couillard was distinguished in another way, he had the first plow drawn by oxen.

Since Louis Hébert was too busy growing *patates* to bother with being a seigneur, Robert Giffard is usually accredited with that "first." This gentleman brought out about forty people from France, and on New Year's Eve, 1635, he came in from Beauport where his seigneurie lay, entered the presence of Bras de Fer de Châteaufort, lieutenant of the just dead Champlain, without sword or spur, made his obeisance, swore fealty, was invested with his seigneurie, and then, spurred and sworded, left the presence sworn to serve New France as colonizer in peace and commander of the local levies in war. A fine old custom.

Exiles from north of Tweed will find a place to worship in St. Andrew's, on Ste. Anne Street at St. Stanislaus. The congregation antedated the church, for Fraser's Highlanders, heroes of Louisbourg and the Siege, were worshipping in a room of the Jesuits' college from the capture of Quebec. The present edifice with its old stairways and skylight windows was put up in 1810 and is obviously a kirk.

Beyond it is Morrin College, once a jail, and there are still tiers of vaulted cells below ground—a suggestion to school-masters. The Quebec Literary and Historical Society has rooms here, and I enjoyed dipping into their books and priceless pamphlets, finding that hospitality which begins where most hospitality leaves off, being that of the mind.

A few steps farther west, at the corner of d'Auteuil and Dauphine, is the Jesuits' chapel. Before Quebec fell, the Jesuits owned an eighth of all the property in New France, nearly a million acres. Having won this domain securely for the Faith, the Pope suppressed them, and the poor Jesuits had to distribute their relics. A silver bust of Brébeuf, the mighty martyr, went to the Hôtel Dieu, together with the martyr's head. A later

Pope relented, the Jesuits returned, and when they built this church in 1817 they requested their keepsakes back. The nuns of the Hôtel Dieu declined to part with Brébeuf or any bit of him, but consented, after some contention, to make a duplicate of the bust and to saw the head in two. I was therefore able to gaze through a little window beneath the altar upon the Jesuit portion. Lallemant reposes on the other aisle. There is nothing, I decided, more edifying than the dissensions of the saints.

The Parliament Buildings top the rise of land beyond the esplanade. Where pleasure is concerned, I draw the line at legislative halls. They give me a slightly sickish feeling. Like the speeches made within them, they are usually ponderous without being impressive, ornate and unconvincing. Perhaps these of Quebec Province are as handsome as the guide-books say; I took only the hastiest look. But I got up a very good game based on the elaborate decorations of the interior. On the ground floor the following persons are named: Verazzani, Cabot, de la Roche, de Caen, Roberval, Pontgravé, Poutrincourt, de Monts, de Léry, de Chastes, Pontchartrain, Châteaufort, la Marquise de Guerchville, Lauzon, Courcelles, Hocquart, Denonville, Bégon, Duquesne, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Madame de la Peltrie, Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation. Can you identify them? Eighty per cent of that and you are well-read.

Upstairs there is a graduate list: Saint Vallier, Pontbriand, Beauharnois, La Galisonnière, La Jonquière, Longueuil, Coulon de Villiers, Ramezay, Townshend, Amherst, Quesnel, Vallières, Sewell, Stuart, Panet, Baby, Taschereau, Bédard, Parent, Nelson, Lanaudière, Boucherville, Viger, Cuvillier, St. Ours, Bourdages, Plessis, Mountain, Blanchet, Laforce, Lartigue, Bourget, Rollette, Damnourgès, Duchesnay, de Gaspé.

Fifty per cent on that and you know your French Canada.

Then: Jogues, Lalemant, Rasle, Buteux, Garnier, Sagard, Lescarbot, Ducreux, Charlevoix, Garneau, Ferland, Christie, Bouchette.

Are you giving up? Then here is a consolation list: Montmagny, d'Ailleboust, d'Argenson, Tracy, Callières, Vaudreuil, Murray, Dorchester, Prévost, Bagot, Marquette, LaSalle, Jolliet, La Verendrye, Talon, Daulac, Beaujeu, Hartel, d'Iberville, Champlain, Hébert, Maisonneuve, Marquess of Lorne, Marquess of Lansdowne, William Pitt. Anything below ninety per cent in that means moron.

But there's a game worth two of that. Outside the House runs a line of niches, either filled or to be filled, with statues. This game requires a friend and a pencil. Stand before a statue and take a discerning look at its facial expression. Then jot down, in one word, the chief characteristic conveyed. It is a test of observation, the choice of the right adjective, and of the sculptor's success. If that doesn't amuse, then I can only suggest listening to the law-makers within.

Following d'Auteuil Street down-hill, you come to the site of old St. John's Gate, built first by Frontenac in his walls, and after some evolutions demolished for the benefit of trams.

St. John Street, in spite of some French names, reminds me of a small English town. Walking eastward on it, you will reach the Canadian Pacific offices, and the figure of Wolfe above them has a story. It is a relic of the Cession, or rather this figure is a replica of the much-traveled original which was being continually stolen by sailors or college boys. Sometimes it turned up in Portsmouth or the West Indies, but it always found its way back to the niche. The deeds of the property provide that Wolfe must perch forever on this spot; the original is in safe keeping.

Walk on along St. John Street to Palais Street and you come to L'Hôtel Dieu du Precieux Sang. Here is longevity with modesty, an unusual combination. I do not know why this place never seized my imagination on previous visits to Quebec. Can it be that even dignity has to advertise for notice?

These Hospitalières came to Quebec in 1637, the same year as the Ursulines. The present building contains as a matrix, the old chapel and hospital built nearly three years ago. The hospital register of patients begins more recently—in 1689. Their library contains, among other rarities, some 3,500 books of the 17th century. There are old pictures, Van Dykes, Rubens, Lebruns, and old tapestries. They have preserved letters from Talon and Montcalm, Vaudreuil and Bigot, and dozens of other notables. Not to mention the bones of martyrs. Why is it that history is so unfair? The Jesuits are household words. The Ursulines find biographers. But is the fame of the Hospitalières on everybody's lips? Hardly. Yet instead of running around trying to change the Indians' morals, or sitting in cloistered meditation, these good nuns have spent their centuries in Canada engaged in the sacred work of making people well. Day after toilsome day, and night after night, as well, they have built up a quiet, competent, and merciful sanctuary for rich or poor who suffer. And more! They have never yielded to fire, never have allowed their treasures to be carried to heaven, prematurely, in a cloud of smoke. As a consequence a vanished civilization can be reconstructed from their archives. Quebec owes these women all praise, and they deserve the implications of the poem which is their name, God's Hostel.

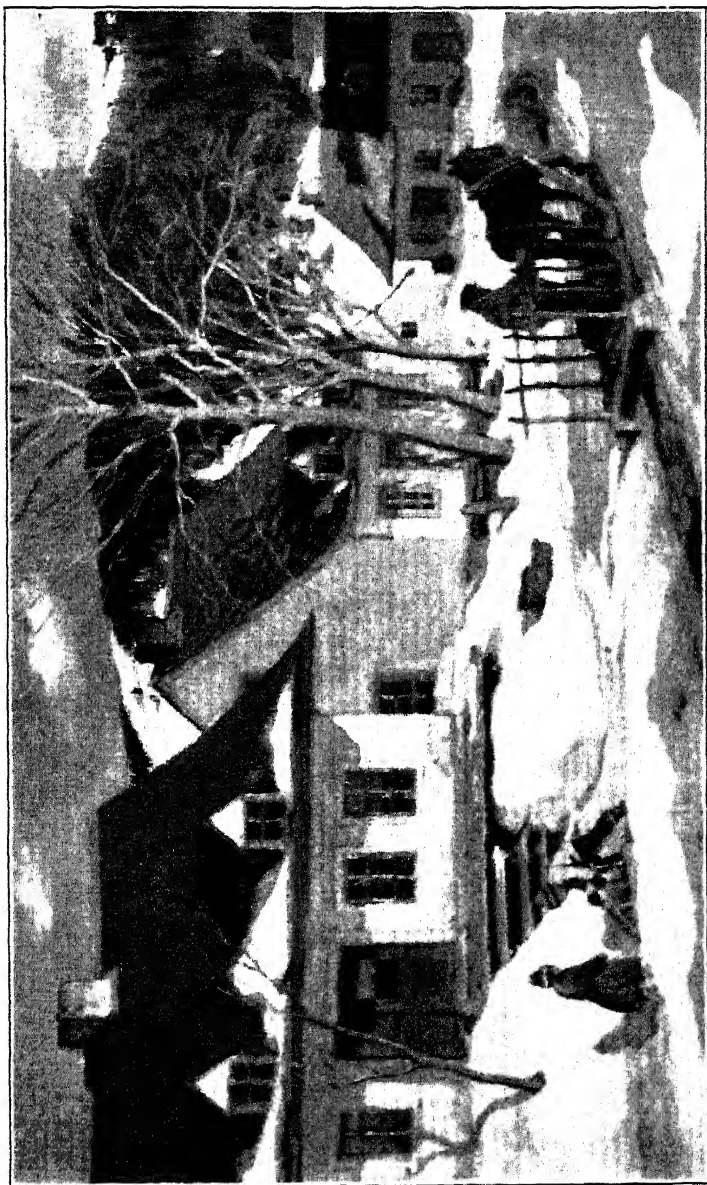
After nightfall I liked Lower Town the best for roaming. In Upper Town the religious were snug in their monasteries or nunneries and churches, the wealthy had darkened their windows—double for winter—with curtains and blinds. And those who were astir in the streets had as goal merely the movies or a hockey-game. But in Lower Town there was the setting of romance—deep shadow, lowered voices, surreptitious looks, faces which would have qualified for Dumas or even Dracula. Lumberjacks had come in from the shanties for a drink or something else. In the taverns, two habitants would be sitting

over their beer and discussing the world, their world of weather and crops and *les créatures* which are, to a French-Canadian, not animals but women!

This French from the farm is very entertaining and full of color, if you have an ear and can hear enough of it to feel at home. It was good French when it came over with Champlain and Talon and Hocquart, Colonel Wood says, and certainly there are meanings so picturesque as to be poetry. A horse is moored, *amarré*. A village in the out districts is still *le fort*. *Boisbrûlé* is half-breed, because a man has been darkened by life in the bush. There is poetry in this phrase for afterglow, *à la brumante*, and a genius struck off this observation of a lover, *le cavalier fréquente sa blonde*.

The high levels of veracity sought for in this book would be ludicrously lowered if I gave the impression that a man can sit down in a beer parlor and be enraptured by such rural phrases. The French vocabulary is diluted with English and American, and the expressions of a mechanical world do not become the tongue so admirably suited to the Laurentian Hills. "Oh, Yeah?" swept even this multitude, and was as offensive as a verbal cold-sore. The price that the habitant pays for leaving his farm and coming to the city is, except in rare instances, degradation—in language, in life, in outlook. Has no delver for a Ph.D. charted the decline of conversation in comparison with the lowering standard of living? Mistaking conveniences for emancipation, the rugged Pierre has left health and happiness to achieve a quicker tempo and merge his horny-handed individuality with the mass. The poverty and sordidness of the poorer quarters inhabited by French-Canadians who have cut loose from their ancient modes of life is depressing. This motor age has been their 1929.

But what is one man's poison is another's picturesqueness, I thought, as I wandered along Sous le Cap Street, the narrowest north of Mexico. It was not a street, not even a lane,



*Courtesy of National Gallery, Canada*

QUEBEC VILLAGE STREET  
BY CLARENCE GAGNON, R.C.A.





but an unevenly paved trail, bordered, choked, by ominous houses. Could people live there and remain people? And I thought of the places they had left, the stout houses with white-washed walls, sound and clean, with windows opening on fields and flocks and firs and purple mountains. For a people born to horizons and tranquillity, Sous le Cap and the adjacent streets, teeming, raucous, and in the summer probably ill-smelling, must be a taste of that Gehenna which Monsieur le Curé mentions so frequently. Read "Chez Nous" by Judge Rivard and learn what they have given up.

From Sous le Cap, against which the river washed in older days, I turned into Sault au Matelot—Sailor's Leap. Nobody could tell me whether the name had originated from Champlain's dog, Sailor, who had tried to commit suicide from the cliff, or because some groggy deck-hand had made the jump.

Leftward runs the Côte de la Montagne where stands the Neptune Hotel, namesake of a still older tavern on the same spot where tars from the ships of Devon drank themselves into a forgetfulness of the blondes they could not frequent.

Beyond lay Notre Dame Street, which was the street of commerce. Merchants, shoemakers, barbers, surgeons, architects, fortune-tellers, furriers, and farriers, lived in this neighborhood and doubtless looked upward on a snowless night at the calm lights of the Hôtel Dieu, at the aristocratic towers of the Chateau St. Louis, and thought much the same thoughts as do their descendants to-day. With less respect to-day, if not less envy; with possibly more hope, but with less contentment. Eight streets sufficed for Lower Town before the Cession: Sous le Fort, Sault au Matelot, Notre Dame, de la Montagne, Sous le Cap, Champlain, Cul-de-Sac, and de Meulles.

Notre Dame brought me to the Place, the first market-place in New France, and one of the richest plots of ground for memories in the New World. Few makers of New France did not set foot here. They came to market, they stopped to pray,

and they remained to drink. In 1648 the governor appointed Jacques Boisdon innkeeper, "provided that Boisdon settles in the square in front of the church so that the people may go there to warm themselves; and that he keeps nobody in his house during High Mass, catechism, or Vespers."

This square was bulletin-board, gossip-exchange, and place of punishment. News was given variously. Sometimes it was the head of a Jean du Val on a pike, sometimes a doleful mien in a pillory expiating the sin of rum-selling to the savages. For many years a hangman was not needed. Finally a varlet was convicted of murder and condemned to the gallows, but reprieved on the condition that he become public executioner. Fate, always with a laugh up the sleeve, brought him, for the first victim, his wife to flog, for thieving. This he did; probably the only occasion when wife-beating has been sanctioned by the law.

Over in Blanchard's Hotel, one stands on the site of the Ursulines' first shelter, and somewhere near here Madame de Champlain taught her little Hurons. Opposite stands the little Notre Dame des Victoires.

It is the most human church in Quebec. Having been chilled by my slow ramble, I slipped in, since the church was unlocked. There is something to be said for a religion that keeps you warm on weekdays, and that gives you a place to meditate without being disturbed by any one save God.

The first object to strike my sight was the altar, an extraordinary altar carved to represent a fort. This affair, with its bastions and slaughter-facilitating loopholes, must vastly amuse the Prince of Peace. I said that it was a human church.

In 1688 the church was dedicated to the Infant Jesus, as I have mentioned earlier; but when Frontenac scared off Phips, the Bishop transferred the patronage to the Blessed Virgin and named the place Notre Dame de la Victoire. Two decades later a fresh intervention of Providence was required to save the

town from Admiral Walker who was sailing up the St. Lawrence with sufficient forces to take three Quebecs. The Virgin was importuned anew, and at once she sent a helpful storm which strewed Walker and his fleet on Egg Island down the river. The citizens were overcome with gratitude, and as the mode of celebration in those days was usually to build a church or complete the one under construction, the pious promptly raised a subscription to add a portal to Our Lady of Victory and changed the name to Notre Dame des Victoires. It was like cutting notches on a rifle.

Unfortunately similar assistance was withheld in 1759 when Wolfe trained his guns from Lévis upon Lower Town, and the church burned up like any secular edifice. Some of the ancient walls remained, however, and the present church was re-created.

As I sat there, warming up and reading the inscriptions of its biography, an occasional worshiper stole in, dipped her fingers in the holy water, crossed herself, knelt, lit a candle, or dropped pennies in one or another of the convenient receptacles. The quiet movement enriched the churchly silence. I found that fortress altar luring my thoughts. Perhaps a fort was the perfect symbol, after all. *Ein feste Burg*. Churches originally, I imagine, were conceived as forts, refuges from which to snipe safely at the devil. With our old comic human inconsistency how soon was it before this purpose was diverted to the seemingly more pressing need of wiping out opposition churches? That was the war into which priests and congregations threw themselves with the true abandon. Catholic versus Protestant, or both against a heathen, devout and kindly enough in their way, but who had neglected to learn the apostles' creed. What a war that is, with battle cries of priestly authority on one side and the right of private judgment on the other! Perhaps to a few infidels, membership in mankind means more than enrollment in partisan firing-squads. I can even conceive that,

from a distance, the fury of the fratricidal struggle sounds almost as wicked as the good-humored noises from hell. But doubtless that would be due to distance. Certainly the Church burned its opponents at the stake with the most loving intentions.

I enjoyed my hour with the darkening Lady of Victories.

## CHAPTER XVI

### MONTMORENCY FALLS

THE day was under that enchantment which descends on the North Country between storms. Quiet snow had rounded off the turmoil of yesterday with soft and undisturbed effects, a luxury of poised lightness, and the sun was shining. But it was shining in a milky sky that deepened into gray at the edges, and the slowly eastering drift of air warned that before night the wind would be swarming with the swift flakes again. Make the best of this, all nature was crying. Fortunately I knew where to go.

The electric road to Montmorency ends in a zoo. For once the animals looked happy. The deer, belly-deep in snow, browsed at a tree and pretended there was no fence. The foxes were lively. Even the timber wolf had dropped that to-hell-with-life expression he puts on with the tourist season and sniffed the air seeping down from the forest. Twenty miles up in the hills his kind was running free.

The walk to the falls had not been shoveled. I would have the show to myself and I was selfishly glad. It was too big for two.

The Montmorency River has as beautiful a career, for its length, as any in the world. Rising in a maze of ancient hills, it gathers and flows down from wildness to hunters' woods, from hunters' woods to habitants' fields, turns a few wheels for toll, and then plunges savagely to whiten in the St. Lawrence.

I felt my way gingerly down the snow-clogged steps to the

little shelter which holds one out, detached from soil, with nothing to act as veil between one's emotions and the falling water. For all the severity of winter in the highlands, water still fell in volume.

The first feeling, I think, was simply a richness of sensation, confused but clearing little by little as the stupor of majesty rose from the clouded mind. A roar filled the ear, but the main attack was at the eye. A torrent of whiteness poured unceasingly over the brink above and exploded into streamers and sheaves and horses' manes of greater whiteness as it plunged. Always the eye followed some glowing jet of water as it fell, down and down, and then another jet, until the ecstasy of their abandon was communicated to one's being.

When the eye wearied of pulling continually back from the abyss into which these javelins of light continually directed it, there remained the setting: the frozen pillars and caverns of ice, the curving brink of the wintry ravine, the motionless green of the spruces holding their untroubled snow. And below, the agitated basin, the river, and the Island of Orleans bulking against the southeast. So concentrated and so fierce is the fall that the waters are supposed to have nosed out a subterranean passage to the island, and where the current comes up it disgorges strange things. Fancy may elaborate on this; I have not seen the place, but its tumultuous waters have been named *Le Taureau* by the poetic habitants, whose names for places are invariably better than the names to which they get changed.

The ability of people on this continent to change names for the worse is disheartening. A name, the essence of a character, will cling to a locality for two hundred years, then somebody in a legislature desires to extend a favor and the name is changed, a bit of local history is wiped out, and we get—Jones Falls. Nothing is sacred, and worse, nothing in good taste. A vivid improvement might be esthetically condoned, but actual improvement there cannot be, for the first name is truth.

Cartier's sailors, for instance, were baffled by the winds at a headland of the river. They called the place All Devils' Point. But try to find it on the map. It was changed to Cows' Point. The story is gone, the word picture of the demons amalgamating for mischief is gone, and we have left a name as silly as the namer.

Incessant zero had added nightly to the wonder of the Montmorency amphitheater. White spray had draped the cliff in whiter ice. A cone, which builds up to fifty feet, was in the making, and each bush was silvered, each rock dressed as for a coronation.

Satiated with magnificence, I climbed the steps, crossed the river above the falls, and made my careful way to the far point. The woods were drenched with waiting for the coming storm. The milky light had lapped up even the blue of the shadows. Nothing stirred.

There are many supreme moments in nature, and this motionless eve of tempest, becalming the flying moment and flooding it with deepening color, is one of the finest. It is of the North, lonely. The fir, pointing to the birdless sky, is at the end of every vista. From every hill the view spreads north into unpeopled regions. Consciousness is framed by space. Summer, it is true, builds up a temporary illusion. Cars glisten by, where there are roads, and where there are none, the birds enjoy their honeymoon. Yet even in July a northeaster will spread the sky with gray, and all the latent winter of the hemlocks by a stone wall appears. Summer is not the immortal season and summer people are brief company. It is winter that one can depend on, and her bounty is as rich.

Near Montmorency Falls is a spacious old stone house with that curve in the roof which is the signature of old French Canada; it was Wolfe's headquarters. Montcalm's near Beauport church, was burned by the British after the taking of Quebec. A new house stands on the spot and in it you will



find a plate taken from the corner-stone of the old manor, inscribed in Roman capitals:

*L'an 1634, le 29 juillet, j'ai été planté première,  
P C Giffart, sieigneur de ce lieu.*

There is an amusing note on Montmorency Falls by Peter Kalm, traveler. After saying that it is one of the highest he had ever seen, he continues:

Its perpendicular height I guessed to be between 110 and 120 feet, and on our return to Quebec, we found our guess to be confirmed by several gentlemen, one who had actually measured the fall and found it to be as conjectured. The people who live in the neighborhood exaggerate in their account of it, actually declaring it to be 300 feet high.

For once the traveler did not tell the tallest tale. The falls are 250 feet high.

It had never occurred to me to envy the Duke of Kent until I saw his house on the brink of the cliff overlooking the falls. To live there in the days before gas-stations, before power companies, before the forest was cut and the wild life destroyed, with that sunny slope for throne and the occasional party of friends out from Quebec for supper as one's subjects—that was the princely life. Nothing could have been more satisfying than that, not even being Queen Victoria's parent.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE DEFRAUDED VISITOR

SIGHTS, as I shall continue to remark, are cold and brittle at first glance. Unless the visitor can resist the importunity of schedules, Quebec will disappoint.

For there are three Quebecs: the old remnants of the *ancien régime* in an imagined setting; modern Quebec, with four newspapers, staring apartment houses, and the Price Building sprouting up from the spot where the Jesuits picked berries in the sun, in the actual setting; and the Quebec one makes for oneself.

This is the vital one, and the city will meet you half-way. Quebec demands the art of recognition before she will be friends, but once that, there is no place north of the Rio Grande more friendly. But a friendship, let me observe, is not made by one or two meetings. There must be seasons of acquaintance. Happily in Quebec you can begin where you left off on the last visit and go deeper, five centuries deep.

Boys like Quebec. I well remember my first visit in the Golden Age before the war. Some of the boys, whom I taught on school-days and educated in vacation, decided that we would spend the Christmas holidays in the old Capital. We arrived in a blizzard, very satisfying after the bare streets of Philadelphia.

We lived in a *pension*. Everybody was the soul of accommodation, the young men of the place directing us to the best snow-shoeing, explaining the politics of hockey, and suggesting even livelier diversions, putting up with our fearful French, and seeing that the supply of doughnuts never failed.

Indian Lorette offered history walking, for these Hurons were the descendants of the tribe that welcomed Champlain. Their ancestors had traded furs for nightgowns and looking-glasses with the Company of One Hundred Associates. They had intrusted their spiritual future to the Jesuits and lived in a continuous shiver at mention of the Iroquois.

For a while they had lived on the Island of Orleans. But the Iroquois were too abundant, cropping up behind too many bushes. So the Hurons moved to the Place d'Armes. The memory of tomahawks faded and they settled in Beauport. This did not suit, and they transferred their wigwams to Côte St. Michel, the St. Foy of to-day, and then decided that Ancienne Lorette would be better. It wasn't, and finally they moved to Jeune Lorette for good, and there they live still. If three moves is as bad as a fire, six equals the plague, for by the time they had reached Jeune Lorette, all that remained of the 600 who had gone to Orleans were two chiefs, two head warriors, twenty-eight warriors, forty-two women and twenty-nine children.

We were entertained by the Bastiens, the Astors of the community. Old Maurice Bastien was then chief, and his mother could remember events of times as old as the trees. She told us of a trip that four of the leading Hurons had made to England in 1824 to explain the tribe's claim to the seigneurie of Sillery. George IV had received them graciously at Windsor Castle. They had been instructed by some ironical chamberlain that it was contrary to English etiquette to ask for favors, that they must content themselves with answering the royal questions. His Majesty naturally put no leading questions, and after distributing complimentary photographs of himself to the delegates, the monarch sent them home to Jeune Lorette, without Sillery.

Since one more move might have wiped out the tribe, fate's way was doubtless the better, and it led in the end to fortune.

They settled down to growing tobacco, maize, and wheat. The Bastien family built up a lucrative trade in snow-shoes. The old man became an expert in race-horses, making an annual trip—on which he was regularly taken ill—to New York for trading purposes. Not nightgowns and looking-glasses, now, but thoroughbreds. Finally the family sold some water-rights for an immense sum, rode into Wall Street on the bull market and had the genius to sell out in time. Fate tries her hand at many incongruities, but I cannot decide which is the more whimsical picture, the naked savages of 1635 running in from the bush to consult the fathers on some theological matter, or the Curé of 1928 dropping in on the Hurons' descendants to inquire as to the probable appreciation of General Motors.

It is Max Beerbohm, I think, who says that the race is divided into two classes of people, hosts and guests. The Bastiens were born hosts; I was certainly a born guest. On later occasions when I dropped in on Maurice Bastien the younger, I was certain of enjoying myself, sometimes behind one of the fast trotters, sometimes listening, beside a decanter of native wine, to tales of random memory. One of the portraits of George IV hangs on the wall; there is a wampum belt of great value done up in tissue. The families gather where the greatest number form a nucleus, energetic, healthy, and more than a little handsome. The Huron blood, though mingled now, shows in the dusky complexion, the white teeth, the strong profile, and this little villageful makes one wonder what strength and what gifts we might not have added to our race, if we could have incorporated the original inhabitants of North America in us instead of robbing, debauching, and exterminating them.

The boys and I made the pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Ste. Anne was Christ's grandmother and the Basilica, dedicated to her, had been the Lourdes of America for generations. It was not only enormous in size but impressive in place,

and it was one of the few churches parented by a thunderstorm. Some Breton sailors were assailed by this electrical disturbance and vowed to erect a chapel if they were saved. They were of course saved, and built a Chapelle des Matelots on the St. Lawrence river-bank in 1658. Being sailors, one might suppose that they would have reckoned on high water. This carelessness cost them the church, for it was washed overboard almost at once. At the same time, Bishop Laval, who was always looking for a new way to show his devotion to the Virgin's mother, erected an additional sanctuary hard by.

All this religious stir in the comparative desert created attention, and attenders. Soon after a larger church was necessary and in a few years a third. The results of piety and faith, in the matter of cures, multiplied. By 1844 organized pilgrimages were occurring, until now well over a million souls visit the shrine from all over the world.

The Basilica, when we saw it, was heaped with crutches, canes, trusses, splints, and bandages, abandoned by the sick who had walked away whole. One of the boys was for abrogating all our plans and camping there until we had witnessed a cure. The visitors on that occasion looked as impreguably healthy as ourselves, and we missed the exhilaration of watching a cripple toss his crutches upon the pile.

One would imagine that, whatever other churches in the neighborhood burned down, they would have patrolled this shrine, the cynosure of the ailing, the dispenser of new hope, this little cup of heaven, would have protected it at any cost against the flames. But ten years ago its turn came, and a few hours later its roof had fallen, its towers collapsed, and only the gilt statue of Ste. Anne over the church entrance remained totally unscorched or even untarnished by the heat. Fortunately they rescued the fragment of a finger-bone of the Saint which Laval had procured, also a part of her wrist sent by Leo XIII, and a piece of the rock from the grotto in which Ste. Anne gave

birth to her Daughter. With these as a nucleus, a new Basilica is being completed which, it is promised, will remind us of the Temple of Solomon.

From Quebec many roads unroll. If they give no wild breaths of exhilaration, they offer an untroubled beauty which sinks deeper, like a soft rain, into the heart. It matters little which direction you choose. If you must have an object in view, down the Charlesbourg way lies a ruin called the Chateau Bigot where the intendant is supposed to have enjoyed a few seductions. It is, however, only a pile of stone, unverified at that.

Then out along the Grande Allée, past the Battlefield Park but this side of Sillery, is Spencer Wood, the residence of the lieutenant-governor. My first view of it was by moonlight. The cold radiance fell through leafless branches on a long white house with glimpses of a spectral river below. I remembered nothing this side of Mount Vernon which outdignified that snowy park with its hospitably proportioned home, touched to life by the glow of flame behind the curtains.

A mile from the city is the St. Foy Monument with its happy outlook on the St. Charles. Quebec rests between two rivers and it is well not to forget the St. Charles. The St. Lawrence is tidal, salt, and grand. It has borne most of the great who have been lured by ambition or conscience to this country. It and the Mississippi divide the continent between them. Its distances are too great to be personal, its vistas paint too large a canvas to give the intimacy of little rivers. But the St. Charles speaks of hills rather than the sea, its valley catches the atmosphere. That is why it is worth while seating yourself near the St. Foy monument. Its iron shaft was the gift of Prince Napoleon and was erected to the courageous who fell in 1760. The name of Murray and the arms of England adorn one side, Lévis and the arms of France the other.

The too thorough tourist will be able to complain of some omissions in this book; I have not taken him by the hand and

led him to every monument. I have left out the Chien d'Or. the golden dog on the stone, once placed over the entrance to the house of M. Philibert, merchant, and now to be seen—if you crane the neck—in the wall of the post-office opposite the Laval Statue. The inscription goes:

*Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os  
En le rongeant je prend mon repos  
L'n tems viendra qui n'est pas venu  
Que je morderay qui m'aura mordu.*

In spite of a large novel to the contrary, the dog, the bone, and the meaning of the inscription are largely wrapped in mystery. Perhaps, as the creature says, *le tems n'est pas venu*.

Then there is the Quebec Bridge above Sillery. Since one of the handbooks to Quebec says this "Bridge is one of the fundamentalities of our nationhood," it should certainly be mentioned. One does not like to omit a fundamentality.

There is the burial place of Thomas Scott, at St. Matthew's Church, no less than Sir Walter's brother.

And dozens and dozens and dozens of statues; and then at least a dozen more.

And then there is Lévis, across the river. I never remember having set foot there, but I would rather live there, almost, than in Quebec, for then I should be looking at Quebec.

And below all rises the Isle of Bacchus, better known as the Island of Orleans, where the habitant keeps Eden. I always think of Virgil at mention of this northern Arcady. Some day a man will pencil his Bucolics of this isle. They may be rough as homespun with more cold sky than sun, but Orleans's summer has its bees and herds, and its winter is a pastoral of the hearth.

The island, I am glad to report, was first inhabited by witches. Proof is furnished at St. Petronille.

Then came the Hurons, who put up a chapel to the Virgin Mary, their protectress.

Bishop Laval was given the Seigneurie d'Orleans, as well as of Beaupré. Robert Gagnon was settled in St. Famille as early as 1657. When a memorial was erected to him recently it was unveiled by a Reverend Gagnon, assisted by forty other priests, all descended from Robert.

Wolfe's coming made considerable difference to the island which his troops ransacked from end to end.

But in my mind this domain is Horatio Walker's by a slower but more enduring conquest. If there be an ideal life, that man lives it. Known in Europe and the United States for his landscapes and domestic masterpieces, he has dwelt with beauty, observed with humor, painted with mastery, and sold for impressive prices. Achievement and enjoyment while achieving, that is the double success. To live simply, to crystallize that life in art, to be handsomely paid, to be so much the salt of the earth that you quicken every contact by your presence: this strikes me as living indeed.

Christmas was arriving; it was time to leave my castle, to leave the rapidly deepening winter. But I had made much mine forever. Whenever Champlain or Talon or Montcalm or any of that great band were mentioned, whenever I saw ice-floes in a river, whenever I heard slightly guttural French, or had a drench of Boswell's ale, or caught sight of dim blue hills in an indescribable distance, I knew I would be carried back, with a little catch of the spirit, to the almost perfect place at its most perfect hour. And when I wanted it again, I knew it would be there. That Rock, that tale jeweled with the fanatic and the sublime, could not be taken away. Not even in words.



## MONTREAL BEFORE MAISONNEUVE

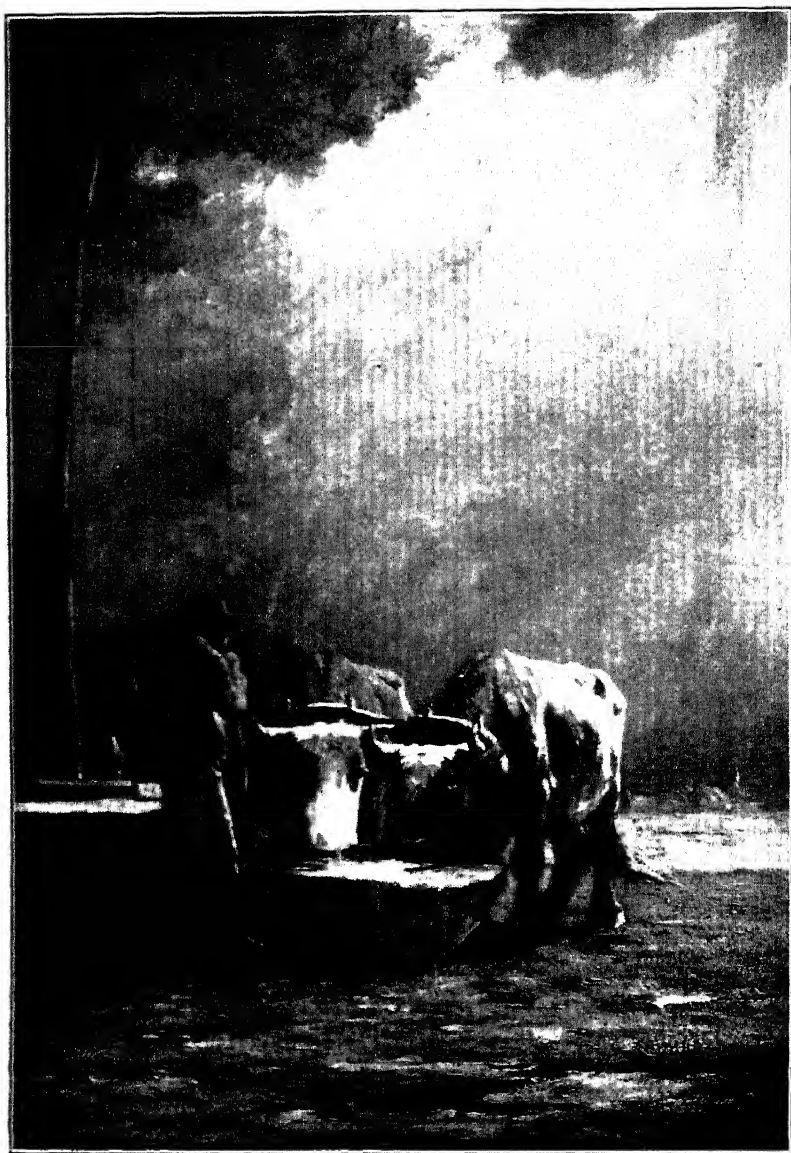
CITIES are an acquired taste. I prefer clean grass to pavement, the sounds of nature to the horns of trucks, and natural horizons to stone walls. I would rather swim in a lake than in a tank. I like people *seriatim*, not *en masse*. And yet I, who can write anywhere, have spent the last several years in cities, have become an addict. Richness, variety, the unexpected, humanity—these are the drugs in the draught.

As a country-lover, there is no bad name I could not shout at Montreal. It has a city's every fault: traffic congestion, smoky skies, the blatancy of selling, the noise of a chicken-headed hurry, the affront of perpetual poverty to the sight. And yet if some edict were to imprison me in one city of Canada for the rest of my days and I had the choice, I should choose Montreal. She is Circe to her citizens. More than one have died for her. Many more have died of her. But when did ever enthusiasm accept that warning?

The truth is that like all the high and great, she wears an invisible cloak. If you have the magic power to see beneath this, then you can know her. But only then. The most childlike traveler can respond to the fascinations of Quebec, while Montreal is his despair. After all these years, when a new-comer visits me in Montreal I am tinged with a beginner's hopelessness. What to show him! The Mountain, of course. The Chateau de Ramezay, if he is not worn out. But what else?

The first day in Montreal can be a burden to the spirit for the reason that fascination is not a weed to be grown in a





*Courtesy of National Gallery, Canada*

OXEN DRINKING

BY HORATIO WALKER, R.C.A., N.A.

day. Montreal becomes as irresistible to her lovers as Sibelius to musicians. But one has grown to Sibelius, and one must grow to Montreal. This requires experience and an acquaintance with her past.

Montreal was a Saturday's child. For October 2nd, 1535, fell on a Saturday, and on that day Jacques Cartier attired himself suitably for discovery and disembarked on this island in the St. Lawrence with the mountain.

"We named the said mountain Mont Royal."

The Indians, as everywhere, gave the white travelers a reception touchingly hospitable. They brought out their sick to be cured, listened politely while Cartier recited at considerable length from the Gospel of St. John, and then conducted the party to the top of Mont Royal.

There Cartier had "sight and observance of more than thirty leagues round about it. Toward the north of which is a range of mountains which stretches east and west and towards the south as well; between which mountains the land is the fairest that it may be possible to see, smooth, level, and tillable."

Hochelaga, this Indian town at the foot of the mountain, was a pretentious place with fifty long log buildings, a wooden wall about it, with platforms for defense, and Cartier's account of it is clear and substantial. The site lay between the present Metcalfe and Mansfield streets, Burnside Place and Sherbrooke, and corroborative signs of habitation have been exhumed: skeletons buried crouching in the old Indian custom, old fireplaces and pottery and implements of stone.

The discoverer, however, left no more permanent imprint on the place than he did at Quebec and when Champlain arrived, some eighty years later, these affable and sedentary Indians had disappeared. They had disappeared so completely that Champlain never mentions the ruins of Hochelaga. This evaporation has troubled some investigators who rank Hochelaga with Atlantis. Stephen Leacock gives his "humbled

and subdued opinion" to the effect that "Hochelaga in the big sense, as a walled wooden city, belongs in the legendary class of the sea serpent and Mrs. Harris" because "even a town of logs cannot vanish off the earth like that."

But I can see nothing improbable in a collection of log huts vanishing in eighty years. Very likely the hostile Indians who routed the tribe put the torch to these tindery habitations. And why should Cartier, whose records are so free from exaggeration and error, suddenly invent Hochelaga? And is it surprising that Champlain should neglect to mention the midden heaps and other debris since dug up? He does mention their gardens.

Champlain started a trading-post at Place Royale. You can visit the spot, between St. Paul and Commissioners streets. But his own words will give a better picture of the locality where he hoped to build up a lucrative fur depot.

And near this Place Royale there is a little river running back a goodly way into the interior, all along which there are more than sixty acres of cleared land, like meadows, where one might sow grain and make gardens. Formerly savages tilled there. There were also a great number of other beautiful meadows, to support as many cattle as one wishes, and all kinds of trees that we have in our forests at home, with a great many vines, walnuts, plum trees, cherries, strawberries and other kinds which are very good to eat. Among others there is one very excellent, which has a sweet taste resembling that of plantains (which is a fruit of the Indies) and is as white as snow, with a leaf like that of the nettle, and running on trees or the ground like ivy. Fishing is very good there, and there are all the kinds that we have in France, and a great many others that we do not have, which are very good; as is also game of all kinds; and hunting is good, stags, hinds, does, caribous, rabbits, lynxes, bears, beavers and other little animals which so abound that while we were at these rapids we were never without them.

Mosquitoes are not mentioned, for Champlain was a good company promoter as well as an industrious explorer. He

cleared Place Royale, built a harbor wall, was charmed by an island lying across the river and named it Ile de St. Hélène, after his child wife, and after he had got a garden planted, he explored the neighborhood. A young man of his party lost his life in the rapids which Champlain named the Sault St. Louis. They are now the Lachine Rapids. On the 13th of June, 1611, the first trading transaction took place, in which Champlain procured one hundred beavers for a little merchandise. And shortly afterward he was taken down the rapids himself. "I assure you that those who have not seen or passed this place in these little boats that they have, could not pass it without great fear, even the most self-possessed persons in the world." But stripped to the shirt, and surrounded by canoefuls of naked Indians, he made it.

It was not long before Father le Caron had reached Place Royale with his missionary effects. The portable altar was set up on the banks of the Rivière des Prairies and the first mass was sung "with all devotion before these peoples who were in admiration at the ceremonies and at the vestments which seemed to them so beautiful as being something they had never seen before." Whereupon the Te Deum was chanted to an accompaniment of small artillery, and thus God was introduced to the natives with considerable pomp. Commerce has rarely been established more impressively.

But commerce was not yet to strike root. Had Montreal been content to rise from such commonplace beginnings, as merely another place where natives were politely pillaged, she might never have known distinction. She was not content. Place Royale once more was choked with undergrowth, for thirty years was to elapse before her true birth. And if you will ransack history, I doubt if you can find a town with more miraculous a founding.

This is how it came about. One day a devout young man named Jérôme le Royer Sieur de la Dauversière was receiving

holy communion when he became convinced of a revelation descending upon him. It was, he suddenly discovered, his duty to establish an order of Hospitalières, to urge St. Joseph on them as patron, to build a Hôtel Dieu for these nuns in a locality which would be known as Montreal, and to see that the Holy Family was particularly honored in this island.

The matter was somewhat overwhelming, since he had not even remotely been considering such a project. Also M. de la Dauversière's acquaintance with Canada was worse than vague, his knowledge of the island even less. As he, very excusably, believed himself the subject of an inspiration, he could not well ignore it and so he hastened to his confessor. The priest confirmed the inspired man's impression and added a practical suggestion, that he go to Paris in the hope of being guided to financial assistance for the enterprise.

M. de la Dauversière, who seemed to take kindly to suggestions, had no sooner reached Paris than he met a gentleman named Olier in the galleries of the Chateau de Meudon. These men had never seen each other. Suddenly they were simultaneously enlightened by "a heavenly and altogether extraordinary gleam. They forthwith saluted one another and embraced. They knew one another to the very depths of their souls."

M. Olier remarked to M. de la Dauversière, "I know your design. I am going to recommend it to God at the holy altar."

This done, M. Olier gave M. de la Dauversière some money wherewith to begin his ministrations.

As a way for getting a city founded, this sounds very satisfactory. But I must remind cities that are contemplating getting founded by the direct inspirational method, that the Jesuit "Relations" had been circulated, read, and pored over for some years before M. de la Dauversière had his splendid moment at holy communion. It is just possible that a jot of the credit should go to them.

As yet these good gentlemen had no claim whatever to the

Island of Montreal, if indeed they had discovered where it was.

But Providence does nothing by halves. M. de Lauson owned the Island at the moment. As intendant of the Hundred Associates de Lauson had been quietly feathering his nest by the happy trick of ceding large portions of the New World to himself and his friends. The friends understood that they were to sign over these concessions to him when requested. One item included all the islands in the St. Lawrence and the exclusive right to fish and navigate that river. M. de Lauson had been very generous to himself, too generous, for he had spent so much time in acquiring that he had devoted none to colonizing. He had carried out none of the conditions. He was technically in a weak position, therefore, at the moment that Providence had whispered to M. de la Dauversière that the Island of Montreal would be suitable for his religious experiment. Providence now suggested to both gentlemen that they post to M. de Lauson and request the island.

This they did. They laid before him the whole project to be entitled *La Société de Notre Dame de Montreal*, precisely as if they already had the Island. To M. de Lauson the proposal seemed somewhat naïve, particularly as the new company would be in a strategic position to buy beavers from the Indians and buy them first. He declined to discuss the matter.

The religious are always persevering. M. de la Dauversière engaged Father Lalemant to plead or pray with M. de Lauson, with happy results. To the new society was conceded the right to navigate the river, to own certain parts of the island; but it was to be very clear that it was a religious body, whose activities should be restricted to saving the savages' souls rather than securing their pelts.

This was something. M. Olier, just twenty-eight, now revealed a project of his own. He would surround himself with ecclesiastics and found a seminary, to be called the Seminary of St. Sulpice. From this nursery of priests the sturdy saplings



could be transplanted to the wilderness. Meanwhile M. de la Dauversière was to set about discovering a governor who would be at once brave and pious, dignified and practical, and who would not mind pursuing these virtues in the distant forest.

Once more Father Lalemant was consulted, and again the capable superior did not disappoint. He knew, he said, just the man, a M. Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve. This gentleman, as de la Dauversière discovered, was under forty and had been engaged in military exploits from the age of thirteen. This promised well for the practical considerations. Furthermore, he had managed to retain his purity through twenty years of soldiering. This covered the moral aspect. And finally, M. de Maisonneuve had a yearly income of two thousand livres. Since the costs of the expedition were growing constantly more formidable, this was almost best of all. M. de Dauversière engaged him on the spot and was now free to hunt up a mother for the colony.

For the third time he was led directly to the one person. A young lady, aged thirty-three, who had taken a vow of perpetual chastity and was wondering what to do, had recently been inflamed by the accounts of Mme. de la Peltrie's expedition with the Ursulines to Quebec. Jeanne Mance was her name. She welcomed M. de la Dauversière, and was only afraid that her frail health would fail her. The Dauversière enthusiasm backed by an offer of financial assistance by a Madame de Bullion offset Jeanne Mance's fears with the result that she set sail with the expedition.

The three vessels arrived in the St. Lawrence too late in August to risk starting the settlement that year, so de Maisonneuve landed in Quebec. Mme. de la Peltrie was soon embracing Jeanne Mance with her customary effusion. But the welcome to the others was cooler. The laity united, in fact, in calling the Montreal enterprise foolhardy. They mentioned starvation, they mentioned the Indians. Officialdom went farther. Governor

Montmagny could not understand why de Maisonneuve should enjoy the king's permission to have artillery, soldiers, and the right to appoint officers of his colony.

Jealousy, rather than tinder, is the most inflammable thing in the world. On Maisonneuve's feast day, the Conversion of St. Paul, the colonel gave his men a dinner. The men in return fired a salute in his honor. Montmagny's ears twitched at the distant noise. He interpreted the salute as a slur upon his dignity, seized Jean Gorry, the gunner, and imprisoned the man for a week. Maisonneuve, I am glad to say, had the spirit to give another dinner for M. Gorry on his release from jail. In this way began the historic rivalry between the future governors of Quebec and Montreal. Thus can history be diverting.

Quebec spent the winter in trying to convince Maisonneuve that he was a fool; he would not be convinced. And in the spring when Montmagny called a meeting of the principal inhabitants for the purposes of mass persuasion, the commander said, "I am not come to deliberate but to act. Were all the trees on the Island of Montreal to be changed into so many Iroquois, it is a point of duty and honor for me to go there and establish a colony."

And this he did, with Mme. de la Peltrie, who was always charmed by fresh fields, accompanying them.

Early on the morning of the 18th of May, 1642, the company who had been en route to this moment for the best of a year, landed near Champlain's Place Royale, once more a meadow, and now Common Street. Maisonneuve dropped to his knees in prayer, followed by the others, and a spot was chosen for a mass of thanksgiving. If any savages were watching from afar, they saw an altar white with linen, priests in rich-hued vestments, the soldier de Maisonneuve, the ladies and gentlemen in picturesque garb, arquebusiers with their weapons, artisans and sailors, all imbued with humble gravity.

They might have heard, too, Father Vimont's natural but

famous words, "That which you see, gentlemen, is only a grain of mustard-seed, but it is cast by hands so pious and so animated with faith and religion, that it must be that God has great designs for it, since He makes use of such instruments for his work. I doubt not, but that this little grain may produce a great tree, that it will make wonderful progress some day, that it will multiply itself, and stretch out on every side."

The beauty of that possession must have been recompense for the poignant farewells in France, the long crossing, the irritations at Quebec. Nor did the ceremony finish then. The Host was left exposed all day in the quiet glade, as in a chapel, and in the evening the ladies caught fireflies and put them in a phial for tapers. I can see Madame de la Peltrie rushing about the meadow catching fireflies for religious purposes. It is Madame de la Peltrie to perfection.

The summer passed. The residence, part fort, part domicile grew, and they built a chapel. The numbers of the mission had increased to fifty-five; the amity with which they lived together merely deepened. Here, unaimed at, was Arden. Some physical weariness at the end of the day, but a refreshment of spirit. An ideal unity enhanced by a practical diversity. Love, as far from passion as a brook is from the sea. As yet there was no cloud, no molestation from without, there were no differences within. Fervor, simplicity, and mutual tolerance blessed the birth of Montreal, and in that initial harmony her roots struck so deep that there is not yet an end to her growing.

They were ready for winter, when winter came, but not for such a flood as December brought. The water filled the moats of the fort, rose to the very threshold. Maisonneuve planted a cross at the last margin of their safety. His success was greater than Canute's, for the yellow tide lapped up to the crucial mark and on Christmas Day receded. It remained for Maisonneuve to fulfil his vow of erecting a permanent cross on the top of Mount Royal. A trail was cut and on the Feast of the Epiphany

the commander shouldered his cross and bore it to the height, followed ecstatically by Madame de la Peltrie whose enjoyment of novel services never flagged. There all had mass.

Even yet the Iroquois had tendered no hint of their own crusade. The wandering Algonquin was welcomed. The little band stood always ready to lend themselves as godparents whenever some beady-eyed child was to be christened. The older savages were baptized. The second summer had reached its zenith when, after a peace of fifteen months, the first blow fell. Six men who had gone out to cut wood were leaped upon without warning by the Iroquois and three were slain. The luckless others were roasted by slow fires.

In an instant the whole complexion of paradise had changed. The men and women who had been so happy in their meadows and on the streams now retired within the fort to live, hearing the gibing whoopings of distant savages and looking out on the new burial-ground under their windows. Life was an existence now of piety and apprehension.

Fortunately a skilful engineer arrived from France, Louis d'Ailleboust, Seigneur de Coulonges, who suggested that they reinforce their stockade with bastions, and this later saved the colony.

D'Ailleboust brought unwelcome news from France, where propaganda against the Montrealers was widespread. The Company of New France were circulating objections to the settlement. Some of these were curious, some ridiculous, but all were damaging.

It was contrary to precedent, they averred, for the Catholic Church to employ the laity, especially ladies, in the conversion of infidels.

Nor was this work needed, as the savages were invincibly ignorant and the light of reason was sufficient for their salvation.

Further, the work of the Association was a piece of ostenta-

tious piety. Alms were meant to be given secretly, and one did not need to establish a company for that purpose.

The Association of Montreal, they went on, was bound to be a financial failure. It was also ill-considered, badly planned, and rash. South America would have been better suited as a missionary field, when one thought of the cold at Montreal and the Iroquois. And it was folly for private persons to tempt God openly.

There were many additional objections, but the true one was of course omitted: the Company of One Hundred Associates was in a panic that this Montreal settlement would reduce the dividends from furs.

The indefatigable M. Olier sprang vigorously to rebuttal. He published, anonymously, a book entitled, "*Véritables Motifs de Messieurs et Dames de la Société de Notre Dame de Montreal pour la Conversion des Sauvages.*" It ran to 197 pages. One can imagine the eloquence.

With the Iroquois attacking in the front and the Hundred Associates at the rear, the little Society was beginning to experience the pains of growth. But they had friends. M. Olier conducted a mass in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris, when the Island of Montreal was formally consecrated to the Holy Family, and the Virgin's statue placed upon the seal of the Associates. As a happy afterthought, 40,000 livres were collected to defray the expenses of an additional expedition.

## CHAPTER XIX

### PLACE D'ARMES AND THEREABOUT

IF a somewhat immortal soul had seated himself by the Place d'Armes in 1642 and kept his eyes open till to-day he would have a tale to tell. It would be the story of Montreal. Much of it happened within gunshot of this little square, and the rest was volubly commented on here. Montreal is concentric about the same heart. In the beginning, fort and chapel, representing the physical and spiritual aspects of security, rose close by. To-day the great church and half a dozen banks reflect the same divisions of security. They block in the square where Maison-neuve walked so often, and where he stands now in corroded bronze.

In the earliest days it was not consciously a Place, but simply a glade, then a meadow, then a field for drill. Great trees, whose size spoke of the abundant moisture and the sultry summers, shaded the region, and through them a blazed trail ran up the mountain's slope to the new cross. That trail is now St. Sulpice Street.

The fort stood on to-day's Commissioners Street, near the river, behind the old Customs House. From its stockade a path led to the windmill at the present Windmill Point. Another path led a short distance northeast to Maisonneuve's dwelling, and east of that the Hôtel Dieu. I do not know what exigencies of cleared ground or contour placed that hospital so far away. With the horrible Iroquois gliding through the bush, I would far rather have been neglected in the fort than cared for in that hospital. Would a patient's pulse have much significance while the war-whoop was rattling the window? These good

souls dug their cemetery under the fort's loopholes so that the dead bodies might not be ravished. But what of Jeanne Mance twenty arpents up in the forest? There was one woman unterrified by mice or Mohawks.

On the ground known now as Common Street, the soldiers' cattle strayed. The Hôtel Dieu had its own little farm with three cows, two bulls, and twenty sheep. But Jeanne Mance enjoyed small time for farming since the hospital was soon filled with the ailing or those wounded by the daily attacks of the Iroquois.

These savages were incomparable murderers. They had the agility of a squirrel, the tastes of a butcher, the patience of a chessplayer, and the pity of a modern gangster. Their skill derived from early training and incessant practice. They were implacable towards those whom they hated, and they hated the settlers of Ville Marie twice, once for having been friendly to the Hurons, and again for belonging to the same race as Champlain. To them Ville Marie was a burning cinder in the eye; they could not sleep until it was got rid of. They would sit for days in trees for the pleasure of dropping on some settler who had gone for fish or game and carry him to the faggots. They knew the value of wearing out an adversary's temper. As the losses of Maisonneuve's small band mounted day by day, the remaining men grew restless, almost uncontrollable. They implored their leader to let them rush from the stockade and attack.

"*Mes braves, ce n'est pas prudent,*" was the invariable reply. Maisonneuve knew that the savages were numerous and replaceable, the French were neither. Attrition was bad enough, a defeat would be disaster.

The losses continued through the autumn and did not stop with winter. The settlement was nagged into desperation, and at last those who demanded a foray wore Maisonneuve into consenting. The snow was deep. Forty men sallied out on snow-

shoes. Immediately the Iroquois brought up two hundred. The French endeavored to fight from behind trees, but they were not as experienced at this as their foes. They began to drop, one here, one there, and each man slain liberated his slayers for more concentrated evil. Maisonneuve, seeing his worst fears coming true, ordered a retreat. The men were frantic and broke, leaving their leader in the rear. Even those in the fort lost their heads and fired a cannon at the returning fighters, mistaking them for Iroquois and fortunately missing. Maisonneuve on the unwieldy snow-shoes saw the Iroquois chief leaping at him and aimed his pistol. It missed fire. The savage seized him by the neck, but the governor shooting the other pistol over his shoulder brought the Indian to ground, extricated himself, fled, and regained the fort. For that hour the very existence of Ville Marie hung on the whim of chance.

And this instance is but one of dozens, less spectacular but more deadly. The savages varied their attack but never their ferocity. Tortures which one cannot read were the inevitable result of capture—capture the almost certain risk of venturing from the fort. Yet the fields had to be tilled, the wood cut. The hospital was sensibly turned into a fortress and Jeanne Mance went to France to beg for aid. Maisonneuve followed her, leaving Lambert Closse, major of the garrison, as commandant. Charles le Moyne was his right hand. Le Moyne was the son of an innkeeper at Dieppe who had come to Canada at seventeen. He had already lived with the Indians on Georgian Bay and was made of courage. Christ had taken possession of the Island, according to the priests, but Major Closse and le Moyne certainly did the holding. And then there was Pilote.

Pilote was a practical dog, a most sagacious bitch, who soon divined that Indians were a curse. She knew that she had a nose for Iroquois, and every morning, accompanied by her pups, she made a tour of the fort's neighborhood. If she scented the enemy, she would fasten upon their course, barking madly,



and the men knew that day to expect the savages. The pups were less conscientious. But if one was lazy, Pilote drove it along; if it escaped on the round, she disciplined it later. Many a settler was saved from ambush by her yelpings and she deserves the immortality of Hébert's statue in the Place d'Armes where she had barked so often at the Iroquois's heels.

More man power was imperative. Maisonneuve sent word that he would not return from France before he had secured 100 settlers. He was gone three years. But Jeanne Mance was succeeding in her mission, the estimable Madame de Bullion having contributed 20,000 more livres. When Maisonneuve did return it was with 154 men, surgeons, millers, bakers, masons, gardeners, a brewer, a pastry-cook—the French touch—and a farrier, in short a wise selection of workers who might, if they kept their scalps, solidify the foundations of Ville Marie.

Among them was a young woman, who had been taking care of her brothers and sisters, but who was now free to follow a life of sacrifice. This Marguerite Bourgeoys, of Troyes, was to become the first schoolmistress of Montreal; but before she reached that settlement, she had the chance of being nurse and friend to the soldiers on the ship which was swept by fever. She had sound sense, a warm heart, an indefatigable energy, and a steadfast purpose. She had won the respect of all her fellows before the ship reached Quebec. In that town the Ursulines, doubtless put up to it by Madame de la Peltrie, endeavored to side-track her. But Marguerite knew her own mind, and the predetermined greatness of Montreal was enhanced by the addition of one of that small band of historically distinguished who are at the same time noble.

The new blood refreshed the settlement. There was somebody to marry. They could even raise a guard of honor for Maisonneuve and did. One of its first privileges was to escort Marguerite Bourgeoys to the top of the mountain to see Maisonneuve's cross. The Iroquois, who overlooked nothing,

had hacked it to pieces. A new one was planted and palisaded, and pilgrimages were made to it for a hundred years.

Montreal, although still but an island in a sea of Iroquois, was developing a sturdiness of life. The government of the settlement now provided for a governor, a treasurer, a public notary, a keeper of the company's store, two councilors, and a syndic, a secretary-tribune of the people. Montreal's vicissitudes were from without rather than, as in Quebec's case, from the nature of the colony. Quebec was the toy of paternal impulse and political schisms, while Montreal was the creation of private enterprise for benevolent purposes and headed by a wise and able man. If Montreal had relied on the royal pleasure, she could never have survived. Had she been a democracy, she would never have survived. The one time that Maisonneuve yielded to democratic clamor he almost gave up his scalp as well. Fortunately Maisonneuve pursued his own course thereafter, and year by year his clear head and steady hand strengthened the well-laid foundations.

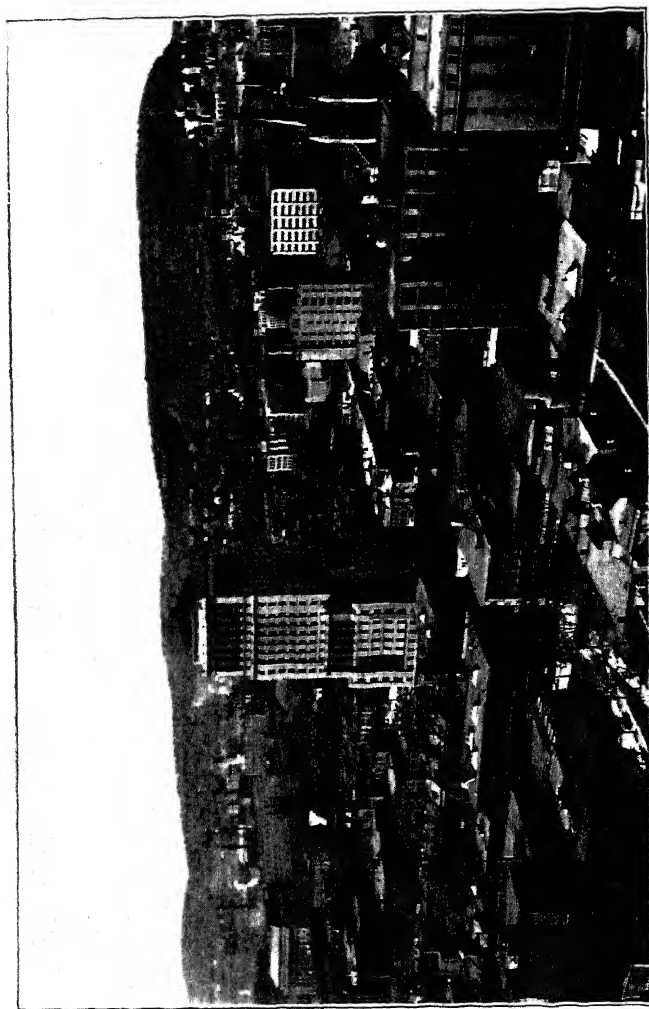
Montreal was thirteen years old when Maisonneuve made another of his fruitful trips to France, and this time he brought back with him four of the Sulpicians whom M. Olier's Seminary had been preparing. Gabriel de Queylus headed them. The Company rather hoped he would become a bishop; the Jesuits hoped not. And as the Jesuits were more experienced at intramural artifices, they set about securing Laval. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Rouen had put his foot in it by making Queylus "grand vicar for all New France" forgetting that he had made the Jesuit superior the same thing. You can't have two grand vicars even in the same wilderness. Thus began the war between the men of God which was to rage between Quebec and Montreal in all its ecclesiastical fury for many a day. The political forces had long been at loggerheads; with spiritual hostilities breaking out, not much but the fur trade was left to keep the towns on speaking terms.

The Sulpicians were to prove of immense, of vital importance to Montreal, and their usefulness endures to-day. The Jesuits whom they displaced were venerated and loved. But the Jesuits were martyrs. They were forever leaving Montreal for the bush and getting burnt up by the Iroquois. They were always poor. What Montreal desired was a resident clergy, with resources, and if possible a good stone church. All these things Montreal obtained with the Sulpicians. De Queylus had a private income, a valuable thing for a bishop in a diocese as poor as the cow-pastures of Ville Marie. He and his organization began to develop a sense of civic administration. They made progress visible. Helped by their funds, the first parish church was completed at the corner of St. Sulpice and St. Paul. In a little while they had church wardens. Montreal was leaping ahead.

Marguerite Bourgeoys and her sisters, two helpers who were received into the Congregation de Notre Dame de Montreal, were as active as the men. Marguerite led the cows to and from the common or carried the sacks of flour on her shoulders from the mill, or cut and sewed the cloth to cover the natives. Only one of the offspring born to Montreal parents had so far survived, so the schoolmistress's curricular duties were not onerous, but there was much nursing, much burying of the dead, even much advising. For with Jeanne Mance, Marguerite was often consulted by Maisonneuve. At last she planned a new church to be called Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which was to be a sort of standing prayer against the Iroquois. Men and women alike worked at its construction, cutting wood and carting sand, until stopped by the good de Queylus who was afraid that Marguerite's church would be done first.

Maisonneuve, although expanding in power, showed no tendency to forget his earlier simplicity. The man was sincere, energetic, magnanimous, totally unaffected, totally the master of all occasions. He lived frugally that he might give gener-





*Canadian Government Photo*

**MOUNT ROYAL**

ously. His life was inwardly grounded in justice. He decided on what was best for his garrison and strictly enforced these rulings, against the sale of liquor, against games of chance, against hunting and fishing when there was a risk of the Iroquois. He could assert his dignity when necessary. He maintained a polite independence when visited by the young Vicomte d'Argenson, the governor-general, who came expecting signs of submission.

D'Argenson wrote, after his visit:

I must talk to you about Montreal, a place which makes a deal of noise and is of little consequence. I speak from knowledge; I have been there this spring, and I can assure you that if I were a painter I should soon finish my picture of it.

Since Marguerite Bourgeoys was interrupted in her church building, she determined to visit France and procure helpers. Jeanne Mance, who had dislocated her wrist and lost the use of her right hand, went with her. It was also about time to call on Madame de Bullion for more funds.

The visit was incredibly successful. To begin with Jeanne Mance created an unexpected sensation in Paris. M. Olier had just died but the vigor of his helpfulness lingered yet. For when Jeanne Mance visited his casket and touched it with her disabled hand, she was miraculously cured.

The secondary effect of this miracle was equally satisfying, for it softened Madame de Bullion's heart toward Montreal in a way that outdid all her other donations, and she brought the total of her gifts to a million francs. At the same time Marguerite Bourgeoys secured three pious young girls as aides.

With these gratifying results the two women set faces toward home. Quebec stood, like Cerberus, in the way, with Laval to make things as embarrassing as possible for these humble but not spineless travelers on God's way. They were engaged, as one might suppose, on as holy a business as himself. But for the grim old bishop, humility, loving-kindness, and aspiration,

were little compared to the fact that the new Hospitalières wore secular clothing and that their constitution was drawn up differently from that of the Hôtel Dieu at Quebec. In spite of the fact that they had just concluded a painful voyage of storm and plague, he actually demanded that they return across the ocean and get regularly admitted to his own branch of the Hospitalières of Quebec. So strangely do smallness and greatness mingle in one man. To them it was unthinkable; they remained loyal to their own hospital and, braving his browbeating, kept on to Montreal.

For eighteen years now the gallant little settlement of Ville Marie had been a thorn in the Iroquois flesh. Iroquois children had grown to bravehood hearing of this stubborn band at Montreal whose stockades withstood every torch. The Iroquois were proud. While one white man's scalp clung to its wearer's head, it spoiled their meals, cast a damper on their boasting, a doubt on the hitherto undoubted supremacy of their five nations. At last they could stand it no longer. A grand council was summoned, and a plan evolved while the drums were beating. Twelve hundred fighters were picked from the aspirants of the nations. Eight hundred of these would cross to the Ottawa and sweep down it in a dark flood of vengeance upon the island. The rest, traveling by the River of the Iroquois, would join them and proceed to obliterate Three Rivers and Quebec. The French should be slain or taken and wiped wholly from the face of the earth. It should not take long, and then the forests would be theirs forever.

A Huron brought word to Montreal of the approaching horror. A universal hush must have fallen on that company, for every one, the soldiers as well as the women, knew that the supreme trial was at hand. No such onslaught had ever been tried. They had fought off once, with great difficulty, a band of two hundred savages. But the settlement was more compact then. Twelve hundred would be overwhelming. Nothing could

stop this swarm from setting the whole settlement aflame. And then? Death for the fortunate few, for the rest, hours, nights, of ghoulish and unspeakable torment. What was to be done?

A young man, just twenty-five, had recently come to camp. He was named Adam Dollard, *Sieur des Ormeaux*, but he was reticent as to his past, and nothing was known of him. Some whispered that he had committed some act of folly in the French army and had come out to start anew. Others suggested that he had lost his fortune and believed that Montreal might offer chances. It was a matter of record that he had agreed to break land for a homestead. Clearly he was a man of superior birth but no wealth. But he was a man of fire, and had a certain persuasiveness. For although a comparative stranger it was he who suggested the scheme of defense. The Iroquois would come down the Ottawa. If a small band of picked men could surprise them, could inflict some injury on them, would not this help?

It was a scheme that ran counter to *Maisonneuve's* policy of concentration. It was a desperate alternative. But it might avail something, a delay if nothing else, and *Maisonneuve* gave to the young *Sieur des Ormeaux* his permission, but insisted that those who accompanied him must be volunteers. Sixteen of the intrepid struck hands.

The sixteen were all young. Some of the older men had vital duties, the spring seeding must be finished. A second band proposed to follow later, so preparations for Dollard's enterprise were pushed and his leadership was not disputed. Those without weapons made loans to purchase them. Dollard, who possessed only eighty-five livres, gave a promissory note for his loan. It ran:

I, the undersigned, acknowledge my indebtedness to Jean Haubichon of the sum of forty livres plus three livres which I promise to pay to him on my return. Done at Ville Marie, the fifteenth of April, sixteen hundred and sixty.

DOLLARD



Why these young men were forced, or even permitted, to give promissory notes to the neighbors for whom they were already giving their lives is a question I must leave to the French nature to explain. But it did not seem to dampen the enthusiasm of the Seventeen.

Was there ever a more moving service than that the little community, with death on its head, celebrated with their eager young defenders in the small parish church? Afterwards each of the Seventeen swore a sacred oath of fidelity, there in the April sunshine. Each made his will and confessed his sins and in a body they approached the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, symbol of unity and fellowship. And then they leaped into their canoes, to reach the rapids on the Ottawa, about thirty miles above Montreal, on May Day.

Here, at the foot of the boiling waters, Dollard decided, was the strategic spot. An old war camp of the Iroquois offered a makeshift shelter. If anywhere this was the place where the Iroquois might be surprised. Beyond that, only God could help.

To the amazement of all, some Indians were soon observed paddling energetically up-stream. They were seen to be Hurons. There were forty of them and four Algonquins; they brought a letter from Maisonneuve, explaining that these allies thirsted for Iroquois blood, but warning Dollard not to believe all their boasts. He had not been in the country long. Dollard naturally accepted the reinforcements gladly and the Indians camped near the palisade.

Scouts presently reported the first of the enemy. The Iroquois canoes were coming, first singly, then in twos and threes, down the stream. Dollard secreted his men where the Indians would likely land, and gave instructions. It was a moment of terrific suspense, and the strain was too great for one of the youths. He fired too anxiously, as the first canoe swung in. The Iroquois leaped like squirrels, hither and thither. But one escaped

to warn the flotilla behind. Nothing was left for Dollard but to retreat to the feeble fortress.

The number of this first redskin contingent was about three hundred. Waiting for dusk, they broke up Dollard's canoes, and using them as torches, attacked the palisade. On all four sides the three hundred screamed and shot and ran, and the fifty-nine repulsed them. Surprised and excited with rage, they sent messengers to hurry up the coming five hundred.

Siege tightened about the defenders. They lacked water; it was a perilous adventure to dash out of the palisade and scoop up a bucketful, an adventure too perilous for days on end. As time wore on, only the oath of fidelity upheld the parched and sleepless men. And at last the ordeal was too much for the Hurons' morale. The Iroquois taunted them with news of the approaching five hundred, and then suddenly changing their tone, offered them their lives, if they would desert the whites. One faltered and slipped away, then a second. Suffering and apprehension had overcome their age-long dread of the Iroquois, in reality as dangerous offering peace as the knife. The Hurons deserted, leaving Dollard, with his sixteen young men, the four Algonquins and the Huron chief who had disdained perfidy, to combat the eight hundred Iroquois.

Now began a battle of endurance and heroism comparable only to the supreme exploits of history. For three days there, between the forest and the white water, the Iroquois attacked in hordes. For three days and nights, they battered at the palisade with trees, heaped its sides with fire, filled the air with missiles, pulled at the stockade's palings, hacked and shot and made the air hideous with their noise—and were repulsed. In furious wonder, they turned upon the Hurons, upbraiding them for having given false numbers of the foe. Could twenty withstand eight hundred? They even contemplated giving up the attack, although the Hurons asserted that they had not lied, but dared

not return with only their own dead to face the obloquy of their women.

They planned a final effort, making shields, sharpening axes, and choosing the bravest warriors for the onslaught. The young men within the palisade were wounded, were worn near to death by their thirst, by the ceaseless vigil and the fighting. But their store of courage was not exhausted. Dollard, still leader, compounded a novel surprise by loading a musketoon to the muzzle. As the Iroquois came on, crowding, and loud with their elemental ferocity, Dollard lit the fuse and threw it where they swarmed the thickest. None knows the exact cause for the catastrophe, whether Dollard was blinded as he threw, or what. But the awkward bomb struck a projection of the palisade, and as it rebounded into the shelter, it exploded, blinding and killing his friends.

Instantly the Iroquois seized the advantage, wrenching the unmanned palisades away, breaching the fortifications on all sides, swarming into the fort. Combat now reached an ecstasy of fury. The white youths fought against the wave of savage bodies, but one by one they fell beneath that dusky flood. And when they were no more, the Iroquois matched treachery for treachery by carrying off the Hurons to their towns and burning them.

Five Hurons escaped; one brought the word to Montreal. Little by little the full news was learned, and still more gradually the full import: that this self-sacrifice of the Seventeen had so impressed the Iroquois by its bravery that they abandoned their campaign of extermination. Dollard had saved Canada.

From this great deed of magnanimity it is necessary to turn to one of the inexcusable, one of the most contemptible acts in Canadian history. The Company of Montreal had long wished to show its appreciation of the personality and the services of M. de Maisonneuve, without whom there would

have been no Montreal and no Company. They now proposed to continue him as governor and captain of the island and of the seigneurial manor house under the pleasure of the Gentlemen of the Seminary, who appreciated him and his abilities with equal warmth. He was to have half the farm-lands and the revenues of the mill. For twenty-four years of loyal and persistent labor, it was not too great an award.

For a long time, however, jealousy had been growing in Quebec. Bishop Laval, who had done more to obstruct than facilitate the independent work in Montreal, disliked Maisonneuve for seconding Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys. De Mézy, the governor-general, viewed Maisonneuve's power with alarm. The king was continually insisting upon a greater concentration of power around the royal ego. There were cabals and secret understandings, and at last the Marquis de Tracy, lieutenant-general of the king for North America, brought the matter into the open by writing one of those exquisite insults to which there is no answer. Instead of frankly retiring Maisonneuve with reasons given, instead of an honorable discharge without reasons, the inhabitants of Montreal were astonished and incensed to read that, while Maisonneuve was away on a trip, a successor had been appointed.

Having permitted M. de Maisonneuve, governor of Montreal, to make a journey to France for his own private affairs we have judged that we can make no better choice for a commander in his absence than the person of *Sieur Dypuis*, and this as long as we shall judge convenient.

Thus, at a blow, was ended the lifework of the noblest and quite possibly the greatest of Canada's founders. The helpless citizens of *Ville Marie* could not understand why a man of blameless life, of absolute integrity, and great ability, should be cut off from the place he had made, cut off from his deserts, at the very moment when its future seemed assured. Bitterness filled them as it must fill any man who hates injustice. More

intelligent in his colonizing than Champlain, more successful in governing than Frontenac, more truly Christian than Laval, more winning than all of them together, he had come to a wild island remote from assistance, had built up a healthy colony for the king by wisdom, tenacity, courage, and devotion, and was expelled from it, twenty-four years later, because of his ever-growing stature in the land. He left, a poor man. He had made no fortune, as Frontenac and the others tried to do. He had declined honors—among them the governor-generalship—because of his attachment to the settlement. He accepted his dismissal without outcry and allowed no resistance to his going. He was loved by all who did not put career above their heart. In Paris he built a cabin with a room furnished after the Canadian manner, and there he entertained visiting friends from Ville Marie, inquiring eagerly after the progress of the place. After eleven years of exile he died.

In the center of Place d'Armes rises Philippe Hébert's fine monument to Maisonneuve. There he stands, where he often stood in life, taking possession forever of the island. At his feet sit Jeanne Mance, Lambert Closse with Pilote, Charles le Moyne, and an Iroquois Indian. On the pedestal are four scenes of great moment: the foundation of the Company, the first mass at Point Callières, Maisonneuve fighting off the Indian chief, and the last fight of Dollard at the Long Sault.

Do not look only casually at these figures; they are identified with greatness, with a heroic age as authentic as any in the classics.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE STREETS OF VILLE MARIE

MONTREAL, in 1666, was to have a good laugh. Dollier de Casson had arrived. This Falstaffian individual was an enormous person, once soldier, now priest. He had been a cavalry officer for ten years under Marshal de Turenne before joining the Sulpicians, and his first duty in Canada was to be chaplain of the Montreal forces in de Tracy's efforts against the Iroquois.

Dollier knew human nature to the quick, which made him a valuable ecclesiastic; he was as strong as two men, which helped him as peacemaker; and he was possessed of an invincible good-humor. Once he was on his knees praying, when an insolent savage insisted on interrupting him. Without rising from his knees, he bowled the savage over with his fist—and went on praying. Tenderness and banter, courage and courtesy and self-sacrifice, marked him from the many, and he would have come down to us in anecdote as being one of the admirable and notable; but he took care, also, to write an invaluable book, the "*Histoire de Montreal*," a vessel from which all succeeding historians have helped themselves.

This ecclesiastic of St. Sulpice could turn his hand to any plow. His most ambitious undertaking was a trip into the western wilderness with La Salle. It taxed a man to travel with that boy.

René Robert Cavelier de la Salle was twenty-four when he arrived in that young man's town of Montreal. At fifteen Robert had been a Jesuit novice, and a more unlikely novice those patient fathers had never tried to break to their career

of perfect obedience. The lad was handsome and headstrong, restless and curious, ardent and in excellent health. At seventeen he took the vows of Poverty and Chastity and Obedience, and nearly died of his humdrum duties. Where he was supposed to jog he strained to gallop. He begged to be sent on a foreign mission. They advised him to maintain a "perfect indifference." It was like asking a brook to refrain from running downhill. He asked to be sent to Portugal to complete his studies. They told him to remain quietly at home with his studies. After three years he might begin to think of foreign missions and Portugal.

La Salle commenced to doubt his capacity for such repose. He delved in his heart and brought up some "moral infirmities"—real or imaginary—which he decided to reveal. The despairing Jesuits released him from his vows, and Robert was free. Saying farewell to poverty, chastity, and obedience, he set out for Canada.

As fortune had it, La Salle's brother was living in Montreal, and for this brother's sake, the seminary gave the young Sieur de la Salle a *fief noble* opposite the Sault St. Louis, and Robert went to work clearing land. This was a magnificent improvement on studying the saints and saying one's beads at La Flèche, but to an impressionable young man, something still beckoned from beyond. Hunting and fishing looked even better than grubbing up spruce stumps. Exploring little rivers was better than fishing. And big rivers were best of all. So La Salle took his canoe and adventured up country to trade with the Indians and smoke before the supper fires of the *coureurs de bois* and ask questions about the passage to China.

Occasionally a voyageur would stop over at La Salle's seigneurie of St. Sulpice and talk. Dollier de Casson himself was back from a winter with the Indians at Lake Nipissing. He and the young seigneur talked far into many a night, and as a consequence the two of them set out to probe the western water-

ways. If they should reach China all the better. China, as the ebullient Robert let it be known, was the desired destination. He mentioned the possibility of reaching it to several. And when he returned two years later without a pearl, without a single pigtail, the jokers of Ville Marie dubbed his seigneurie of St. Sulpice "La Chine." And Lachine it still is.

A joke never stopped La Salle; if he could not reach China, he would uncover the Mississippi. At the age of forty-three he was killed by treachery between the San Jacinto and La Trinité rivers after taking possession of Louisiana for Le Grand Monarque. La Salle is called erratic as often as anything else. His nature was a theater continually putting on one-act plays. But a theme was constant to them all; at his death he was still exploring, which is much to say for forty-three. He was one of Montreal's great sons. She lured him from the commonplace of a cell, and gave him a nest where he could incubate his dreams of exploration. He lived at the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets, when not on his seigneurie, and Montreal was still his base when he was all but lost to civilization. Nobody can know La Salle, following him from intractable youth, through his active and resourceful twenties and thirties, to his tragic but illustrious end, without being commanded by him.

Lachine was soon to provide tears as well as laughter. The Marquis of Denonville, the new governor-general, had decided to disrupt the Iroquois and free Ville Marie from fear. A splendid program, but Denonville was not of the caliber to carry it out. He began well, turning St. Helen's Island, opposite the settlement, into a military camp. The Intendant Champigny and the Chevalier de Vaudreuil added *éclat* to the gathering. Eight hundred regulars from the French army, a thousand Canadians, and three hundred Indians assembled. In June the expedition left, in two hundred flatboats, for Fort Frontenac, now Kingston. Near the fort were two villages of neutral Iroquois whom the Sulpicians had befriended and who had stead-



fastly resisted their nation's efforts to involve them with the French. What their neutrality had cost them, no one knows; but they had kept it. To Denonville's military mind, an Iroquois was an Iroquois and the guiltless savage more dangerous than the howling one. So he invited these villages to a feast and there, with a treachery more infamous than any savage's, made prisoners of them, sending them to France and the cruel galleys where they died as slaves. Nothing more imbecile or wicked had stained the annals of New France since Champlain's first fortuitous hunting of these savages.

The Iroquois were fused into one burning flame of hatred at this treachery. But even these barbarians had a code. They gave the Jesuit Lamberville an escort out of their country on news of the breach of faith, knowing he would not be safe. And then they planned revenge. As soon as the idiotic Denonville had finished scouring the woods in his fruitless foray, two hundred Iroquois swooped down on the upper part of Montreal and burned some houses, killing six of the inhabitants. The old times were back again. Callières, Montreal's governor, ordered redoubts built on the seigneuries around the settlement. Ville Marie was virtually a fort once more, on a larger scale.

Through the first months of 1689 the Iroquois were ominously quiescent. Little by little the tension of the white settlement relaxed. One night in August a thunder-storm swept down the river on Lachine, and under cover of its artillery fifteen hundred Iroquois glided to the shores of Lachine and took their places around the homes of the three hundred sleeping inhabitants. A signal was given, and out of the thunderous dark the fifteen hundred pounced upon their prey. One thinks with sickness of that awakening, of the fiends' shrilling, the women's shrieks, the children's cries, as knives drip with blood and the withes that bind cut into men's straining flesh. But those who found the calm security of death that night were blest beyond all expressing. The real horror was to come.

Two hundred of Denonville's regulars were camped only three miles away; they heard nothing. As morning broke a few fugitives brought the news from hell. Subercasse, with reinforcements from Montreal, instantly planned a rescue for the captives. This would be the more feasible if undertaken at once because the Iroquois had found much brandy in Lachine and were drunk as lords. So he was giving the order to advance when the Chevalier de la Vaudreuil came on the scene and countermanded the order, saying he was to take no risks.

Subercasse's heart revolted at the thought of abandoning the hundred and twenty survivors of the massacre to the indescribable tortures for which they would soon be prepared. Vaudreuil repeated that he had positive orders from Denonville. High words were exchanged, but Vaudreuil forced Subercasse to obey. History was anticipating itself; the name which was to stand in the closing days of New France for cowardice and folly was now sowing the seeds for these laurels.

The Iroquois, thus supinely allowed to sober up, were soon masters of everything but the town. On all sides they burned and pillaged the country-side for two months while Vaudreuil with an army of six or seven hundred men, equipped with superior weapons—a force able to drive the savages into the river in a week with any leadership—stayed safely in his fort. Meanwhile the Indians were preparing a great camp for a festival of torture. As night descended the anguished citizens of Montreal could discern the light of their fires, where friends and kin, wives and parents and children, agonized through long hours of nameless horror. That night was the blackest in the annals of New France. On that night the Iroquois reached a pitch of sadistic frenzy comparable to the deeds of the Inquisition in Christian Europe.

Nothing, however, could stunt the growth which Maisonneuve had fostered. Montreal now needed streets, and Dollier de Casson, aided by Benigne Basset, the town clerk and sur-

veyor, was delegated to lay them out. As was natural he started from that center of hope, the land reserved for Notre Dame, making Notre Dame *the* street of the town. It enjoyed the lavish width of thirty feet, starting from a well at its west end, and running eastward to a mill-redoubt on Citadel Hill—now removed—the land being covered by the Canadian Pacific yards of Place Viger station. St. Sulpice Street—then St. Joseph, and formerly a trail—was given the dignity of eighteen feet. St. Peter Street ran down from Notre Dame to the Common, and the street paralleling this common was named St. Paul, after Maisonneuve. Paralleling Notre Dame, but north of it, came St. James Street, named after the patron saint of M. Olier, and it ran from Calvary Street to St. Charles. Parallel to St. Peter ran St. Francis Xavier. Dollier first called it St. Francis after his own saint, and added the Xavier as an afterthought to cover the apostle of the Indies. Calvary Street ran north to the mountain, and St. Lambert Street ran in the same direction, commemorating Lambert Closse. A ninth street paralleled St. Sulpice and was called St. Gabriel, and St. Charles stood for Charles le Moyne. It must not be thought that these streets came into being all at once. Notre Dame was opened in 1672 and about one a year thereafter. To poke around this neighborhood, letting the significance of the names sink into one's mind, is to tinge the region, arid enough superficially, with every color of interest. The historic past at first seems lonely in the commercial welter. The apparently endless harbor is disgorging freight. Trucks swing over the paved ground that Benigne Basset once squinted along with his rod and rope. But if you can manage to keep your imagination in the past without being run over by contemporary truckers, you can see the old fort of Maisonneuve falling into ruins, the Sulpicians' fortified mill showing above the trees, the rows of sturdy wooden houses, the Hôtel Dieu still somewhat apart, the stone Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the half finished Church of Bon

Secours, still waiting until the Notre Dame should be completed.

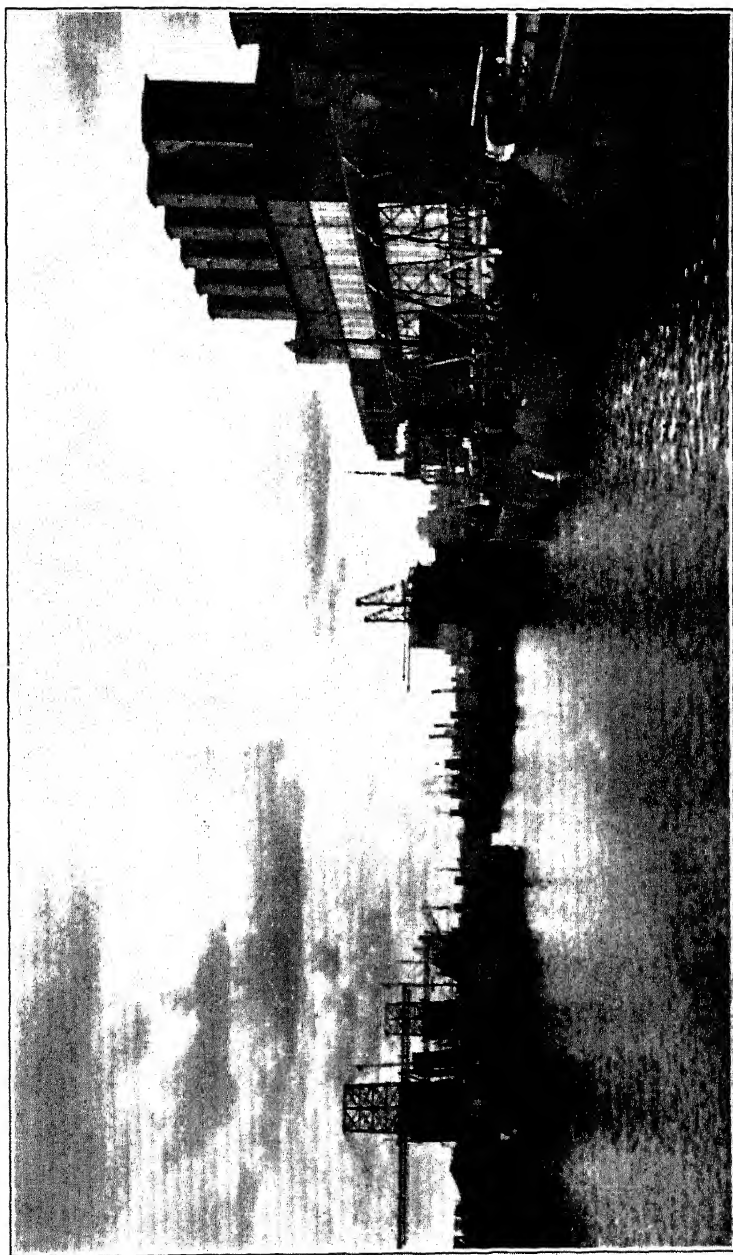
Night, or rather dusk, is the time to see this part of the city. The traffic is over for the day. The narrowness of the streets is a reminder of more neighborly times. The French who linger to light a pipe may well be descendants of the lost régime. One by one the figures of your reading take form and speak to the inward ear. The *Sieur de Tracy* struts on the waterfront, *de Maisonneuve* boards his ship for France for the last time, *Charles le Moyne* after fifteen years of terrific adventures decides to marry, never dreaming in his proudest moments of the distinguished offspring his loins are destined to beget. *Marguerite Bourgeoys* leads her cow to the Common. *Jeanne Mance* arrives from France with another load of money. *Dollard* and his sixteen are coming from the chapel, serious but shining-eyed. *La Salle* leaps off the boat for the first time and looks around. *D'Argenson* lands haughtily with his suite to find himself taken for what he is worth. And that boy flashes in, the *Baron Lahontan*, whose spicy letters are to get him into trouble with the clergy for centuries. Soak yourself in those times and you will have fascinating company on these streets.

South of the *Place d'Armes* stands the Church of Notre Dame, which resembles some unmarried ladies who, by strange irony, grow plainer and more forbidding the longer they exert themselves in doing good. Symmetry was its architect's ideal. Over the three portals rise three similar niches, and above them a battlemented parapet. The towers are twins, and rise severely as if inclined to lecture the three solid rows of banks confronting them. But there is something about this church's uncompromising primness in the face of all those worldly banks that attracts me. And its pedigree is unassailable. It was born as a bark chapel, with the same name, in 1642, and grew into a frame building a year later, to be enlarged in 1654. Eighteen years later a still larger church was erected on the *Place d'Armes*

where the statue now is. The present church was finished in all its Gothic intricacy in 1829.

It is within that impressiveness begins. Fifteen thousand people can be accommodated under that roof. The wealth of the Sulpicians, on whom the revenues from great properties continuously pour, has been lavished on the altars and reredos, the sanctuary and chapels, the organ and the windows and ornaments and vestments in the treasury. Precious reliquaries, chalices, ciboriums of gold and silver abound. Statuary is everywhere. Valuable paintings fill the chapels. The new Lady-chapel has very fine carving. Here beats the heart of a storied consecration. Here is the home hive for the hundreds of thousands of French Canadians who live within the sound of its twelve-ton bell, the Gros Bourdon. As you stand looking into the lights and shadows of the nave, you are led to think back to that day when Father Vimont made his little sermon on the wild meadow with the others listening about him.

Behind the thick high wall adjoining, stands the ancient Seminary of St. Sulpice. The young enthusiast, M. Olier, builded better than he could have dreamed that day in 1636 when he fell upon M. de la Dauversière's neck and promised to take his ideas to God. It was all of 1663 before the seminary received the title deeds to the island to which they had given life. And in the strife of the Cession a century later, when the flow of priests from France had stopped and before Canadian membership increased, the order dwindled. At one moment two members were the only link between the great past and the gigantic future. But new energy arrived. The title deeds, declared void by the English governor in 1764, were ratified by the British government in 1839, and thus the Sulpicians were assured of becoming not only the largest landowners in Montreal but one of the wealthiest corporations in all Canada. Thanks to their inheritance of tradition as well as of temporal power, they have



*Canadian Government Photo*

MONTREAL HARBOR NEAR WINDMILL POINT



been the chief contributors to the solidity and greatness of Montreal.

The quarters of the officiating clergy, their business offices and archives, are in this building by Notre Dame, but the Montreal College on Sherbrooke Street is the main home of the Order. This was the Mountain Mission, started in 1676. Trying to make the Indians sedentary was one of the Jesuits' standing efforts; the Sulpicians, ever more practical, wasted little time on this at first. But when an appropriate time arrived, Marguerite Bourgeoys and her nuns of the Congregation entranced a few of the Indian girls into doing needlework; from this it was a short step to knitting, from knitting to lace, and after that they were ready to pay some attention to the mysteries of the faith.

These inspiring activities took place in the west tower of the Mountain Mission's fort. The sisters of the Congregation lived in the east tower. These towers, still as solid as the day of their building 260 years ago, can be seen on Sherbrooke Street West, just west of Guy. They are all that remain of the double inclosure. Within the stone wall with its port-holes and towers stood the inner fort where the missionaries lived.

Several hundred young men receive their ecclesiastical education here under the priests of St. Sulpice. The chapel, closed to the public, is supposed to be a marvel of simplicity and taste. The gardens of the seminary with old elms and a little lake throw a spell about the life.

A few years after the Cession, the Rev. M. Curateau de la Blaiserie, parish priest of Longue Pointe, five miles from Montreal, determined to found a classical college and preparatory seminary as a protest against the conquerors who were intent, he supposed, upon depriving the French colonists of their mother-tongue. As most of the neighborhoods were French, the idea thrived and his little college was soon transferred to the



Chateau Vaudreuil on Jacques Cartier Square where it flourished in spite of the government and partly because scores of priests had fled from France to Montreal after the French Revolution. The chateau burned to a cinder, but this fire proved a godsend as it directed the attention of the priests of St. Sulpice to the college. They moved it next to their theological students on the mountain, and expansion had continued. The priests are in charge of Notre Dame and St. James parishes and the Indian mission at Oka. They conduct seminaries of theology and philosophy. They even have a Canadian College at Rome and the spiritual direction of the sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the Grey Nunnery, and the Hôtel Dieu. Amid the flux of time when great businesses disappear and there is a continual vanishing among men, these foundations merely strengthen. Growth continues in divergent directions. The gentlemen of the seminary have not built on migratory principles but on the central rock. The proof of a principle must rest in its permanence.

No organization or individual has reached the heights of true greatness, I suppose, without contributing a legend, and there is a very charming one about the church corner at St. Sulpice Street where on the sultriest day there is always a little breeze. The Devil and the Wind were out strolling in the early days of Ville Marie when the Devil noticed the new church.

"What's this?" he exclaimed in excellent French. "This was never here before."

"I dare you to go in," said the Wind.

"You dare me? Then wait here for me till I come out," said the Devil.

"Very well," the Wind agreed, "I'll be at the corner."

And he has been waiting for the Devil there ever since.

Marguerite Bourgeoys and her four companions had a leaner time of it than the other religious. They taught all day, gratuitously, and during the night worked at manual labor. Dollier de

Casson says, "What I admire most about these young women is, that being without goods and willing to teach gratuitously, they have nevertheless acquired by the grace of God and without being a charge to any one, houses and lands in the Island of Montreal."

Marguerite was indeed indefatigable. Pride got no alms from that woman. She taught for many years in a stable, and when her school had outgrown that, she had house and lands ready for it and farms to support her pious associates. When they neared the breaking point, she went to France for others. On one voyage she returned with an eight-inch image of the Blessed Virgin which had the happy property of working miracles. She had in mind to found a regular congregation with religious vows of its own, not an inclosed order like the Ursulines, but living openly in the community and circulating among the people. This idea was so novel that Laval instantly opposed it, and bent his powers upon submerging this woman and her works in the Ursulines. Fortunately Marguerite would not be submerged. To-day her houses cover the continent.

Opposite St. Lambert Hill, reached by a little gateway on Notre Dame Street, is the older of the mother houses, while Notre Dame de Bonsecours stands on the site of the original church which Marguerite built around the little miraculous image of the Virgin that she brought from France. This church towers above the dock. It is primarily a sailors' place of worship. A large statue of the Virgin tops it, and underneath is an aerial chapel, reached by a winding staircase up which the prayerful pilgrims climb on their knees, and which has framed reminders of the favors granted by the Virgin to previous supplicants. Near by in a convent, Jeanne le Ber, who was the first person to lead a strictly contemplative life in New France, enjoyed solitude from 1695 to 1714.

The real Mother House of the Congregation was transferred to the slopes of Mount Royal some fifty years ago. It burned.

They then erected the immense buildings in Westmount of which Marguerite "from her throne in heaven," as the devout phrase it, must certainly be proud. It is a far cry from those shivering seasons of teaching in an Indian-threatened stable, to this structure, not to forget the convents at Mount St. Mary's on Guy Street and Villa Maria, called Monklands, and once the official residence of the governor-general of Canada. Compared to this aggregate impressiveness, where are the cloistered Ursulines, where is Laval himself? Certainly the good-hearted, industrious, unflinching, inspired and wholly admirable Marguerite the Venerable, has been justified. And since the seigneurs were ready to hold out a helping hand, they must share the satisfaction of this far-reaching effort in education.

The immediate result of ousting Maisonneuve from his colony was a deflation in morals. With all his kindness, Maisonneuve could be stern. The lamentable consequences of selling liquor to the Indians at Quebec had been largely forestalled at Montreal. Now liquor was sold and worse, dishonestly diluted; a ring of drunkenness surrounded the settlement. Blasphemy increased. In spite of a regulation providing for the piercing of the blasphemer's upper lip with a hot iron on the sixth offense, his lower on the seventh, and the cutting out of his tongue on the tenth, conversations grew saltier and saltier. Gaming flourished on every pretext. Rape was not uncommon. Instead of Maisonneuve's transparent honesty in government, official peculation crept in. Instead of that early whole-hearted coöperation, personal animosities began to heat the community. Frontenac's bullying of Governor Perrot incensed the town.

The Frontenac-Fenelon affair convulsed the colony. M. de Fenelon had preached a sermon on Easter day outlining the Christian's double necessity of dying with Christ and of rising with him. To drive the matter home, Fenelon had dared to apply his sermon, though without names, to all those having temporal

authority. La Salle, who was doing business with Frontenac, carried a digest of Fenelon's remarks to Quebec, and Frontenac scented personal allusions in the sermon. He accordingly packed Fenelon off to France on the same boat as Governor Perrot in a fit of outraged majesty. The day that Frontenac was himself recalled was, as Parkman says, "a day of rejoicing to more than half the merchants of Canada, and excepting the Récollets, to all the priests."

But the evil had been done. That friendly and aspiring atmosphere created by the seigneurs and the knightly Maison-neuve was a thing of the past. The golden age was over; henceforth Montreal was another town.

## CHAPTER XXI

### MÈRE DE L'OUEST

By 1690 Montreal had grown from a fortful of brave and earnest workers for the Faith into a somewhat secular village of two thousand people. But what an incomparable village! The wellspring of explorers had overflowed in every direction, until Montreal had become a base for expeditions of continental scope, the home of conquerors. Discovery was the commonplace of conversation. Exploits that make men marvel, wherever men are big enough to marvel, were writing history up and down the New World. There was a contagion in Dollier de Casson's new streets that expressed itself in assembling a few fellow-adventurers, acquiring a Sulpician or a Jesuit for chaplain, and setting out for the headwaters of some as yet unseen river. Privation was nothing; peril was nothing. France, Christianity, the beaver-skins were the springs of action; excitement and glory the rewards.

Consider for a moment the news that kept arriving from the sons of Charles le Moyne, ten of whose eleven boys grew to manhood. He and his wife, a Catherine Primot of Rouen, had indeed hatched a nest of eagles. The king had watched his energetic and valuable career and made him a seigneur, and from this seigneurie de Longueuil this peerless family sallied out to emulate their father in the world. Their deeds are too many to chronicle here, but their deaths will convey a sense of their high-spirited living. I give them in the order of their birth: Charles le Moyne de Longueuil was killed in action at Saratoga in 1729 at the age of seventy-three. He had served as lieutenant-

## UPTOWN MONTREAL

St. Andrew and St. Paul (Pres.) .....	1
St. George's (Angl.) .....	2
St. James Cathedral (R.C.) .....	3
St. James (Meth.) .....	4
St. James the Apostle (Angl.) .....	5
St. Joseph (R.C.) .....	6
St. Patrick's (R.C.) .....	7
Spanish and Portuguese (Jew.) .....	8

### Educational, Art, Literary, Hospitals, Convents

Art Gallery .....	9
Baron de Hirsch Institute .....	10
Diocesan Theological College .....	11
Fraser Institute (Library) .....	12
Grey Nunnery .....	13
High School (Protestant) .....	14
Homeopathic Hospital .....	15
McGill University .....	16
Mount St. Mary Convent .....	17
Royal Victoria College .....	18
Sacred Heart Convent .....	19
St. Mary's College (Jesuit) .....	20
Strathcona Hall (McGill) .....	21

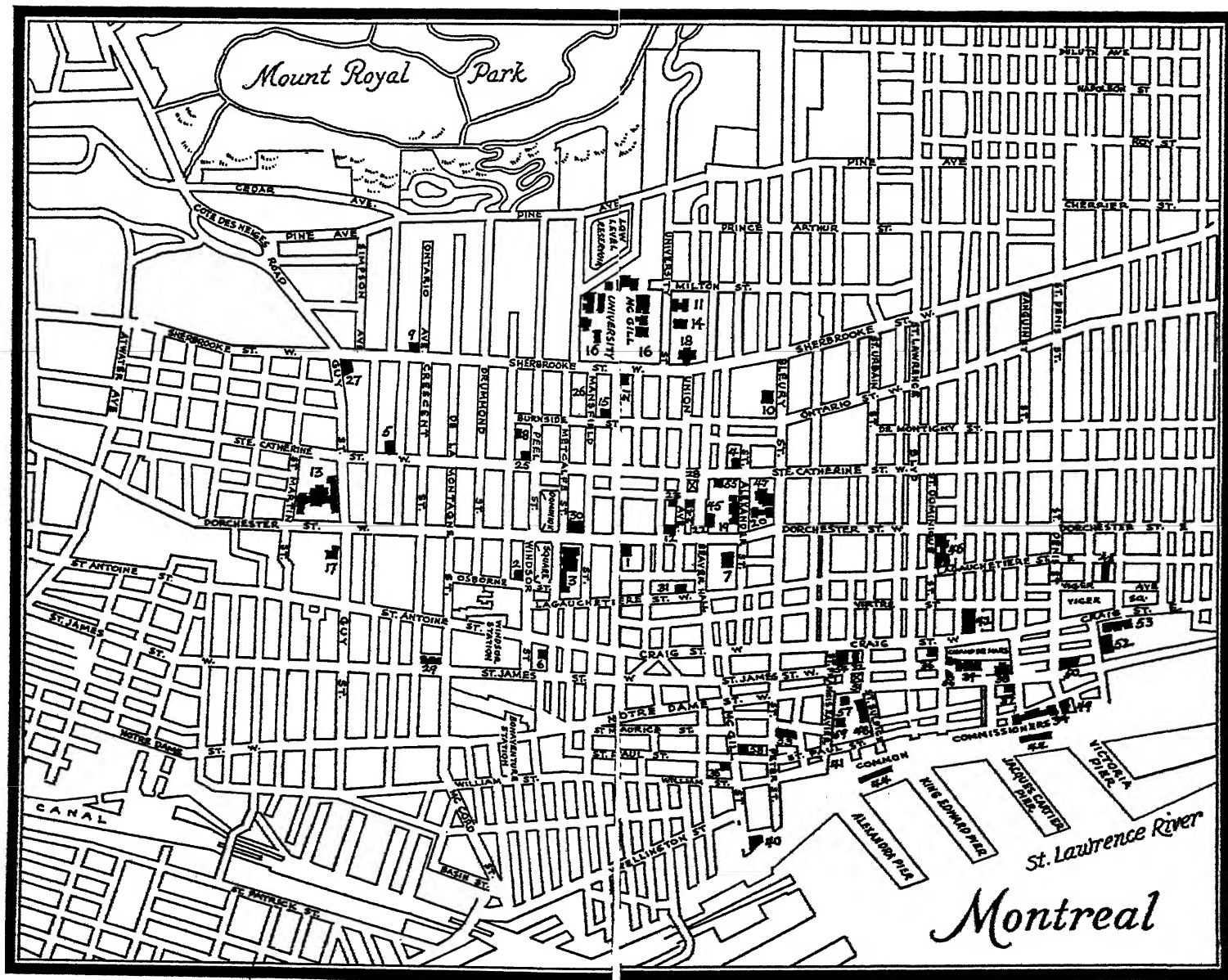
### Miscellaneous

Beaver Hall Square .....	22
Birks Building .....	23
Canada Cement Building .....	24
Drummond Building .....	25
Hochelaga—supposed site of ancient village of .....	26
Medical Arts Building .....	27

Phillips Square .....	28
St. Antoine Market .....	29
Sun Life Building .....	30
U. S. Immigration Office .....	31

## DOWNTOWN MONTREAL

Bank of Montreal .....	32
Board of Trade Building .....	33
Bonsecours Market .....	34
Canadian National Building .....	35
Chambre de Commerce .....	36
Chateau de Ramezay .....	37
City Hall .....	38
Court House .....	39
Customs House .....	40
Dominion Government Office .....	41
Drill Hall .....	42
Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales .....	43
Elevators .....	44
Engineers' Club .....	45
General Hospital .....	46
Gesu, Church of .....	47
Notre Dame Church .....	48
Notre Dame de Bonsecours Church ..	49
Notre Dame Hospital .....	50
Place d'Armes .....	51
Place Royale .....	52
Place Viger Station .....	52
Place Viger Hotel .....	53
Post Office .....	54
Princess Theatre .....	55
Provincial Government Office .....	56
St. Sulpice Seminary .....	57
Shaughnessy Building .....	58
Stock Exchange .....	59







governor of Montreal and was the first Baron de Longueuil, succeeding his father as seigneur. Jacques le Moyne de Ste. Hélène fell at the siege of Quebec in 1690 at the age of thirty-one. Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville, voyageur both to Hudson Bay and the Spanish Main, died in Havana at the age of forty-five. Paul le Moyne de Maricourt, captain in the marine, died of hardships in an expedition against the Iroquois at the age of forty-one. François le Moyne de Bienville, border warrior, was killed by the Iroquois at the age of twenty-five. Joseph le Moyne de Serigny served with his brother in the expeditions to Hudson Bay and died at the age of nineteen. Louis le Moyne de Chateauguay was killed in action at York Factory at the age of eighteen. Jean Baptiste le Moyne de Bienville, founder of New Orleans and governor of Louisiana died in Paris at the age of eighty-seven. Gabriel le Moyne d'Assigny died of yellow fever in San Domingo at the age of twenty. Antoine le Moyne de Chateauguay, governor of French Guiana, the record of whose death I do not find, completes the scroll.

This one company of heroes would be enough to make a village famous, to make a saga as memorable as the sagas of the old Norse gods. But there were also Tonti and La Foret on the Illinois, and Perrot on the Mississippi, and La Salle, and du Luth, all sons or foster sons of Montreal. Yet had I been living then and could have kept the pace, I should have elected to travel with none of these, not even the mercurial La Salle. For there was a youth of livelier spirit yet, a young noble with an eye so quick to observe, a mind so penetrating and vivacious, a sense of humor so sustaining, that I could gladly have endured the hardships of his travels west of Lake Superior for the gratifications of his company. In enthusiasm for exploration he was the peer of these whom I have mentioned, and in results not so far short. Yet you will look in vain for a monument, even a tablet, to his exploits. He is not mentioned in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. No queerer conspiracy of silence about

so gifted an individual exists. I am referring to Louis Armand de Lom d'Arce, Baron de Lahontan.

I had heard of Lahontan for years before I reached him, and his name was inevitably coupled with belittling epithets—that unreliable, that slanderous, that Canadian Munchausen. “Sheer fabrication,” says the usually discerning Parkman of his work. One evening I opened his letters to a relative in Paris and read :

I am surpris'd to find that a voyage to the New World is so formidable to those who are oblig'd to take it; for I solemnly protest that 'tis far from being what the World commonly takes it.

It is his first sentence and it gives one key to the reason for his unpopularity, his persecution—“'tis far from what the World commonly takes it.” He was seventeen, and sincere, he had had a sunny voyage, as summer voyages occasionally were, and he refused to conform to the common practice of Atlantic travelers and say he had had a hellish trip. A very little matter, but large with significance.

I read on :

After the reform of these Troops, several ships were sent hither from France with a Cargoe of Women of an ordinary Reputation, under the direction of some stale old Nuns, who ranged 'em in three classes. The Vestal Virgins were heap'd up (if I may so speak) one above another, in three different Apartments, where the Bridegrooms singled out their Brides, just as a Butcher do's an Ewe from amongst a Flock of Sheep. In these three Seraglios there was much variety and change of Diet, as could satisfie the most whimsical Appetites; for here was some big, some little, some fair, some brown, some fat, and some meagre. In fine, there was such an Accomodation, that every one might be fitted to his Mind: and indeed the Market had such a run, that in fifteen days time, they were all dispos'd of. I am told that the fattest went off best, upon the apprehension that these being less active, would keep truer to their engagements, and hold out better against the nipping cold of the Winter. But after all, a great many

of the He-Adventurers found themselves mistaken in their measures. After the choice was determin'd, the Marriage was concluded upon the spot, in the presence of a Priest, and a publick Notary; and the next day the Governor-General bestow'd upon the married Couple, a Bull, a Cow, a Hog, a Sow, a Cock, a Hen, two Barrels of Salt Meat, and eleven Crowns; together with a certain Coat of Arms call'd by the Greeks *kepara*—Horns.

It requires a cold heart not to smile as the boy writes that final flourish. In this letter he was, I admit, trying to be entertaining at the expense of the truth. He was repeating what he had heard in the barracks of Quebec about the shiploads of women that the king had sent out some twenty years before. His aspersions on the mothers of New France were for the main part probably untrue, although Mère Marie of the Incarnation wagged her head over some of the "canaille" in the cargoes. He might have known that his remark about the stale old nuns would not be appreciated. In short, it was not politic of him to make public a letter written for private entertainment. And it certainly started him off on the wrong foot.

He was better in telling of what he had experienced. His descriptions of the St. Lawrence, of Quebec, of eel catching, of canoes, of the Indian modes of hunting were vivid and concise and astonishingly accurate. An occasional exaggeration crept in—the numbers of the Iroquois, the height of Niagara. He was definitely wrong as to the porcupine shooting quills. But if any youth of his age will go to a strange country and write letters so filled with straight observation, and so tempered with wit, even though colored, if you like, with personal animus, that they live in every line and make good reading two hundred and fifty years after, then I shall think he partakes of genius.

But I loved him when I came to these remarks about the censor:

I spent part of the Winter in Hunting with the Algonkins, in order to a more perfect knowledge of their Language; and the

rest I spent in this Place (Montreal) with a great deal of uneasiness; for here we cannot enjoy ourselves, either at Play, or in visiting the Ladies, but 'tis presently carried to the Curate's ears, who takes publick notice of it in the Pulpit. His Zeal goes so far as even to name the Persons; and since he refuses the Sacrament of the Holy Supper to Ladies of Quality, upon the most slender Pretences, you may easily guess at the other steps of his Indiscretion. You cannot imagine to what a pitch these Ecclesiastical Lords have screw'd their Authority: they excommunicate all the Masks, and wherever they spy 'em, they run after 'em to uncover their Faces, and abuse 'em in a reproachful Manner: In fine, they have a more watchful eye over the Conduct of the Girls and married Women, than their Fathers and Husbands have. They cry out against those that do not receive the Sacrament one a Month; and at Easter they oblige all sorts of Persons to give in bills to their Confessors. They prohibit and burn all the Books that treat of any other Subject but Devotion. When I think of this Tyranny, I cannot but be intrag'd at the impertinent Zeal of the Curate of this City. This inhumane Fellow came one day to my Lodging, and finding the Romance of the Adventures of Petronius upon my Table, he fell upon it with an unimaginable Fury and tore out almost all the Leaves. This Book I valued more than my Life, because 'twas not castrated; and indeed I was so provok'd when I saw it all in wrack, that if my Landlord had not held me, I had gone immediately to that turbulent Pastor's House and would have plucked out the Hairs of his Beard with as little mercy as he did the Leaves of my Book. These Animals cannot content themselves with the studying Men's Actions, but they must likewise dive into their Thoughts. By this Sketch, Sir, you may judge what a pleasant Life we lead here.

It is easy to see that the young Baron believed, as Santayana says of Dickens, that there was more piety in being human than in being pious. But it was not only Petronius that our Louis read. When he went bear-hunting with the Indians he took these books:

Besides the pleasure of so many different sorts of Diversion, I was likewise entertain'd in the Woods with the company of the

honest old Gentlemen that liv'd in former Ages. Honest *Homer*, the amiable *Anacreon*, and my dear *Lucian*, were my inseparable companions. *Aristotle* too desir'd passionately to go along with us, but my Canow was too little to hold his bulky Equipage of Peripatetick Silogisms: so that he was fain to trudge back to the Jesuits, who vouchsaf'd him a very honourable Reception. I had a great deal of reason to rid my self of that great Philosopher's Company; for his ridiculous Jargon, and his senseless Terms, would have frighted the Savages out of their wits.

Could Barrie himself have been more delightfully whimsical at twenty?

In addition to his slanders on the women and his malicious delight in turning a phrase against the priests, Lahontan had other waggery to answer for. He had described a journey on the Long River in what is now Minnesota. He mentioned the tribes by name, the Nadouessis, the Eokoros, the Gnacsitares, the Esanapes, even the Tahuglaux. He mentions open water in December.

Whichever straw it was that broke the critics' backs, their backs were broken. They called him Munchausen, Gulliver, and plain liar. All the rest of his travels had to be accepted; they were patently true. But this trip, never. To oblivion with him!

And now his "Long River which falls into the Mississippi," has been identified with the Minnesota River, which has a course of 450 miles. The Nadouessis are Hennepin's Nadouessioux, later the Sioux; the Eokoros are the Crows; the Esanapes, the Assiniboines; and the Tahuglaux are the Esquimaux, now written Eskimos.

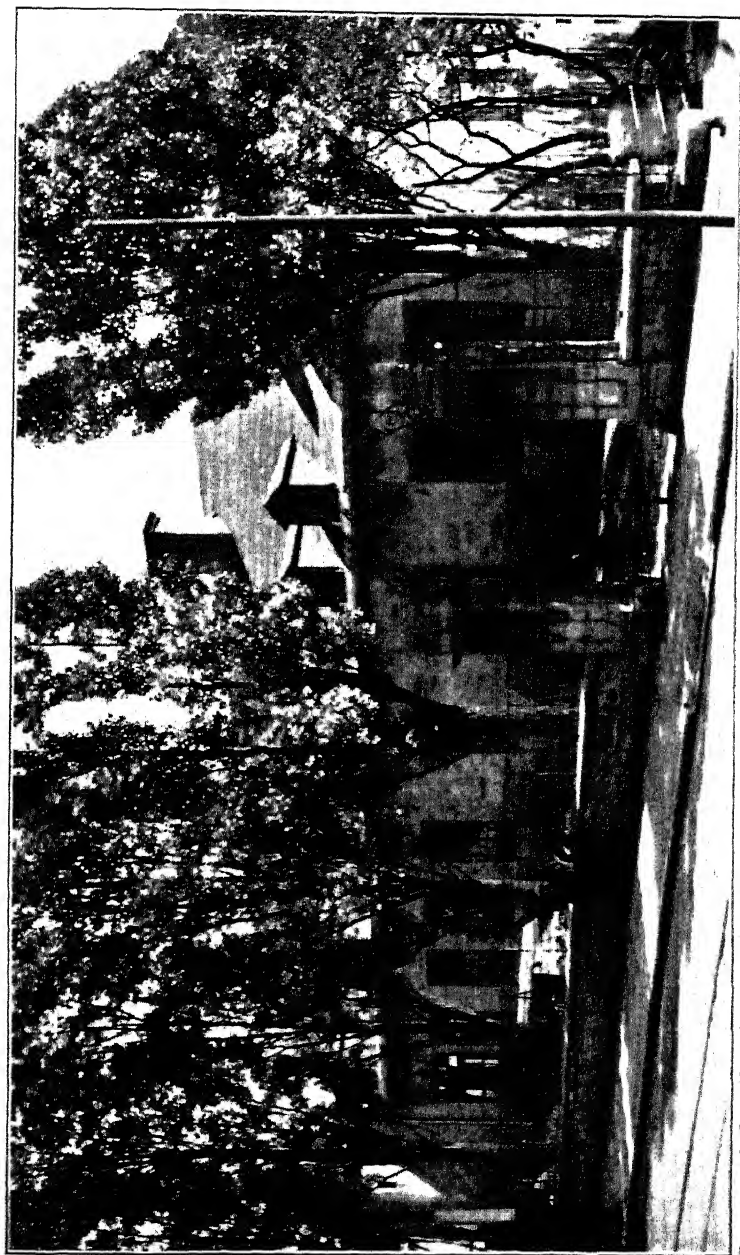
"There is not the slightest doubt," says Professor Stephen Leacock, "about the itinerary as far as it concerns the Wisconsin, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois. Portages, distances and dates all fit together with the irresistible logic of truth," and concludes, "the Baron de Lahontan is one of the great pioneer explorers of the west, whose claim to historic

celebrity has been denied as the result of ignorance and prejudice."

The main cause of this prejudice was not geographical, nor even his witticisms when he was young, lively, and in the army. Before his book came out he had helped to beat off an English fleet from French Newfoundland, and had been made lieutenant-governor of it. He had jousting, verbally, with the governor, as Leacock says "a quarrel of youth with age, of wit with stupidity, of efficiency with ineptitude" and had been banished. And musing on the injustices of life, he had composed a dialogue between an Indian and himself, an abnormally brilliant Indian and a very conventional self. The *Lahontan* of the dialogue shows to ridiculous disadvantage against the scornful logic of the savage, who denounces the social injustices of civilization, the evils of private property, the misuse of money, the perversions of the law, and the clay feet of the so-called religious. It was masterly and astonishingly modern, and the fact that this dangerous book was running into its thirtieth edition in a short time alarmed the authorities. In fact scholars are now attributing more influence to *Lahontan's* bitter attack of 1703 on ecclesiasticism and despotism than the author in exile likely dared to hope. Professor Chinard presents evidence of his influence on such men as Steele and Swift and Goldsmith, on Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, and wonders if scholars should not revise somewhat the time-honored view that eighteenth-century radicalism was essentially of English origin.

So this unhonored traveler may yet be given credit for a hand on the lever that rolls the world along. And to think that one might have strolled with him in 1685 along the streets of Montreal!

Along those streets one would have met an increasing number of fur-traders. Deals in beaver skins had become by the turn of the century the major interest of the colony and perhaps of



*Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway*

CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL





the crown. They were to that day what gold was to the forty-niner or stocks in 1929. The profits were immense. No great textile plants competed. Beaver hats protected the universal head, beaver skins were at once a utility and the rage. For twenty skins an Indian could unfit himself with six pairs of stockings, four shirts, a red blanket, a gun, forty pounds of lead, and eight pounds of powder. The English would give the same for eight skins, and additionally traded six quarts of rum for one beaver, thereby making any subsequent trading even simpler. But the English were farther away.

Naturally the beaver suffered. The supply of liquor was large, while the Indian thirst was infinite; only the beaver were numbered. They must be sought at greater and greater distances. Trading-posts and outposts of those posts were already set up north and west of Lake Superior. From the governor down to the youngest *coureur de bois*, every one was interested in illicit trade, for illicit most of it was. Lively punishments were advertised for the adventurers who left the plow for the bush—flogging, excommunication, the galleys, even hanging. The bootlegging went on. Governments cannot learn.

While the sons of Montreal were triumphing over the wilderness, her daughters held the fort nearer home, and holding the fort was no mere figure of speech but a tragic constant of life anywhere outside the town. The bravery of the families on the outlying seigneuries passes understanding. At any moment of the day or night, the lithe Iroquois might swoop from behind the spruces and fling themselves upon the farmer grubbing potatoes, the boy milking the cows, or even the family at the supper table. Life on a fief might have been tiring, it was never tedious; for it was lived not under one but under a ceilingful of Damocles daggers, any one of which might drop without notice. And yet the danger of it seems to have stopped nobody. Only three years after the unforgettable massacre of Lachine, Lieutenant Jarret's seigneurie of Verchères was supporting a

dozen settlers, and this on the very path of the Iroquois down the south shore of the St. Lawrence east of Longueuil. A palisade had been constructed, it is true, for the protection of the settlers, and a block-house within, where some ammunition was kept. Also there were bastions, lookouts, at the four corners of the palisade.

In the autumn of '92, Seigneur Jarret had business in Quebec and his wife took this occasion to visit in Montreal, leaving a daughter Madeleine, aged fourteen, to look after her brothers, who were ten and twelve. Madeleine had no reason to be lonely, for there were two soldiers, a servant or two, and the habitants and families. Early one morning Madeleine was walking down to the river-bank with the hired-man when she heard guns from the direction of the fields where the men were working.

"*Les voilà,*" shouted the hired-man, "*les Iroquois!*" and as he did so, forty or fifty savages appeared at the other side of the field, darting from behind the trees.

The girl and the old man ran for the fort gate, the Indians whooping and shouting as they pursued. Imagine the nightmare of that breathless flight. One stumble and a seizure in hot and cruel hands to be carried away to the scorching flames.

They flung themselves within the gate and bolted it, and Madeleine took charge of the panicky group. Apparently the palisade had to be strengthened; she helped feverishly to nail up the slabs, looking out anxiously to see if any of the field-workers might be coming. But the cordon of Iroquois and their exultant howls showed that they had all been killed or taken.

With the palisade more secure, Madeleine went over to the block-house and found the two soldiers, terror-stricken, one of them cringing in a darkened corner, the other lighting a fuse with which he was about to explode the gunpowder. She dashed the flame from his hand, calling him a miserable coward, and sent him from the place. She talked to her brothers, reminding

them of what their father had taught them. The tears of the settlers' women and the fright of the soldiers and hired-man brought realization to the girl that the defense of the fort would depend upon her, at least for morale: a fearful responsibility for a girl of fourteen.

The Iroquois, busy mutilating their prisoners, had not yet attacked when a settler was seen approaching the landing in a canoe. The Indians were already creeping toward the landing for an ambush. Madeleine saw a woman in the canoe. She knew that if these two landed unsuspecting, that they too would soon be writhing in the torture. She rushed to the soldiers and asked, implored, them to rush out and warn the oncomers. The soldiers refused point-blank; and from the point of view of safety, quite reasonably. But some inwardly grounded loyalty shook Madeleine. She could not stand and see this horror happen. So grasping a musket, she opened the gate and walked to the landing alone.

For sheer naked courage, this walk of Madeleine's is a peer of any recorded heroism. The worst that most heroes face is death. But Madeleine knew that death would be the one taste of joy after unspeakable torment. And yet she walked out of that gate.

The Indians were non-plussed as they watched the girl saunter down the grassy slope with an unconcern too incredible to believe in. It must be, they decided, a ruse. They hungrily watched the moving morsel, as fifty cats might watch a mouse. But the coolness of the girl held them back. They still watched as she led the settler and his fainting wife back to shelter. But they did nothing, the fear of ambushed soldiers was too pressing. The three regained the fort which, though hell to the others, had to them the aspects of heaven.

Madeleine was quick to realize the advantage of the Indians' belief in a numerous force hiding behind her walls. She herded the women and children in the block-house, as the safest place,

and left the soldiers with them. Night came on with snow and wind, and she knew that an attack would be made. Her one hope was to maintain the illusion of numbers. So she stationed her boy brothers in two of the corner bastions, the old man in the third, taking the fourth herself, and they passed the cry of "All's well" from bastion to bastion, from bastion to block-house, and block-house to bastion, until it gave the impression of a corps of sentinels.

"One would have thought," Madeleine told Governor Beauharnois later, "that the place was full of soldiers." And the Iroquois confessed in a time to come that they had been deceived, that they had held a council and decided not to attack.

With the raw daylight the girl breathed somewhat easier, but her tasks increased. Madame Fontaine, the wife of the settler whom Madeleine had rescued, begged her husband to take her out of the fort, to take her home. She had to be brought back to reason and pacified. Then the women, mourning for their losses, had to be kept employed, and the soldiers' courage stimulated, and the children fed and warmed, the bastions manned, the palisade patrolled, and every one encouraged to think that help was on the way. It was a general's occupation. Madeleine dared not sleep, dared not admit that she was dubious of their fate as day by day crept by until a week had passed. The strain of it!

Constant vigilance, recurrent alarm, cold and windy weather chilling the bastion watchers, the only occupation to huddle night and day in the block-house listening for the war-whoop, expecting to hear the sound of tomahawk on palisade, or the crackle of simultaneous fires—how did the girl of fourteen bring her mixed band through it all? How did she herself endure? Yet endure she did, and on the eighth day she handed her besieged fort over to Lieutenant de la Monnerie, whom Callières, then commanding at Montreal, had sent out with forty men to investigate.

Seven years later, when her father had been fifty-five years

in the king's service and was in great poverty, Madeleine de Verchères sent a little petition to the wife of the secretary of the marine asking for a pension of fifty crowns for her father, or in lieu of that, might her brother, a cadet, be promoted to ensign? She mentioned modestly his share in the siege. It was the first time that the story had reached intelligent ears, and Madeleine was asked for a more circumstantial account. Otherwise this leaf from the tree of heroism would have mingled with the soil of unrecorded deeds.

Montreal by now had something else but Iroquois to gossip about; she had a hermit. A new church was going up in the grounds of the Congregation, and Jeanne LeBer, daughter of a wealthy trader, offered to help if they would build an apartment for her in it behind the altar. Miss LeBer, a woman of thirty-three, had been living in seclusion in her parents' house, but rarely permitted her parents to see her. Even that retirement was unsatisfactory. So, while vespers were being chanted in the parish church one August evening, a procession headed by the clergy went to fetch her to her cell. For the last time she passed along the vulgar street, clad in a penitential garb, and knelt while Dollier de Casson blessed her new abode, then stepped inside, deserting the world and her aged father. She heard the door fastened behind her. And there she stayed for nineteen years, saving her soul and allowing the others to wait upon her, until heaven had had enough of it and, presumably, admitted her.

Religion was active in other ways. M. de Callières, Montreal's governor, was kneeling on a *prie Dieu* near the altar in this same church when Bishop de St. Vallier corrected him on the position of the *prie Dieu*, saying that while this placing of it was proper for the governor-general, it was somewhat too honorable for the local governor, and bade him relinquish it.

Now blessed are the meek, but de Callières did not belong to this party. Neither did he relinquish the *prie Dieu* at the com-

mand of the Bishop who accordingly left the church in a heat. On Monday he wrote to the superior to have the *prie Dieu* removed. This the superior did with some reluctance, since, if there had to be a choice between the bishop or the governor, there were certain privileges from his excellency which were not to be disesteemed. De Callières had his soldiers move the *prie Dieu* back.

So the bishop wrote another letter.

The superior tiring somewhat of this competition, left the *prie Dieu* severely alone.

Whereupon the bishop whacked out an interdiction, closing the church for any ceremonies, and then rushed to his room to write the king.

The Récollets, whose church it was, enjoyed a vacation for two months, and then declaring that the bishop's form of interdiction was faulty, they opened the church again with the *prie Dieu* at home in its old place. By this time the case had come before the Sovereign Council at Quebec, but was too momentous for them to risk a decision on. So they referred everything to His Majesty, who passed it on to the Privy Council. And they contented themselves with distributing some advice.

Where did the *prie Dieu* remain? History is obscure. All we know is that the bishop did not absolutely tear the church down. But, as Father le Jeune is so fond of saying, let us pass on.

## CHAPTER XXII

### CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY

WITH the 1700's, life for Montreal visibly brightened. A great peace was made with the Iroquois who were astute enough to read the logic of progress. The old days were over, for them, and for the population they had terrorized through a century. They moved into town. Any day great bronzed braves were to be seen running stark naked from shop to shop—"while the nicer sort of Women were wont to hold their Fans before their eyes," says Lahontan, smiling. But no longer would Lachine tremble at noises in the night, nor Madeleine de Verchères glance startled from the window at the sound of a gun. Louis Hector de Callières, governor of Montreal and bishops' stumbling block, conceived and concluded this piece of statesmanship after two years of effort. No man since Maisonneuve had rendered so great a service to the colony.

There was fitting pageant and grandeur for this occasion. The representatives of France, the high officials of the colony, the military and contemporary fashion, dressed in their striking uniforms, met and mingled with the dusky representatives of the woodland nations. Smoke curled from the peace pipe and prisoners were exchanged, and then came the Te Deum and a rich, gigantic banquet punctuated by salvos of artillery and decorated with fireworks.

It was a pity that Marguerite Bourgeoys did not live to see her town safe. She did live long enough, however, for Bishop St. Vallier to approve of her work. When she was in her seventieth year, this good but not too imaginative prelate summoned her to Quebec. Since there were no roads or vehicles, she

walked the hundred and eighty miles through slushy snow and over the ice of streams about to break. Apparently she answered the bishop's questions to his satisfaction, for after he had pondered only seven years longer on the community she had founded, he gave his sanction to its rule of life. For nearly half a century this woman had slaved and dared and suffered for Montreal, a prodigy of activity, common sense, and faith. All Montreal met at her funeral, where the sermon was preached by Dollier de Casson, himself eighty years of age. Pope Leo XIII has pronounced her Venerable, Pope Pius X, Blessed. Her Congregation with its hundred and fifty missions anticipates the day when she will be a saint, Ste. Margaret of Canada. For those of us without the pale, she was one long ago.

Shortly after the turn of the century, Claude de Ramezay was made governor of Montreal. He had come to Canada as a young officer in Governor Denonville's suite. He fought the English at Hudson Bay, the Iroquois in their forests, and Phips at Quebec where he fell in love with a capitalist's daughter, Mlle. Marie-Charlotte Denys, and doubtless was aided with a substantial dot. His brother in arms, de Vaudreuil, married Louise de Joybert de Soulanges. It was de Ramezay's son who was forced to sign the capitulation of Quebec, and de Vaudreuil's who gave Montreal away.

De Ramezay with his own rank of Seigneur de la Gesse, de Montigny, de Boisfleurent in France and de Monnoir and de Ramezay in Canada together with his wife's wealth became more and more prominent as Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis, governor of Montreal, commandant of the militia of the whole country and even administrator of the governor-generalship when Vaudreuil was in France. I can think of nothing more satisfying, to the ear at least, than being Seigneur de Boisfleurent. There's a word that does not need to be set to music.

The de Ramezays built their Chateau in 1705, choosing a rise



of ground near the attractive garden of the Jesuits with an unobstructed view of the St. Lawrence. They were surrounded by the families of society, the Baron de Longueuil, the Contrecoeurs, the d'Eschambaults, the d'Aillebousts and others with equally aristocratic names. If the walls of this Chateau could turn reminiscent, there would be little need of histories, since within them, for nearly two hundred years, the epochal transactions of this part of the continent were aired in confidential conversation. Over this dinner table de la Verendrye talked of Nipigon and the foothills of the Rockies. Here was received Samuel Vetch, on a diplomatic mission from Massachusetts, the same Vetch who believed he could lead the provincials to victory in Sir Hovenden Walker's expedition against Canada, the result of which was fifteen hundred dead bodies on the rocks of the St. Lawrence after the October storm. Powerful Iroquois were dined here. Sister Ste. Hélène adds, "Unlucky are their neighbors at table, especially when they happen to be ladies—they are so filthy in their persons." In these rooms were discussed the annual fairs, the latest *ordonnances*, the state of the fur market, the pleas of the poor, the latest plague, Versailles, the likelihood of an ice shove, the most recent noble visitors from France.

De Ramezay died in 1724 and his family sold the Chateau to the *Compagnie des Indes* a generation later. After the Cession the British bought it for two thousand guineas and made it once more the residence of governors. General Montgomery used it for the headquarters of his Continental Army in 1775-6. It was then that the astute Benjamin Franklin came and had Mesplet set up his printing-press in a vault of the Chateau so that by his bi-lingual newspaper he might disseminate propaganda the better. Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Samuel Chase came with him. The propaganda did not budge the Canadians, and England retrieved Montreal, but those who buy

"The Gazette" in Montreal to-day are buying a descendant of Franklin's paper with the same name—the third oldest newspaper on the continent and one of Canada's best.

The old house was still to know many vicissitudes—as government house, departmental offices, court house, normal school—before it was purchased for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. This society, now seventy years old, is one of those rare evidences of the saving minority, a bulwark of culture against the seas of callousness. But for this society there would have been no monument to Maisonneuve, the Chateau de Ramezay would have been destroyed, and the varied and fascinating collection of pictures, documents, antiquities, and curious things would have been lost. Here are the old prints, old weapons, old coins, everything but the old vibrant atmosphere of the Chateau's active days. And even that may arise before one as he wanders through the surprisingly spacious home and sees the kitchens with their ham-smoking rods and spits turned by a dog in a wheel, and as he examines the objects in use two centuries ago. Here is the ancient *Calèche* in which fashion drove. Here is furniture which paralyzes collectors with envy. Spinning-wheels, candle molds, the scales the Jesuits had in 1683, an antique halberd dug up on the banks of the Lairet, Cartier's camp, the stone archway from the rear of Champlain's home at Brouage, ironwork from the Giffard Manor of 1634 at Beauport, a collection of Indian antiquities from the site of Hochelaga, old weapons from the Plains of Abraham, and thousands of objects, each one a small push-button which, if looked at and thought on, suddenly illumines a corner of old times. For me the most impressive article, I think, was the piece of oak from Jacques Cartier's vessel *La Petite Hermine*, abandoned by him at Quebec and discovered in 1845. But the portraits of the men and women who brought dignity and life to a wilderness will move any one who is attentive to sources. It requires energy and knowledge to squeeze the essence from the

death-in-life that is a museum, and most sight-seers will not devote it to re-creating the vividness long strangled by the dust of time; but it is worth while. In Montreal where sights are shy and need to be sought, this Chateau is an oasis rather than a tomb.

Montreal from the Iroquois Peace to the Cession was still a little town, almost rectangular in shape. The merchants' quarter was adjacent to the Place d'Armes with its Hôtel Dieu, the king's storehouses and the waterfront. Slightly higher stood Notre Dame, the Seminary of the Sulpicians, the Récollets, the Jesuits, the Nuns of the Congregation, the governor's and officers' houses. A palisade with bastions, never in repair, inclosed the place, although rough stone fortifications were started in 1722. These walls were eighteen feet high and had several gates. They inclosed only a hundred acres, and never amounted to anything, being late for the Indians and no obstacle to the cannon of later invaders. They were demolished in 1804 for expansion's sake.

The condition of the streets occasioned language which, it is to be hoped, did not fly into the nuns' windows. The mire was too deep for foot-passengers at times, and even vehicles bogged down. Each house threw its filth into them, and passage along them was complicated by stray cattle and pigs. In 1706 a penalty was announced for keeping pigs in one's house.

Laws were made about leaving church. The intendant enjoined a fine of ten livres for any one departing in too big a hurry. Evidently there had been such haste as to occasion "the risk of wounds or even of life" outside the church door. Consequently it was forbidden to gallop the horse until you were at least ten arpents away.

The king was worried over the increase of horses. He ordered the intendant to "take in hand the reduction of the number of horses. The habitants have only need of them to till the soil, to haul their timber and to transport their wheat. It is not

natural that the inhabitants should make use of them during the winter to communicate with other places instead of going on snow-shoes as they ought to do. Too great attention cannot be paid to make the people take to this usage, now almost a lost art, and the habitants should be prevented as far as possible from leading an easy life by these methods, since such diminishes their strength and breaks down their courage."

One wonders what Louis would have said about the Ford. The Grand Monarque had now been seventy years on the throne, and he was as indefatigable as ever at manipulating the private lives of his subjects. And Louis XV was just as much the busybody. He was soon publishing royal decrees on the renting of church pews in Montreal. Rules on the threading of needles would not have been surprising, and if the habitants had brushed their teeth in those days, Louis would have had a finger in each mouth. As it was he had children jailed for sliding on the streets.

The French kings had turned Canada into a combination kindergarten and dumping ground for French wares. As late as 1750 Kalm, the traveler, says, "There are as yet no manufacturers established in Canada; probably because France will not lose the advantage of selling off its goods here."

Because she would not lose that advantage, she lost Canada; yet, by one of the paradoxes of history, it was this colony, rather than the relatively unrestricted colonies to the south, that clung to the parent stem, endured everything, and fought with a bitter bravery when separation threatened. But the end was in sight long before Amherst paddled down the St. Lawrence and Murray sailed up.

The French, is the claim, have the most logical minds in the world. Then why did they not use them? For a generation, indeed for several generations, the French had watched the increasing power of the settlements to the south. They might have analyzed that increase. They were conversant with his-

tory. One cool mind, in half an hour, could have made a logical précis of the facts which were weighting the scale against France. They did not love the sea, it is true, but they might have realized the necessity of owning it. They at Versailles did not like a self-sustaining colony, but the minimum of wisdom might have foreseen the advantages of a colony able to stand on its own feet. So hearty, so valiant were the Canadians, that given mere honesty in the place of Bigot, and mere common sense instead of Vaudreuil, the ending might have been different even then. But if Versailles had taken a leaf from the book of successful British colonies, it would have been different. It was not logic but ego that paraded the promenades of the Tuileries.

And so all the lands were lost. France's magnificent dream for the conquest of America, her plans on parchment, came to a few obsolete maps. Acadia and Hudson Bay, the northwest fur country and the Mississippi empire, supreme Quebec and vital Montreal—all were lost. All the toil and sacrifice and prayer and torture and enthusiasm were, in one sense, in vain. On the morning of September 9th, 1760, Vaudreuil having put his flowery signature to Amherst's articles of capitulation, the *fleur-de-lys* was lowered from the flagstaff of Citadel Hill for the last time and the British flag run up. At the corner of Notre Dame and McGill streets a tablet tells the site: "Récollets Gate. By this gate Amherst took possession."

Destiny, whose delight is to go veiled, that day threw off her disguise and disclosed the face of the master of logic.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SEVEN MONTHS AMERICAN

ATMOSPHERE is always with us, but it is clouds that make it visible. No visitor to Montreal to-day can hope to enjoy the city intelligently until he has had a good gaze at the clouds which the winds of war rolled up a hundred and seventy years ago.

Before the British conquest, about seventy thousand French men and women, devout Roman Catholics, lived very much as the king of France decided they should live. Then the thunderbolt fell. The army returned to France, and with it the recent officials of the colony together with a part of the *noblesse*. The clergy remained. The great body of habitants remained, and "130 seigneurs, 100 gentry, 125 traders of mark, 25 juriconsults and men of law, 30 doctors and surgeons, and the same number of notaries."

These new subjects of King George were a fine body of people, sturdy and sound, a little unused to being cut off from France, but heartily glad for the most part to be rid of Vaudreuil, Bigot, and company. All they asked, as all that the main body of any nation ever asks, was contentment: to be let live in the practice of their customs, laws, and religion.

To Brigadier Gage fell the extremely delicate task of governing. And so conspicuous were his judgment and tact, that the conquered were soon praising "the mildness and moderation of their New Masters." The people worshiped as of yore. Tribunals of militia officers regulated civil disputes apparently with justice. Business was immediately better. For the first time in her history, Montreal did not have to contend with monopolies, was not required to unload and reload her cargoes

at Quebec. Nor did regulations and ordinances bind other traffickings as in the era of Versailles. Best of all, no distinction was made by the new rulers between Canadian and Briton. The three years of transition until the peace was signed were a marvel of harmony in spite of the inescapable jolts of readjustment, such as the liquidation of the old paper money. An extraordinary harmony.

Being this world and not the next, it could not last. Of the seventy thousand inhabitants in the country, two hundred were Protestants. Fifty-six of these lived in Montreal, and low dogs most of them were, camp-followers, sutlers, and traders, "licentious fanaticks," as Governor Murray, their countryman, called them. These fifty-six men now proposed to form a legislative assembly, to take over all the offices, and to exclude the "new subjects," the French, from any participation whatever. The effrontery of it was preposterous, and Governor Murray said so.

At once the agitators petitioned for his recall; the seigneurs signed another petition asking that he be supported and retained. Murray had previously described three of the leading merchants as follows: "the first of these men is a notorious smuggler and a turbulent man, the second a weak man of little character and the third a conceited boy."

As Murray would naturally have preferred to say kind words of this handful of fellow-countrymen, it can be gathered that they were hard characters. Nevertheless, they won. Few in numbers, but with generations of experience, they had already captured most of the colony's trade. Montreal was, in fact, having her first boom.

The recriminations, petitions and counter-petitions, precipitated something that the embryo assemblymen had not foreseen, the Quebec Act of 1774, which has been well called the Magna Carta of French Canada. It ratified Britain's promises to protect the laws and institutions of French Canadians, restoring

French civil law and declaring that Roman Catholics might worship as they would. Anything else, as the astute in England saw, would have driven the French in Canada back to France or, only a year later, have made Canada the fourteenth American colony.

But the majority are never astute, and the Quebec Act raised a storm in England and America. It helped to touch off the American Revolution. The delegates to Philadelphia unmistakably expressed their fright that this power, given to the Catholics, would "reduce the ancient free Protestant colonies to the same state of slavery as themselves." The congress at Philadelphia also addressed the inhabitants of the province of Quebec asking them to send a delegation "to our federation."

Why should they? argued Quebec. The *noblesse*, the gentry, and the clergy, having obtained all that they desired and far more than they thought possible, were satisfied. The habitants were neutral. The English element sympathized with the discontented Americans to some extent, especially after Lexington, and Montreal listened to much hearth-side oratory. As Ethan Allen approached, Carleton had difficulty getting volunteers. But when Ethan Allen finally appeared before the gates and demanded Montreal's surrender, he was captured instead.

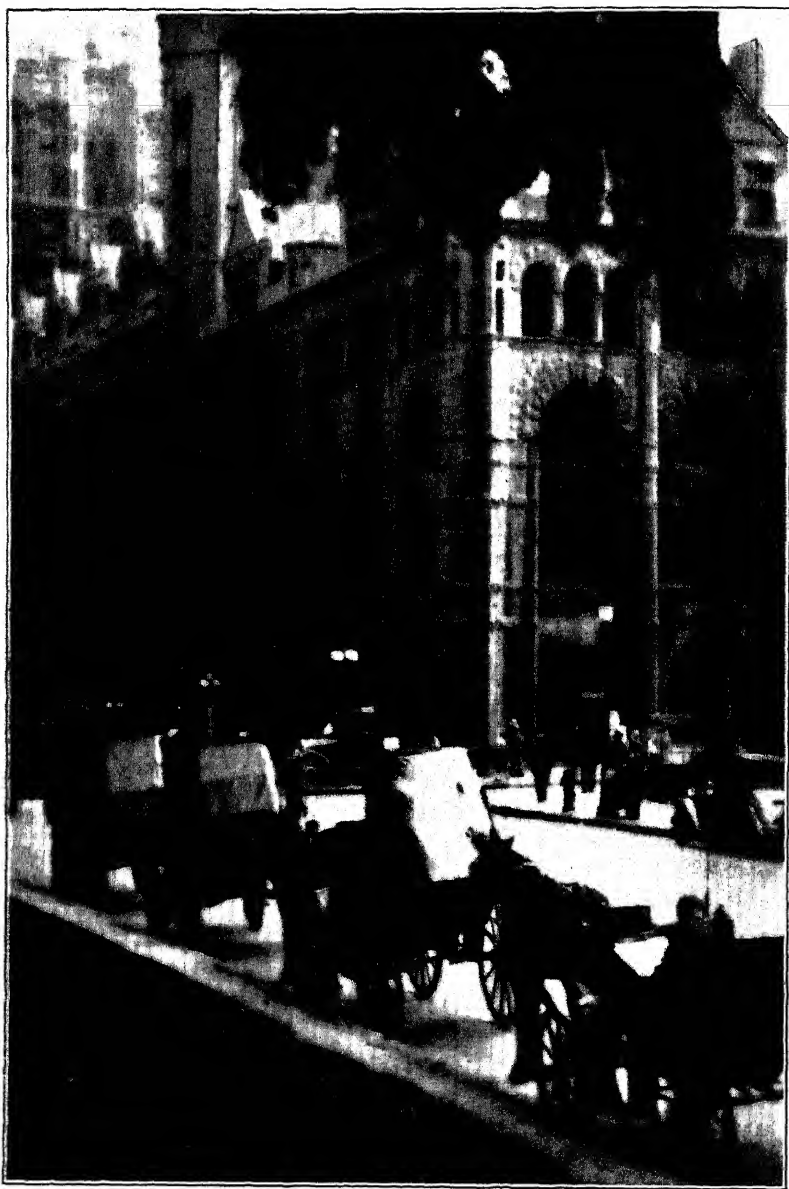
The town was not saved for long. Montgomery entered by the Récollet Gate—at the corner of McGill and Notre Dame—and Montreal was to be an American city, under the Philadelphia congress, for seven months.

This was Montgomery's last victory; six weeks later he was dead in Quebec, and Benedict Arnold returned to the Chateau de Ramezay to confer with Messrs. Franklin, Carroll, and Chase. Carroll was the most persuasive envoy the Americans could have found, since he had the largest fortune in the colonies, a mastery of the French tongue, and professed the Catholic religion.

The French Canadian clergy, however, were still better







*Photo by Vanderpant*

THE CALÈCHES AT WINDSOR STATION, MONTREAL

equipped. The envoys had forgotten, perhaps, that their congress which was inviting these Roman Catholics in the most endearing terms to associate themselves with the colonies in the revolution had, in almost the same breath, said of the Quebec Act, "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion which has deluged your Island in blood and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world." But the clergy of the late New France remembered those words. There was something striking about the sentence. During the speeches they listened to, at any impassioned climax of Franklin or Carroll or Chase, the clergy had only to drag that sentence to light, and the climax wilted. Franklin left, as an English fleet sailed up the St. Lawrence, with as large a measure of unsuccess as he had ever had to swallow, and Arnold followed. Montreal nestled once more against the British lion.

Almost at once the United Empire Loyalists began to pour in. The English-speaking party gained daily in strength and the desire for an assembly grew. The agitation divided the colony into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada. The legislative assembly of Lower Canada was to have not less than fifty members, of Upper Canada not less than sixteen. The bill became law in May, 1791.

More had been accomplished toward giving the people a political self-esteem in the twenty-eight years since the Cession than in the previous hundred and fifty. But imagine the confusion, the strain on quiet natures, of these kaleidoscopic changes! A Frenchman of less than forty could remember, as a boy, having considered the king of France as only less than the sun itself. In his teens he had seen Murray and the redcoats come marching in with the world turned upside down. In his maturer years he had been British and American by turns. And now he was to vote! This latest extravagance of the conquerors

must have been perplexing. But our Henri had inherited a shrug of the shoulders. Perhaps a vote might be entertaining, even beneficial. He would wait and see.

Waiting and seeing had already done much for this compound nation. Oil and water, it had seemed only a generation earlier, might more easily have mingled. The halves were poles apart with a sea of bitterness between. They were dual in race, in tongue, in ambition, in philosophy, in religion, in every phase of mentality and method. They were conqueror and conquered. Then by one of those happy strokes of governmental genius at which the British excel, the Act of 1774! Generosity on their part, and adaptability by the French, and an advancing prosperity to bridge the sea of recent bitterness and mistrust of the two peoples who had not previously had the honor of knowing each other.

To know everything is to pardon everything, say the French with a graceful exaggeration which it seems discourteous to amend. The realization of that proverb was to come slowly, and from it was to emanate the atmosphere which makes Montreal unique in all America.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### MID-CITY RAMBLE

SOMEWHERE, preferably on the Place d'Armes near Maisonneuve, Montreal should erect a monument to the beaver. This rodent is, of course, the national animal, but its relationship to Ville Marie is closer yet. The town sprang from prayer and peltry. Homage to one parent is visible in a thousand churches; the other has hardly had his due.

Montreal had already been well founded on the backs of little animals when the tide of English progressiveness swept in. Could the beaver of Athabasca and Assiniboine have known what this progressiveness was going to do to them, their individual hairs would have stood on end. By 1780 the annual return amounted to upwards of £200,000 and the North West Company had not yet got its stride.

Montreal was the headquarters for this great concern, but Fort William was the rendezvous for the partners. There these overlords of the trade met, and thence they sent out their explorers, expert traders, and the brawny breeds who could fight the Hudson's Bay Company at its own game. The violence bred by this business extended to the partners' quarrels, and for a while an X. Y. Company seceded from the N. W. But Sir Alexander Mackenzie, returning from the river of his name, patched up the rivalries and infused new power into the old organization.

Washington Irving's "Astoria" conveys some idea of the splendors of the great days—and nights—at Fort William when the Company had 50 agents, 70 interpreters, and 1,100 *voyageurs*. But rarer tales, unseen of print, might have been

heard in the Company's counting-room in the tall peaked warehouse on St. Gabriel Street opposite the Fire Station near Notre Dame. The agents were veterans of the wilderness, and when they troubled to speak, their talk was full of strange names and stranger deeds. For in that trade there were two tricks to one in any other, and a fair-sized war with the Hudson's Bay Company furnished thoughts and recollections to a man who kept judicious company.

Inevitably these birds of like feather formed a club, the Beaver Club. Nineteen of them at first, salty men who had wintered in the Indian country and who had traded from their youth. The club numbered fifty-five at last, with ten honorary members. Grizzled, wind-tanned, with the burr in their speech, a glint in the eye, and the stamp of a pugnacious vitality on their thought, they met at a dinner on the first Wednesday of December, and fortnightly until April thereafter. For the benefit of the fur vessels' captains, a summer club was added.

A by-law stated that "no member shall have a party at his house on club-days, nor accept invitations; but if in town, must attend, except prevented by indisposition."

A superfluous by-law. Who would have stayed away for the other pleasures that Montreal could offer in 1812? The combination of goodfellowship and shop-talk of continental proportions, the opportunity to hear Alexander Henry tell of his escapes, to follow Mackenzie through the Rockies, to entertain Washington Irving, the enthusiastic and smooth-spoken young man from another world, to welcome John Jacob Astor on his yearly visits to Montreal and learn about organization from him—all this in front of a broad hearth, with a glass at the elbow and a pipe in the mouth—this no man with the ineradicable nostalgia of western trails in his heart would miss. Few members were blackballed for transgressing that by-law.

John Jacob Astor learned a thing or two himself from these grim Scots and sharp-witted French Canadians. The house

where he lived still stands at the southwest corner of Vaudreuil and Ste. Thérèse. Mackenzie's home stood near the head of Simpson Street, Alexander Henry's near the foot of St. Urbain, west side. Simon McTavish, the chief partner of the North West Company, built a large house on the side of Mount Royal to surprise his wife who had objected to coming out to such a rude country, though the conveniences of Scotland in 1805 could not have been extraordinary. One night McTavish was impelled to visit this home nearing completion and saw an apparition of his wife hanging in the moonlight from the roof-tree. The ship on which she was to have come brought the news of her suicide by hanging in the garret of her home. McTavish was broken by this and died. On the way up Mount Royal from Peel Street, near the high level reservoir, an obelisk marks his grave.

In 1811 the Beaver Club heard bad news. Lord Selkirk, who had bought two fifths of the Hudson's Bay Company stock, was proposing to push a settlement in the Red River country and at the same time redouble the opposition to the Nor' Westers. Maledictions were called upon Lord Selkirk who had sat around that very hearth and asked ingenuous questions until he knew the last inside secret of the fur trade. The guest had turned arch-competitor. There was but one alleviation for the sting. It had taken a Scot to catch Scots napping.

The ensuing war reduced both companies very nearly to bankruptcy. Finally canniness overtook cantankerousness and in 1821 the two companies amalgamated. In the preceding quarter century the foundations of Montreal's prosperity had been laid. They were now to be built on. The club which had added so much to the magnificence and picturesqueness of social life in the aspiring town met in Joseph Frobisher's house, "Beaver Hall" on Beaver Hall Hill. The mansion is no more.

Below Beaver Hall Hill an oblong of undistinguished vacancy broadens out and is called Victoria Square. Royalty, in

my opinion, is astonishingly unfortunate in the places that get named for it. If some frothing communist had wished to snub the reigning family of Britain, he could not have done it better than by traveling about the dominion naming the stuffiest squares, the sqattiest buildings, the most depressing towns, after the princes and their parents, just as has been done. Unless he had gone to the added pains of erecting some of the awful statuary. If there is one square in all of Montreal which has no qualities to detain one, it is this tram-girt, tram-bisected parallelogram named after the august queen.

St. James Street carries you east from here past the newspaper offices into the financial district and means to Canada what Wall Street means to the United States. The atmosphere is very similar, the same tall buildings—though naturally not so tall here—the same sunless narrow streets—the same impregnability of marble, and of the human mien, and in both cases a river conveniently near.

In a short walk you come out again upon the Place d'Armes, and this time you are asked to admire the banks rather than the church. This is made easier by their numbers; the proportion of seven to one would have amused Butler. The Bank of Montreal, which is to Canada what the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is to England, is housed in the stately Corinthian temple. Enter and worship in that lofty interior with its great pillars. A spiritual hush pervades the dimly lighted place. Stooping little figures in the cages are busily transferring millions from ledger to ledger, and these priests have the true decorum. From time to time some worried citizen approaches one of the confessionals and leaves considerably relieved, one cannot tell of what. The façade of the building is so stately, the interior so impressive that those entering the institution to be refused a loan accept the verdict very tranquilly. Beauty has its uses. To the lovers of "Erewhon," this cathedral is the book incarnate.

A little farther east is the Court House, which started out to



be Corinthian but changed its mind. Look in to see the elaborate costumes of the judges, to listen to a trial in French. Quebec still uses the eighteenth century jurisprudence with certain English amendment which, as Charles Stokes says in "Here and There about Montréal," is somewhat interesting to the legal visitor, exasperating to the unsuspecting litigant, and romantic to the tourist.

The Champ de Mars opens out on a view worth seeing, with the Mountain showing a different profile. This place was originally a field leveled off for a parade ground. The old city walls, paralleling Notre Dame across it, cut the old field in half.

Jacques Cartier Square opens southward, and here is the place to see the habitant to good advantage. Here he sells cheese and poultry and peas for the national soup. The upper part of the square was once *la Place des Jesuits*. St. Amable Street, lower down, leads you into the antique spirit. Here is Montreal at its ancientest. It was on this square that the inhabitants of Ville Marie gathered to see Iroquois savages roasted before slow fires with Frontenac's permission.

Over all stands one-armed Nelson on his column, fifty feet above the turmoil, his other arm resting "elegantly"—as a former writer has it—upon some broken rigging. At his feet stood the pillory of yore where the unfortunate malefactor sat to be jeered at or swatted with eggs by any passerby who desired to exhibit his marksmanship or his callous temper.

The punishments of a few generations ago are as incredible as the crimes of to-day. How did they secure men to carry out the judges' sentences? A murderer was "broken." That is they flogged him, then broke his arms and legs and thighs, one by one, and then left him on a platform until he died. Men and women gathered to enjoy the spectacle. Truly, men may have been created only a little lower than the angels, but certainly a long way below the animals. Can one imagine cattle flocking to see other cattle burnt? Tigers, I am certain, would refuse the

rôle of executioner in the good old days when the flesh was ripped off a man in several hundred lashings because he had in his possession an illicit bag of salt. If some celestial adding-machine could total our good qualities and our bad, would the difference equal the virtues, less the vices, of an average terrier? It is fortunate for the race that we have our Madeleines de Verchères, our Jeanne Mances, our Marguerite Bourgeoys and our Maisonneuves to offset the mob and temper the pompous insanity of our muddled systems.

## CHAPTER XXV

### MOUNT ROYAL

No municipal council in Montreal has ever yet suggested leveling off the Mountain. This is strange when one remembers what has been done. For instance, the civic authorities noticed that the Place d'Armes was just a quaint old French garden shadowed by historic trees and decided to improve it. So they cut down the trees, tore up the beautiful antique fence, and turned the Place into a lovely sheet of asphalt, embellished by two splendid lavatories. One can only say with Butler, "O God! O Montreal!"

Phillips Square came next. Some magnificent elms had welcomed the spring there from generation to generation. It was suddenly discovered that they interfered with the view of a monument. So down came the elms!

And these vandals were not pursued and hanged; they were paid a salary! O God! O Democracy!

However, the Mountain is still there, and it lifts the city above the uniformity of cities, above the detritus of trade, into the region of the distinguished. Montreal, now nearly a thousand miles from the sea, was once beneath it as the fossil sea-shells tell. As that depression passed, volcanoes arose, and Mount Royal spouted fire, being one crater in a chain of eight. The glacial age came on, gouging the valleys and scoring the hardest rock, and then once more the sea flowed over the future city's site. On the second recession, the lapping waters left beaches, terraces, on Mount Royal's sides.

After all this turmoil it is not surprising that the mountain is not so very high, 763 feet to be scientifically exact. But height

in feet conveys nothing of the meaning of the Mountain to Montreal. It is always there for the man in the street to glance up to and remember that the world is not wholly made of brick and prices. It is there in summer for a woods-lover to poke about and smell the dark earth so early warm on the sunny slopes, as he watches the saddle-horses disappearing down the leafy bridle paths, or the cloud shadows rolling their surge of purple across long fields. Westward the waters of the Ottawa glisten on a silver horizon. To the north lies open country, while down the east the city paces the St. Lawrence only to be distanced at last by the imperturbable river. Southward the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks lift dimly on clear days. In the summer there are soft glens to lie in and an unwearying breeze washes away the heat. And night there brings its coverlet of privacy to spread above the black-locked Romeos and quick-eyed Juliets.

No tender dalliance goes on here in winter, however. It is a world of snow, with drifts sharpened by the steel-edged wind, and a brilliant sky sloping down to horizons of a pale sea-green. It is a world of motion, at times, when all the polar enterprises are on. Sleighs lilt by where the summer calèche, heavy with tourists, used to drag behind the slow jog-jog-jog of the cadaverous horses. The toboggan chute discharges shrieking females into the lap of gravity. Snow-shoe clubs wind over the ridges in torch-light processions. And ski-jumpers, confronting a leap which would have provided Hamlet with about seven pages of soliloquy, push over the brink in quick and painless triumph. And it can be a world of solitude on days of storm or nights when even a Chamber of Commerce would admit that it is cold. To walk in these woods of a snowy afternoon, alone, curtained from the seethe and rumble of the streets below, is to believe illusion. It is impossible that escape from the million could be so easy. It is incredible that so much wild beauty could lie but ten minutes above the Ritz Carlton Hotel. Perhaps you

see skiers gliding among the trees, but they are as harmless to the spell as birds. The solitude is but embroidered by their graceful and transient society, and the wilderness resumes.

Along the southern apron of the Mountain the homes of the very rich overlook their conquests. There is no finer dwelling-place in Canada. The sun strikes clear by day, the breeze is as faithful as a hound and rarely too impetuous, and at night a sea of lights speaks reassuringly of life and power. If one intends to be honest, it is perhaps well to admit that life is largely a matter of the senses. A few emancipated intelligences may be independent of sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and touches; but for most of us life is a continuous effort to improve the standard of seeing, hearing, and tasting. For this reason, the fortunate few who live on the upper tiers of the Mountain's southern slope are to be envied. In Quebec or Ottawa you can support your senses admirably on very little; but in Montreal it is really advisable to be wealthy.

The Mountain has two summits, each with its character, and as many ways of reaching the top as the days in the week. The most direct is up Peel Street, then the path, then the steps, and *voilà*, the observation terrace! That single effort is worth all the setting-up exercises that radio can pronounce; but if you prefer conversation, take the road. You cannot have both.

The view depends on your luck. On week-days it may end in the smudge of progress; on days of unexciting skies, it may be interesting but not impressive. There are other times, notably on clear Sunday mornings, when the whole geography of the eastern island lies clear and explicable as a solved puzzle. The bridges, the islands, the great buildings, and churches, and hotels, and parks identify themselves. The woodlands of the Mountain are seen to have invaded the town, marching two abreast down every street. And beyond shines the river, dropping its eternal relations with the woods and fields to take up the harbor chores. Little towns string along the southern shore,

and from the open country beyond rise Mount Royal's seven brothers, bowed under the burden of their æons. The bridges at which you look so calmly are two miles long. There are places on the Mountain which give less panoramic but more artful pictures than this observation terrace, and I found myself frequenting the nooks from which I could see less and be more enraptured.

The dead sleep, on the farther slopes, in two vast cemeteries: Mount Royal, if you anticipate a Protestant heaven, Notre Dame des Neiges for Catholic hopes. Appropriateness can go no further than this name, for by November the monuments and headstones are deep in a rival whiteness that lasts well into April. Notre Dame des Neiges. Canada, Our Lady of the Snows. A poem repudiated for business reasons.

The northern slopes of Mount Royal are zoned lower down by whole congresses of ecclesiastical edifices, the Convent of the Holy Name, the Convent of the Precious Blood, Villa Maria Convent, Notre Dame des Neiges College, the Oratory of St. Joseph, and others in the building. Enough prayers ascend from Montreal to lift the city bodily to heaven. Then there is the University of Montreal, founded by the priests of the Seminary of Quebec in 1878 as Laval but since become independent of the Quebec institution. This university is erecting a new and comprehensive home for its various faculties now scattered over the city, a structure of such size and so vivid a hue that it attracts the eye from afar and subordinates the Mountain to itself. It is to be hoped that the all-erasing weather will subdue the color to a more scholastic shade.

The university's main building at present is at St. Denis and St. Catherine, near the Latin Quarter of Montreal. This institution of learning is the Columbia of French Canada. Its faculties of theology and medicine and law have won a high reputation.

From the terrace of the as yet unfinished Oratory of St. Joseph the northern levels of the Island lie outspread, and

within this place lives Brother André, the Miracle Man. He was formerly employed by the Congregation of the Holy Cross Fathers in the alternative capacity of doorkeeper and barber. He evinced a sympathetic interest in boys who took their troubles to him confident of help. The indisposed felt better after a visit, the sick grew definitely well. Soon the pilgrim sick were coming in ever greater numbers from everywhere, until the number of miracles averaged two hundred and fifty a month. A gorgeous reception room was constructed for this work, but Brother André preferred the humbler setting he was accustomed to. The occasional miracle, they say, is still performed although Brother André is an aged man. The huge Basilica is nearing completion. The devout may now approach on their knees up a broad flight of stairs.

There is something for everybody on the Mountain: creases for cricketers, hurdles for horses, even a stream for boys to play in. Greenhouses interrupt the illusion of mountainhood for a moment but supply some glorious color in the adjacent garden of headquarters. The fiery cross is not, as some perturbed Southerners may think, the work of the K.K.K. but a perpetuation of the cross of Maisonneuve.

To discover what we truly hate is a good thing; to discover what we truly love is a better; but to be sure of what is good for us is the best of all. And this has been done for Montreal by the group of citizens who have saved this royal mountain from despoliation by civic vandalism and public wantonness. The great park is safe. It daily restores a multitude to health. It offers to all the priceless boons of nature and the privacy of the woods in an encircling city.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### FROM DOMINION SQUARE

THE most casual traveler doubtless feels better when he knows where he is. And in Montreal he will probably establish Dominion Square as his first landmark, his base. The Windsor Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway releases him upon it. The automobile blue books route him to it. The Windsor Hotel occupies a venerable site on its west side.

The square itself is largely a populous expanse of the unemployed who grace the benches and accept the invitation of the trees to meditation, since there is little else to accept. And this meditation is interrupted, one fears, by many extraneous noises. The sight-seeing automobiles await the results of their barkers' vocal efforts. The calèche drivers compete. Shoppers and theater-goers whirl by towards Ste. Catherine Street. Men and women are dashing into the Sun Life Assurance building to get their lives insured. Others are running for the last local to Ste. Anne and Vaudreuil. One may even see Indians, but they are going in to address the Canadian Club or dance at the Mount Royal.

St. James Cathedral does add a calming note. This seat of the Roman Catholic arch-diocese of Montreal is a fairly exact replica of St. Peter's in Rome, about one third in dimensions, and so chosen to symbolize the union of the Church in Canada with the See of Peter. The façade attracts the eye, even before the dome, and over the portico stand thirteen statues, not Christ and the apostles, but saints donated by different parishes.

The interior is a lofty cavern of white and gold. There is a Chapel for the Papal Zouaves, for the French Canadian mem-



bers of the Zouaves who fought in defense of the Papal States against Garibaldi. After Garibaldi won and the Pope lost his temporal power, the Zouaves served the government of National Defense in France during the Franco-Prussian war—and lost again. A few white-haired survivors totter by in an annual parade past bewildered spectators who wonder. But it must have been a glittering adventure, in 1868, to leave the shelter of French Canada for battles in Rome, with the Pope and all the hierarchy of heaven on their side.

The square is cut in half by Dorchester Street, the street that caused Mark Twain's complaint that you couldn't stand on a street corner in Montreal and throw a stone without breaking a church window. "Nearly five hundred churches and chapels," says Victor Morin. Omitting the chapels, there are, actually, 212 churches in Montreal and 38 synagogues—at last count.

I have often wondered why, then, in this paradise of spiritual influence, the populace has not a more saintly aspect. How many tourists does it require to corrupt a town? Are seaports four times as immoral as inland cities, or only twice? A scientific study of wickedness would provide interesting reading. Is there seasonal wickedness? Do the curves of gambling and wine-bibbing and prostitution rise together? Is prostitution eradicable? And if not, what kind of red light control performs the most good for the greatest number? In Montreal they have had segregated localities. And then a civic explosion occurs, and flaming bits of pimps and prostitutes descend in showers over the city with the result of igniting innumerable little centers of vice. And the business of the twenty-two venereal clinics goes up. Judging from the antiquity of the problem, it appears that omniscience and eternity will be required to settle it.

Sherbrooke Street corresponds to Fifth Avenue, and progress is similarly affecting it. The great homes of an aristocratic age are being torn down that elaborate apartment buildings may rise. The great elms yield to the advancing pressure of rents.

The families whose names made the street read like a column of the social register are moving higher up the Mountain. The traffic grows denser, noisier, and swifter. Progress and destruction hatch, it seems, from the same egg, but why destruction should be always aimed at peace is a matter for rebellion. The Sherbrooke Street I knew in the age of dignity and sleighs, the age of green quiet and cricket on the lawns of McGill, was an oasis of perfection. No benefits, for which these things have been destroyed, have yet transpired.

The hysteria and coil of encroaching progress have not as yet destroyed the island of lawns and trees and scholastic edifices on this highway known as McGill University. It was in 1811 that the Hon. James McGill left £10,000 and his estate of Burnside for a college. Like all incipient greatness, for even Hercules fought serpents in his cradle, the institution had struggles, and when William Dawson, the later Sir William, became principal in 1855 he found it still a feeble little college of eighty students. To-day the faculty exceeds that number and there are over a thousand students. "McGill and Its Story" by Cyrus Mac-Millan will tell you the tale. Its fame has gone around the world, especially for its medicine. Forty buildings house this learning and the desire under these elms of the campus is anti-toxin for the hubbub and asphalt of the business mentalities beyond the gates.

The University Library is one of the few places where a man can find a book in Montreal. The city, the second largest in the British Empire, is a desert for the book-lover. Possibly the native can find what he wants in some private library, and there is a semi-public library, the Fraser Institute at the corner of Dorchester and University, also at Westmount a library of merit. But suppose one of Montreal's two million visitors a year desired to read. Where should he go? I can only shrug my shoulders in the French Canadian manner and suggest that he learn French; then he can take advantage of some of the his-

torical and religious collections in the Université de Montreal or at the Seminary. I can, however, advise him not to be taken in by the joke that this hilarious city plays on visitors. It is called Civic Library, and it is magnificently housed on the south side of Sherbrooke East. I shall not forget that time the joke was played on me. I had naïvely inquired for a library and had been directed thither. When I saw the classic portico, the impressive pillars and the marble court, the statuary and the prints, my heart leaped up.

"Here," I said to myself, "is the magnificent realization of all that a library should be. All praise to this metropolis." And I hurried along one imposing corridor after another until I found an attendant.

"Where shall I find the history?" I asked him, first in English then in French.

"The history, monsieur?" he seemed puzzled.

"Yes, the books of history." My French was obscure. "Direct me, if you please, to the stacks, to the rooms where the books are, and I can find the history for myself."

"Ah," he said, brightening, "you desire to see the books."

"Yes, the books."

"But, monsieur, there aren't any books."

"Isn't this the library?"

"*Mais oui*, but the books," he shrugged a shoulder, "we cannot afford the books, monsieur."

It was the damning truth. Marble, marble everywhere, and hardly a card in the catalogue.

"Why?" I asked, but the attendant only shrugged the other shoulder and left me. I was too unreasonable.

And I do not know the answer yet. Money could be found if desired. In fact I have heard that the Carnegie Foundation offered and was refused. Yet this emptiness could hardly have been a policy determined on before the elaborate shell was erected. It is inadvisable, as the world knows, for the Catholic

young to be too well-read, but could they not be barred as they are from the talkies, or admitted only with their parents? The result remains; miles of shelf-space and an established reluctance on the part of the authorities to fill it. And so the Paris of America must seek her culture on the newsstand.

Art has fared better in Montreal. There is not only an Art Gallery, there are pictures in it. This marble invitation to the Muses' fugitives rises on Sherbrooke at Ontario. The permanent collection is large enough to include a few old Italian and Dutch paintings, some recent Dutch and French and English, and modern Americans, but with Canadians only slightly represented.

Two blocks west of the Art Gallery, Guy Street cuts down from the Mountain to form a sort of psychological boundary on the west of central uptown Montreal. Walking down to Ste. Catherine, you come to the Grey Nunnery of Madame d'Youville, less a convent than a hospital with several hundred rooms.

If a lady was ever more opposed in doing good, I have not seen the chronicle. Marie Marguerite de Lajemmerais married, at twenty-one, a Montrealer named François Madelene You d'Youville, to be left, eight years later, a widow with several children and a wealth of debts. Madame d'Youville, thus forced into the society of the poor, soon came to enjoy it, and commenced to busy herself about the hospital of the Charon Frères, Hôpital Général de Montreal. Her enthusiasm or her eloquence intrigued three other women into a zeal for usefulness, and these four rented a house and started to care for the poor.

To the surrounding laity, this career looked too irreproachable to be true; its very impeccability suggested to the suspicious a cloak for nefarious undertakings. When had four women been so gratuitously helpful? Gossip spread, and on All Saints' Day in 1738 a crowd collected before the d'Youville door and threw not only insults but stones in the ladies' faces. These astonished women discovered that they were accused of selling

intoxicants to the savages as well as of taking the occasional nip themselves.

"*Voilà Sœurs Grises!*" cried the wags of Montreal, *grises* meaning not only grey but tipsy.

No calumny could have been farther-fetched, but one of the Récollet Fathers publicly refused holy communion to Madame and her associates in that spirit of Christian charity which distinguishes our sects.

Behind this extraordinary treatment of the guiltless women lay a fear that Madame d'Youville, who was as able as she was kind-hearted, would be given the General Hospital to run by the Seigneurs de St. Sulpice. St. Sulpice had a perfect right to dispose of the hospital in such a way; indeed it was only reverting to them because the Charon Frères could not keep it up.

Meanwhile the ladies with the tenacity of righteousness and the courage of greatness earned a living for themselves and their poor by the needle. One of the four died. Madame d'Youville was confined to a chair for seven years by an injury. Capping the tribulations which the Lord delights to send upon his faithful, the house burned down. Crowds of hostile spectators applauded the flames, the violet tinge of which, as they pointed out, was caused by the *eau de vie* kept by the sisters to debauch the savages. That no instance of a debauched savage had ever been even remotely traced to the door made, of course, no difference to this claue of opposition.

With invincible persistence, the three ladies found a new headquarters. They had nine dependants. The General Hospital was tottering. Even the extremely mild reasoning powers of the administrators saw that it would be advantageous to have Madame d'Youville run it.

The valiant woman had no sooner achieved this goal than new disaster threatened from Quebec. The Intendant Bigot was concerned about extravagance! He desired to reduce expenditures—that the funds to loot might be larger—and ordered the

General Hospital to unite itself to the Hôtel Dieu or the General Hospital of Quebec!

Even in that preposterous era such an order was too preposterous. Madame d'Youville petitioned the governor-general, Vaudreuil. But he was the Bottom of the play. Next she petitioned the bishop. One might have expected some sympathy from him, if one were unread. But all were against her, and one morning when she was out marketing, the drums beat and a proclamation was read ordering the buildings, the furniture, everything to be sold at once; the transfer to Quebec would take place.

It was one outrage too much. Montreal's sensible elements rallied about the women and transformed even the recent hostility into helpfulness. *Les Sœurs Grises* should not leave them! the General Hospital had been founded by Montreal charity for the Montreal infirm. Why should it go to Quebec? So they hunted up an order of Louis XIV of 1692 stating that the hospital should subsist in perpetuity at Montreal. The struggle was won against intendant, governor-general and bishop, against the other rabble, and Madame d'Youville's triumph was further established by new letters patent signed by the king in 1753. The nuns chose the grey habit, now universally esteemed, to preserve the costume of derision in the days of their bitterness.

The first Grey Nunnery stood near the waterfront at the Place Youville. Warehouses still use part of the old buildings, and the new Customs House marks the southwest corner of their estate. To-day the activities of the sisterhood cover the whole field of mercy. House to house visitations of the poor were started a hundred years ago. When the great plagues of typhus and cholera devastated Montreal, the Grey Nuns were always in the thick of battle. They have nursed indefatigably through the epidemics of small-pox and influenza of later years. Forty thousand foundlings have been taken care of since their

opening. They have instituted hospitals and training-schools, orphanages and kindergartens, and educational centers for the blind. It is a marvelous organization of magnanimity. It is a story of amazing pluck and sanity. The Church has recognized it and has declared Venerable, this woman who at twenty-eight faced fatigues and privations and sacrifices and insane hostility with such holy courage.

CHAPTER XXVII  
CONCESSION À TOURISME

THE talent of a sight-seer is best measured by the number of sights he omits. Touring employs the technique of the art gallery on a larger scale. The beginner gulps in everything. The specialist studies one picture. And in between lies the happy amateur who prefers to leave haunted by a few masterpieces rather than with a blurry hodge-podge of a thousand paintings. But some people are by nature given to promiscuity and this fatiguing chapter is for them.

There is the matter of the harbor, the magnitude of which is unknown even to most Montrealers. Of all the inland ports of the world, Montreal, 870 miles from the sea, is second only to London. Of all the ports on this continent, second only to New York. As early as 1674, eight hundred canoes came here from the upper country for the yearly fur market. Since there was no Lachine Canal, I suppose the braves sat on the shore and watched the squaws do the portaging. Last year, the third year of the depression, four thousand inland vessels alone with a net tonnage of 3,770,000 were docked. In 1928, ocean vessels totaling 1,607 tied up, and 211,000,000 bushels of grain were handled through harbor elevators. Figures like these are merely an impediment to the eye, utterly meaningless except to men who have watched the harbor grow and are conversant with the statistics of other harbors.

The jurisdiction of the harbor begins with the frontage from the mouth of Little River St. Pierre down the river-shore and under Victoria bridge by Windmill Point to Bout de l'Isle, and on the opposite shore to the high-water mark in St. Lam-



bert, Montreal South and Longueil. The products of the world pass through it, and on its banks are found the vast complexity of interests contributory to the romance of cargoes—docks and dry-docks, customs houses, warehouses, grain elevators, markets, immigrant offices, sailors' hostels, the sailors themselves—and their women—ocean liners, tramps, and barges, and ordinary travelers.

What this harbor loses in the tang of the sea, it gains in sunshine. Probably it is gayer with light than any harbor on the misty deep. The cry of the gull is heard, but there is order everywhere. Montreal owes no little fraction of her wealth to the efficiency of her Harbor Commission, for it seems that the stream of commerce can be dislocated by almost imponderable items. A brief congestion of traffic, and millions of bushels of wheat may be diverted to Albany. The rate on export traffic is raised a hundredth of a cent a pound by the railways, and somebody remembers the Erie Canal. The almost invisible swaying of a trend means wealth or failure, and the issues involved in a vote, such as the St. Lawrence seaway project, are incalculable. Competition is Polyphemus-eyed, with that one eye fixed on cheapness, and the old Hanseatic ports are memorials to what happens when commissions sleep. Less than a hundred years ago Canada was the fourth ship-owning country of the whole world; now she is tenth.

It is such realizations that keep harbors awake at night. Montreal has much to contend against. Winter holds her tight for several months. There are long towage costs, a pilotage of three hundred miles. Vancouver, that only thought of shipping grain a few years ago, has already an elevator capacity of 17,000,000 bushels, 2,000,000 bushels more than Montreal. Then there is the Hudson Bay Route, which seems to the unpolitical onlooker a piece of scandalous folly in the light of the dominion's present transportation burdens, but which can be rigged to injure Montreal none the less.

There is a dual drama in this harbor, the color and conflict of its daily, nightly work; and the invisible interplay of those gigantic forces called modern business. For nearly five centuries the St. Lawrence has been the gateway to the continent; the struggle now is to keep her from being the back-gateway. And the stroller on the docks who has something of both dramas in his mind will not find dullness there.

Is it insulting to remind the traveler that he is on an island? I should like to know how many casual visitors to Montreal are aware that they are entirely surrounded by water. If you arrive by air, at St. Hubert's—on the south shore opposite the city—this Manhattan of the North sits green and beautiful amid its many waters. You can see the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa kissing at Ste. Anne on the western tip. Then the Ottawa flows down the northern side of the Island, separating into the Rivière des Prairies—nicknamed the Back River—and the Rivière des Mille Isles, not to mingle finally with the St. Lawrence until they reach Bout de l'Île some thirty-two miles from Ste. Anne. At its widest the Island of Montreal is just ten miles wide.

The tourist will soon associate some simple character with each of the city's main divisions. Mount Royal for scenery, the Jacques Cartier Square quarter for old history, St. James Street for finance, Ste. Catherine Street for shopping, the west end for the English-Speaking, the east end for the French. He will be confused at first by hearing of cities within cities. Westmount, for example, is an independent municipality engulfed by Montreal in her sweep westward, but not obliterated. Other cities subscribing to the Island of Montreal Metropolitan Commission are Outremont, Verdun, Lachine, and the towns of St. Pierre, St. Laurent, Montreal West, Laval de Montreal, St. Michel, Mount Royal, and Hampstead. Occasionally a city deceases—like Maisonneuve—and goes to Montreal.

Next he will find himself differentiating the streets. St.

Denis will provide him with French Canadian life and he will wander down it looking for the Latin Quarter near the Montreal Sorbonne, the Université de Montreal. St. Lawrence will mean Jewry to him, and Lagauchetière something else again. On St. Denis, above Ste. Catherine, he will find the Library of St. Sulpice with 100,000 volumes—in French—and come out on Lafontaine Park with a lake and trees and French Canada diverting itself beneath them. Laliberté's statue of Dollard stands near the north end. He will probably reach Fletcher's Field where the Hôtel Dieu, originally put on St. Paul Street by Jeanne Mance in 1644, now stands, with Hébert's statue of Jeanne Mance on the St. Urbain corner of Pine Ave.

And walking along Pine Ave. westward he will be headed for the Percival Molson Stadium where McGill plays, and the Royal Victoria Hospital, gift of Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, one of the famous hospitals of the continent. But like myself he may turn back to the French streets, if only to laugh at the miles of corkscrew outside stairways by which the denizens of the upper flats overhaul their homes. Possibly the first such stairway was an inspiration, but several hundred miles of them leave one slightly dizzy. What the inhabitants do in sleet storms I leave to the imagination of "Ballyhoo."

The antidote to these stairways is a motor trip around the island, and this is not to be skimmed on; take no short cuts, for if Montreal met the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, this trip would still repay. From Dominion Square drive down Windsor Street to Notre Dame, west a block to Murray, then south again, turning right across the Lachine Canal and then west on Wellington toward Verdun.

The Lachine Canal sprang from the fertile ratiocinations of Dollier de Casson, the Sulpician, who seemed able to ponder on any given subject. He undertook to deepen the Little St. Pierre River that canoes might navigate through Lake St. Pierre—between Montreal and Lachine—and thence by a cut

to some point above the roughest of the rapids. He instructed Ged on de Catalogne to excavate this canal for twenty-four arpents—about a mile—twelve feet wide at the top with enough depth to insure a foot and a half of water when the St. Lawrence was at its lowest. They started work in 1700 and never finished it, but by 1780 detours were dug around the worst of the rapids, with locks. In 1805, a sum of four thousand dollars was voted to improve the rapids of Lachine. Unfortunately they were unimprovable, and the construction of a real canal was seen necessary since Upper Canada was demanding some means of intercourse. The government finally completed the work in 1825 at less than half a million dollars. Enlargements and a duplicate followed, until now a boat can go from Montreal to Port Arthur on Lake Superior, but only after passing through forty-nine locks.

You will drive by the city of Verdun, and think the inhabitants fortunate in their miles of boardwalk along the river.

Lachine, at the island's southwest corner, founded as St. Sulpice, and granted provisionally to La Salle in 1667, is a place where the picturesque has to be hunted—but it is still here, principally in the few steep-gabled, dormer-windowed old houses, in the old Hudson's Bay Company depot on the waterfront, and in memories. On these lands La Salle strode up and down with Dollier de Casson, while he talked impatiently of the west. Into this very soil seeped the blood of those two hundred slain in the ferocious massacre of 1689. From this shore you can see the white leapings of the rapids which are still run by excursion steamers to make a tourists' holiday.

Opposite Lachine lies Caughnawauga where a remnant of the blood-thirsty Mohawks keep gasoline stations or make snow-shoes. This region was a seigneurie given by the Jesuits in 1680 where the good fathers believed that they could herd their neophytes away from the disastrous influences of their

kind. Laprairie, opposite Montreal, had been chosen first, in 1667, but here the proximity of the loose-tongued whites was prejudicial to the atmosphere and so the innocent Iroquois were moved upstream, from one site to another, until they reached Lachine, the fifth. And here from 1716 they have stayed. Near by Père Lafitau discovered the ginseng plant, which the Chinese bridegrooms still buy and feed to their brides in the hope of male offspring. To-day, the Indians, about two thousand in number, farm or take rafts down the river or make lacrosse racquets or engage in beadwork.

From Lachine the highway grows increasingly more delightful. The river broadens out into Lake St. Louis, the golf courses become fewer, and at last you pass Ile Perrot and, turning the curve at Ste. Anne, look up at Ottawa, which itself has widened into the Lake of Two Mountains. Beauharnois, the great power plant, above which hovers the customary political stench, lies on the south shore above Lake St. Louis; Carillon, another power plant up the Ottawa, is where Dollard made his last stand. Oka, the place where the Trappists make the cheese, is happily situated on the northern shore of the Lake of Two Mountains.

Few drives are lovelier than down the Back River from Ste. Anne; but before you leave take a look at the Bank of Montreal. In that house Thomas Moore once visited the Hudson's Bay Factor and was charmed into writing the "Canadian Boat Song." Beyond Senneville, where you definitely turn east, the luxurious country places of Montreal's wealthy give glimpses of themselves.

If you are inordinately ambitious, it is possible to continue down the whole length of the island on this Back River road. You reach a country settled long ago, entirely French. Many of the houses have that old graceful line of roof which their descendants seem unwilling to recapture.

As you turn the corner at the eastern tip, you are looking across to the hills of Beloeil and Mount Bruno, toward Chambly where the old fort is, and Verchères. But the valley of the Richelieu is another story.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### "ABROAD, OVERNIGHT"

AT rare intervals I meet a man of the world. He is inevitably of a dual nature, a man who is wholly himself, and yet one conscious of those about him. He has made money, has read, and traveled, and come home again. He is an aristocrat in that he is responsive to the right touch, and more amused than indignant at the empty, although he can flame before the meretricious. He is neither garrulous, nor hidden; enjoys gaiety, but values peace; and his self-respect is not built on a composite of others' morals. He is acquainted with the Protestant and Catholic and Jew, and while he may be of none of their persuasions, he is offensive to none. He is a grown man, and he would enjoy Montreal, for she is a grown man's town. Montreal, too, is of the world.

And what are Montreal's qualifications for playing host to such as this cosmopolitan?

In material considerations, she is well equipped. Her hotels are adequate in comfort, even if they have not sunk so deep as the recent New York caravanserais in the debt-producing plush of luxury.

The tables that she spreads yield in variety and art to no other city. She meets the supreme test: can a man of small means find little places where he can eat happily? *Mais oui*. Here and there, usually around the corner from the brightest lights, there hide small cafés, where quiet and good-cooking still go hand in hand. *L'est du Boulevard*, which means east of Main in Montreal, the adventure of the search is augmented by the hazards of your French. Do not take advice, still less be

contented with the easy, with the over-lighted restaurants that might be anywhere. Consider local foods, the native salmon, the Montreal melon, Oka cheese, discover the appropriate wine, and you shall have a meal fit, not only for princes but occasionally set before them.

There are the shops. And now you know that you are visiting a member of the Empire, a northern member. Old London leather, Crown Derby China, antique silver, furs, rag carpets, homespun, Indian baskets, Irish linens, Scotch wool blankets, Hudson's Bay Company blankets—just to name these things stirs pulse and purse. In a few years the shops have become conscious of the world.

Amusement, too, has left its languid adolescence behind. To-day the great musicians all are heard, the theaters send the original casts, and the cultivated world no longer has to rely on hearsay as to the arts' progress.

Montreal, which began by being a fortress of the Lord, bids fair to end by becoming a pleasure city. Fortunately, she has a life of her own to lead first, a life of commerce to maintain, and a primacy in education to uphold. She will always be worth knowing. Hostess that she is—to two million guests a year—she will never entertain herself away. She is almost alone among the great cities in being without a highly organized municipal publicity department and as a city she does not even issue a street guide except to her policemen. "Let them come and enjoy themselves," she says of the tourists, but like the accomplished hostess, after providing every facility for this enjoyment, she lets them alone.

Enjoyment is, admittedly, the objective of most of the two million, and Montreal is the one city of this continent with the Latin reading of that word. A man is as free as the air, if he abstains from murder and obeys the traffic rules. He can drink in public, and if he needs to consult the waiter about wines, the waiter will be informed. He can find scholars. He can meet



men who are conducting the finance of no small portion of the Empire. He can talk to the priests who man the fortress of a broader empire still. Everything is offered; and he will not be criticized for choosing either the devil or the divine. More than likely he will not be noticed.

That is one charm of Montreal, its freedom. To reach her liberal precincts after the weariness of the eternal wrangle over prohibition is like moving from boarding-school to college. Disastrous to a few, undoubtedly, but as yet even our legislatures have not passed laws keeping boys forever in boarding-school for their safety. The censor-ridden, gang-ridden, law-ridden American who arrives in Montreal for the first time feels naked. Here he is clothed, he suddenly sees, only in his own character, and that has been rubbed thin in spots by the restrictions he has been carrying. He cannot understand the poise, the nonchalance about drink. The gutters are quite empty. And then he remembers a text from Santayana: "What opens the way to happiness, if our character does not render happiness impossible, is freedom." The text is two-thirds warning, and he goes about his pleasure more restrained than when surrounded by laws. In the long history of man the winds of temptation have never stopped blowing; fiber is all.

The visitors' next surprise is about the weather. Every man feels that he would like to amend the climate he is living under. If I could fix up the Montreal climate, I should leave the summer and autumn as they are. The northern autumn is superb. The summer has a few days uncomfortably hot, but the swimming is better. I should intensify the winter. It is never too cold and often not cold enough. I hate the January thaw which has a rehearsal in December and a return performance in February. It destroys the marvelous elation of the zero days and reduces the luxury of snow to almost nothing. The only serious criticism of the climate occurs when winter lingers in the lap of spring. In fact I am not sure that spring has a lap. The

northern spring never sits down. Spring keeps winter waiting, as a female would, and then strides in some morning, shakes her fist in the old man's face and tells him to be off before summer catches him. And summer may arrive the following day. Or it may not.

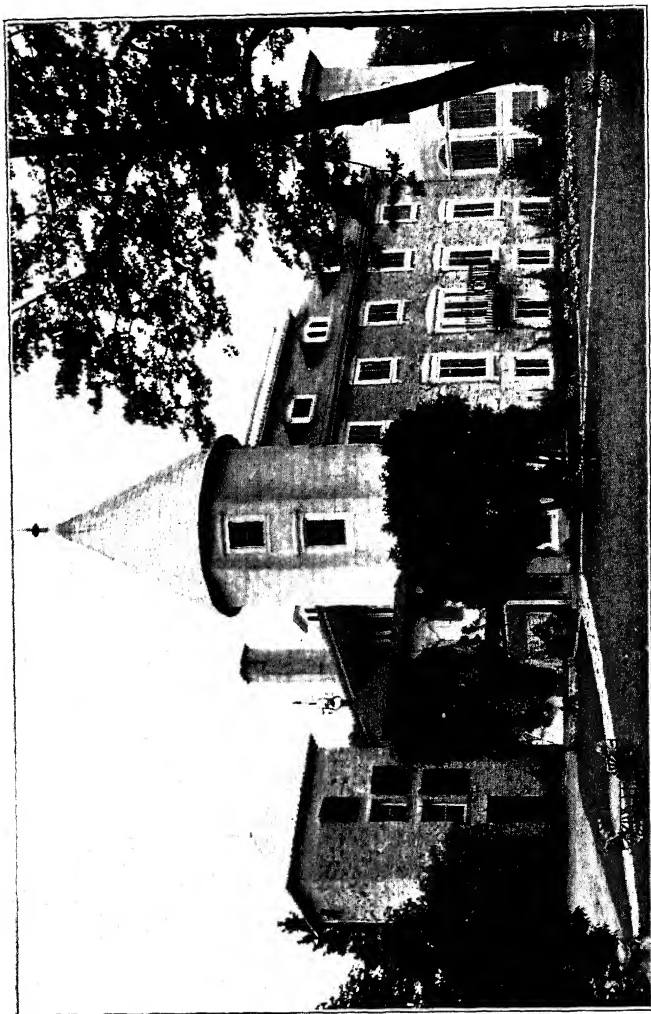
There are compensations, however, even amid these uncertainties. Spring is pure rapture, a rapture that more southerly climates can never know. And the effect on a young man's fancy is something that Tennyson, I am sure, would have blushed to describe.

I can only sum up the Montreal climate in a practical way by saying that a New Yorker can wear the same clothes in Montreal as he does at home and feel more comfortable.

In addition to the variety of opportunity in Ville Marie, the tourist is struck by the variety of people. The French settled the country, the English conquered it, the Scotch made it wealthy, the Irish swarmed in and established a liaison with the French, the Americans inundate it every year, and the Indians are coming back. In addition, Montreal is an active seaport. Other nationalities enter and leave representatives, either actual or prospective, about whom a foreign colony slowly grows. Stand at the corner of Ste. Catherine and Peel and see the flow of diverse personality. Kennedy Crone has described it livingly in "The Seigneur":

See the English-speaking dowagers whose non-home links are deliberately with old London and the West Indies, with cool, aristocratic front which not the daily tensions of war-time and the dreaded cable from the King could melt in public, and yet beneath, a soft and charming democracy that is native Canadian; representatives of the younger English-speaking social set, careful of their accents, educated to a polish in England, or on the continent, at least well-traveled in Britain, knowing, conceivably, the Norman Conquest and the significances of the Victorian era better than the voyages of Cartier or the development of the United States; pretty French shop girls, jostling and joking along in their





*Courtesy of the Seignior Club*

THE CHATEAU PAPINEAU

clicking high heels and daring millinery; the *mam'selles* of the higher strata, convent-bred, modest and serene, with innocently-alluring eyes and graceful stride, and low-toned musical French; French-Canadian matrons, conscious of an upper place in the social scheme, because marriage raises standing and brings liberties and right-to-experience hitherto unknown; a young Grenadier Guards lieutenant expressing in his deportment that his colonel is the Prince of Wales; a "Mountie" clanking spurs and pretending dignified indifference to the looks of others; a group of university students in black-and-red velvet berets, singing snatches, usually not of a modern college song, more likely of an old French roundelay; nuns in their voluminous black skirts, and the varying head-dresses of their different Orders; priests in their cassocks; bareheaded monks in sandals and with a rope around the waist; a Bishop of the Church of England in Canada, with flat hat and long, black gaiters; blue-cloaked nurses of the Victorian Order, their lives given to service, irrespective of fees; a trio of pink-cheeked lads of the British Navy, arm-in-arm; sailors from a French gunboat; Jewish newsboys; male and female tourists in plus fours and hose of noisy colour and pattern; alert business men smacking somewhat of Threadneedle Street, except that they wear silk hats only to funerals; beggars with a police license; tram-car conductors shouting street-names in French and English, and "*En avant, s'il vous plait*; in front, please"; dressy French Canadian blades with masses of black locks, *d'Artagnans* in love and war; a burly farmer and his ample wife, in to see *la grande ville*, uneasy in Sunday clothes, timid, apologetic, curious; tall, smiling, confident policemen who rule traffic with white-gloved hand and take the erring motorist's number with, "I am sorry, *monsieur*, but . . ."; in winter, groups of skiers, skaters, and tobogganists, in picturesque costumes, on their way to sport, their happy banter mingling strangely, yet pleasantly, with the silver tinkle of sleigh bells coming through the clang of tram-car gongs—melody again, and again, melody. . . .

These then are the people with whom you will mingle when you come to *Ville Marie*, hostess to the New World, where, as Lady Montagu once said, "Courtesy costs nothing and will buy everything," the unforgettable, not quite knowable, city of *Mo'reAL*.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE SEIGNEURS OF MONTEBELLO

ALADDIN was always my favorite. The simplicity of rubbing a lamp appealed to me, the willingness of the resultant genie was very satisfying. Even his appearance in a clap of thunder, although liable to monotony if one had many needs, gave his services a certain éclat. In my youthful musings, I delighted to plan what I would have him do for me, if I had him on loan. But in all my dreamings I never dreamt that one day I should surprise him at his work.

If you are motoring from Montreal to Ottawa, it is well to take the North Shore road along the river. Never far from beauty at any point, you glide through unbroken reaches of it westward from Calumet. Wildness comes closest here. The forest descends the hills to the highway, and the little villages that break it are almost as peaceful as the woods.

You come at length to Montebello, and a few minutes farther on to a gateway on the river side with a sentry in khaki. Through this somewhat imposing entrance you have glimpses of a curving driveway and lawns and somnolent old trees. If you possess a properly signed card, the sentry will salute and pass you in to view and envy the inhabitants. If you have something more than a card, you may find yourself a seigneur, lord of the manor and gentleman of the wilderness, and part owner of the Seigneurie de la Petite Nation de la Paroisse de Notre Dame de Bonsecours. As this looks a little long on a calling card, it is shortened to Seignior Club. And if you join, if you become a modern noble, you will doubtless desire to know the part, the essentials of your seigniorial past. It is a past that

came to Canada with Champlain; indeed the history of French Canada is unintelligible without this knowledge.

In the beginning was the feudal system, that structure of mutual loyalties and responsibilities on whose pyramid the power of France was built. In crossing the Atlantic it suffered a sea change and became the seigneurial system. To some man above the average in blood and intelligence, the king would grant a fief, a tract of wilderness, often huge, and to him were issued patents of nobility if he was not already so distinguished. In return the seigneur was pledged to clear his land and pay fidelity and homage to his sovereign. For this ceremony the seigneur would journey en cavalcade to the Chateau St. Louis, where the governor, enthroned amid his court, received him. There the seigneur would kneel, swordless and bareheaded, and voice his fealty, usually with an accompanying contribution of cash.

The seigneur, land-poor and sometimes proud, now gathered to his estate the less fortunate who had neither land nor pride, and parcelled it out among them. What he was to his sovereign, his tenants, called censitaires, were to him. His duty was to counsel and protect, to captain the fort against the Iroquois, and build a mill for grain; theirs was to clear the land, defend the fort, and multiply. They also paid taxes: a land tax, amounting to a few sous per arpent, a sales tax on any land that changed hands, a mill tax, and finally a tribute in fish and game. For example, one trout in every catch of eleven was owing to the lord of the manor. As the lord, however, was often a more devoted angler than his censitaires, the tribute was rarely demanded.

The seigneuries were scenes of general contentment, subject to the normal grumbling of the human race. The duties on neither side were onerous, the advantages considerable. The censitaire's level of living was often little below that of his lord. He might even become a seigneur himself by purchase,

and frequently did. But he kept on working. His letters patent made no undue impression on those who had been his equals; yet they were worth while, for the manor house ranked first in local society and its influence was felt.

Seigneuries were granted not only to the *noblesse* but to the Church, and it was in 1674 that Bishop Laval was tended a fief in the following terms: "All that extent of land fronting on the St. Lawrence in the New France about forty-two leagues above Montreal, measuring five leagues in breadth by five leagues in depth, to be taken from the Sault de la Chaudière, commonly called La Petite Nation, going down stream from the road of the Outaouais, to hold in all seigneurie and justice the said land together with lakes and rivers, mines and minerals, as well as the river in all its width, including the bed thereof, shoals, isles and islands all along the front of said seigneurie, with exclusive rights of hunting and fishing in perpetuity, on the condition to render *foi et hommage* every twenty years in the Fort St. Louis in Quebec with *maille d'or* equivalent to eleven *livres*."

The reason for Laval's acquisition of this stretch of wilderness, remote from Quebec and soaked with Indian blood, is obscure. He already had seigneuries on the Island of Orleans and at Beaupré, so he speedily deeded La Petite Nation—named after the tribe of Algonquins who fought on it—to his child, the Séminaire des Missions-Étrangères at Quebec.

As the years went on, the seminary called on a certain notary of Montreal for professional services, and it paid this Joseph Papineau with parcels of their idle land, until finally he owned the whole Seigneurie de la Petite Nation.

At once the Montreal notary deserted the comfort and gaiety, not to mention the security of his city, for a region still cut off from the world and roamed over by Indians who could be bothersome. He picked out Arosen Island, named by the Indians for its squirrels, the strip of land opposite to-day's



Papineauville, and built. His censitaires grouped themselves around him, calling their settlements by such pleasant names as St. André Avelin, Notre Dame de la Paix, Plaisance.

Louis Joseph Papineau, the notary's eldest son, was in his teens at the time of this hegira. He was a bookish boy, sensitive, and thoughtful, and this Swiss Family Robinson adventure deeply watermarked his consciousness. As early as 1817, when Louis Joseph was thirty-one, the seigneurie became his, and through every vicissitude of his exciting middle years, its forest and river beauty remained an Eden in his memory. And finally he made it famous.

It is still the simplest matter to rekindle the quarrel over the Honorable Louis Joseph Papineau. You can ruffle his sympathizers by denying him any attribute of greatness, while his critics will admit but one ability, to be mischievous. Only on one fact do both sides agree—the date of his birth—October 7th, 1786, on Little St. James Street, Montreal.

The boy was unusual. "He sacrificed to study," wrote Storow Brown, one of his fellows-in-rebellion, "those hours of recreation that the frivolity of youth claims as a prerequisite."

This, in the light of later events, proved unwise. A touch of frivolity might have made him kin to an even larger following. But he felt the call of his talents and was single-minded in pursuing them. At seventeen he was hard at work in a law-office, mastering the jurisprudence of his province, and burning to battle like a good French-Canadian with the English governor. His seriousness and ability were soon recognized by the electorate and he was sent up to the Assembly to represent the West Ward of Montreal.

At twenty-nine he was speaker. No wonder the young man enjoyed a confidence in his powers.

In his porings over the statutes, Papineau had discovered that this Assembly had been invested by Britain by the Act of 1791 with attributes and powers similar to the House of Com-

mons. He also discovered that his English-speaking confrères had small notion of what this meant, and the French no notion whatever. His bright young brain leaped at these discoveries. Here was a Cause, a life-work, a situation absolutely congenial. *Le droit*. There never had been a Frenchman who would not risk his head to have his *droit*. Instantly all the racial emphasis upon *le droit* seized Papineau; and banked about it, all the smoldering French-Canadian irritation at English presumption in general.

At the same time the local situation lent itself to a sense of grievance. For years a struggle over the civil list had been warming the tempers of the Assembly and the Legislative Council. The latter was entrenched in power; the popular body wished to carry some of its trenches. Papineau discovered the weapons.

Nothing, most certainly, was done in haste. England was appealed to, but she was far away, and apathetic. Restrained by law from deciding against the Assembly, and by policy from deciding against the Council, her ministers were either uninformed or else too weak to decide for either. Petitions signed by many thousands crossed the sea and advanced things not an inch. Deadlock arrived. Three hundred Assembly bills were rejected by the Council. Very well, said the Assembly, we will pass nothing more. The purse-strings were tied. This, as always, brought a crisis.

By this time the excitement had infected the population, as well it might. The thrill of heat ran up delighted young spines. While the Colonial Office mused the time away, bad language progressed to black looks, and black looks to blows. The more excitable element, heated by Papineau's speeches, now took matters out of their leader's hands.

So the elegant young man, scrupulous in attire, with his flashing eye and incendiary vocabulary, found himself where he had not planned to be, at the head of the least manageable

fraction of the populace, rebels in deed at last. Street dissensions grew to skirmishes, almost to battles. At St. Eustache church the list of dead reached seventy. The clergy threw their weight against Papineau and with the government, and so out of five hundred thousand French Canadians, only about three thousand supported the new cause. The affair was very ill managed on the rebels' part, and from the spectators' point of view it lacked organization and spectacle. There were not many encounters, though whirlwinds of words. A price was put on the Honorable Louis Joseph's head. As he attached an even greater value to it, he withdrew across the line. The rebellion died like fire in shavings, and Britain called her children back to her knee. It was the old English routine all over again: to refuse to listen with sufficient attention to the vociferations of a minority; to procrastinate until sparks flew and muskets cracked; to wake at last and put down the affair with a little finger; and then to admit that the rebels had been quite, quite right and give them a little more than they asked for.

Louis Joseph found Paris kind to exiles. He followed his taste in the great libraries. He bought furniture, he bought books. He enjoyed himself so much that when a *nolle prosequi* permitted both him and his head to return to Montreal, he delayed. Ten years after the storm, however, he was back in Parliament, but without a party. The lovely vistas of La Petite Nation swam before his eyes; and so, turning his back upon the emptiness of politics forever, he went into a second but voluntary exile on the Ottawa.

Papineau the ambitious student of government was praiseworthy; Papineau the rebel was logical but inefficacious; Papineau the seigneur was magnificent and to be devoutly envied. He had a sumptuous estate, he had energy, and plans. With the same discerning eye that had detected the seeds of colonial emancipation in the Act of 1791, he selected one of the loveliest sites in Canada for his Manor.

The great stone house stands on a headland protected by a wood. Up-stream or down-stream, the Ottawa, dignified by seven hundred miles of flowing, carries the eye to harmonious horizons. On the prow of land rises an old white pine which has watched the Indians, the explorers, the missionaries, the fur-traders, the shantymen, all pass and disappear. Peace enriches the place, and an art disguised in naturalness has made the use of the ever-varying levels to rest one with surprise. There is always a new shrub to round a contour, an unexpected stair, a quieter nook. And so just was the taste of the Manor's builder, that it completes rather than obtrudes.

The spaciousness of the interior is a surprise. These rooms were designed for hospitality, and Seigneur Papineau did much entertaining. The distinguished of many lands came here. His own tastes, they say, were quiet. His lands, his gardens, his tenantry, his books—for whose safety he built the square stone tower detached from the Manor—these occupied him. But his guests, I can imagine, danced and drank and hunted in the wild hills behind the park, boated, and talked politics in low voices, and came as often as they might. Even business, when transacted in the sunlight of that southwest turret where the folding shelf still hangs, could hardly have been business as we know it, but rather a progress by mutual advantage. Life, through those twenty-one years before his death, must have been very sweet to the Seigneur Papineau.

For nearly a century the Manor House administered the affairs of the Seigneurie de la Petite Nation; then the blow fell. Paradise came on the market, the library was dissipated. Anything might have befallen the seigneurie. Some creature might have bought it to "improve" it. But there is a God, and after an unfortunate interval when the second-rate name of Lucerne-in-Quebec was fastened upon the place and it looked as if an equally banal fate threatened the aristocratic locality, a rescue

was organized by the Canadian Pacific People, and now the seigneurie is safe. La Petite Nation will endure.

The story of novel enterprise is always interesting; but I confess now to prejudice when the rumors of this one reached me. Lucerne-in-Quebec! Preposterous. I remember trying to invent names equally ridiculous. Thibet-in-Ontario sounded well. Or why not Vesuvius-in-Eruption? Have names no sanctity in Canada, I asked? To despoil a place of its name is sacrilege, and I wondered what sort of authority had discarded Montebello, had thrown away La Petite Nation.

Then wide-eyed messengers galloped in with news of the speed of the construction. Roads were being driven here and there, landscapes shifted, great buildings erected while the moon was changing. It did not stir me. I had watched Lake Placid Club grow year by year by small accretion and did not believe that a community could be taken from a store shelf and have it anything but slick and shiny. Atmosphere, I told the messengers, did not come that way.

And then a friend, on whose taste I could rely, said that I should see what had happened, and advised that I indulge in the charm of being a seigneur for a few days.

"It is going to be one of the show places of Canada," he said.

I told him that I was not interested in show places.

"Oh, hell," he said. But he did not turn upon his heel.

And that is how I came upon Aladdin's genie at work.

After all, there are two ways of arriving. It was Venus, as I recall, who sprang mature from the crest of the wave. No puling infancy for her, no gangling adolescence. And my first view of the Log Chateau showed that the Venus-trick could still be done. There it stood, weathered and sedate, as if it had always sat by the aged river instead of having been assembled by the genie in a clap of thunder.

The workmanship grew on you as you studied. Color did

much, contour did much, the quiet excellence of the materials fundamentally satisfied. It was not a stunt, as the idea of a log building in this era had suggested to me, but a true creation, low, four-winged to catch the most light, and as quiet as the forest it came from. Wherever the eye looked it was surprised with some detail, the dovetailed irregular ends, the shingles; yet nothing strove for attention. That is how nature keeps her effects eternally fresh, and the genie apparently knew nature.

The interior had moments of sophistication, but harmonious moments. The stem of the building was a great central fireplace with six hearths and amazingly beautiful stonework. A gallery ringed the open space, and the dining-room opened out on miles of river. Below, a beamed tavern mentioned flowing thoughts and fellowship. Seigneurs presumably own time; here was a place to spend it, and if they could not wrest satisfaction from the harmony of these accommodations, I said quite privately, they were beginners in living.

Through the trees—and past another sentry—one can see the towers of the Manor, the refuge for the accomplished seigneurs. These fortunates are the members of the Seigniori Club who dispense cards to the less fortunate whom they call their guests. A member can do no wrong, but a guest must have still another card if he wishes to see within the Manor.

Certain philosophers assign a positive bliss to pure Being, and I have visited places where mere existence must have attained almost as much. Philadelphia's Wissahickon in William Penn's time, Tarrytown in Washington Irving's, Montebello in Papineau's. This last has been left by the seigneurs nearly as it was. Louis Joseph's imported wall-paper, his Empire furniture, his chandeliers renew that gentle age. Only the trees that nod outside the window are older now. I imagined life with many books there, days with the spring rain on the pane and nights with a storm wind roaring through the pines, and

a wood fire, and conversation. I had never realized before I wandered over this Manor how mellow life in Canada has been.

A peacock moves deliberately about the lawn. I was told that Louis Joseph had kept a peacock. It is not surprising that he had a satirical note in his nature. For a peacock is surely the perfect symbol of fashion, of society, exquisite to look at and unendurable to listen to.

In the era of seigneuries the river was everything; and Aladdin has made use of it. The lamp was rubbed once and a boat-house took form, equipped with everything and a harbor-master. They call him a harbor-master because they made a harbor for him. Here land the flying-boats when somebody who is having lunch on Long Island suddenly decides that it would be pleasant to have tea on the Seigniory Club terrace.

The genie next was bade tackle a swimming-pool and accomplished an oblong of translucence seventy-five feet by forty.

The golf course required, even for the genie, a little time. Nature had supplied the hills and hollows, the streams and other torments which try golfers' souls when they want a particularly merry time. But nature had left the landscape full of trees. These were promptly wafted away, and the genie brought a quarter million square feet of turf in a cloud of smoke. He also brought a golf architect, another demon with a talent for bunkers. The result, for me, would be the screaming jitters; but golfers, that is, people who *can* play golf, say that it is a very interesting, a very fine course. Certainly the beauty of it is ever varying, and whether a man golfs or not, he should walk out to the fourth tee. He can watch, if he pleases, sportsmen trying to drive off a hundred foot precipice and around a corner of the forest; but his attention will wander from these ascetics to the view—the whole valley of the Ottawa, the roofs of the Seigniory Club colorful in its forest, and the sight will not leave him.

Then, just to show that he could produce something finer

than ever from his cloud, the genie caused a sports club-house on a hill suddenly to be. Only a genie could have made that fireplace, a triumph of felicity in stone. In a moral world, one might have asked these seigneurs what they had done to deserve so much. But when I mentioned this to my friend, he rang for a drink.

From the club-house it was only an amble to the ski-jump. The world, I am convinced, takes wonders too lightly. A ski-jumper is nobody new to me, but the shocking view from a ski-jump always is. Climb these three hundred feet, if you are the sort that does not leap from tall windows, and marvel. Marvel at the strength of loin, the precision of balance, the skill in timing, and behind all these the perpetually re-created courage that can slide to that aerial take-off and precipitate itself into the invisible gulf.

From this steel mountain there is a view, suggestive rather than completed, of the eighty thousand acres which, if you are one of the seigneurs, you own. On the nearest ridge is an intricate warren of curving roads where the seigneurs are building, on the subdivision granted with their seigneurship, log houses of their own, some of them cabins, some miniature chateaux. The discreet forest opens here and there to give them views of the river and then closes again to give them privacy.

Was the genie tired? Not at all. The hinterland, while not so spectacularly addressed, had received intelligent attention. Fire towers, rangers' cabins, a guides' center, even a fish hatchery, had shot up. It must give a man a cool equable temper to work in a fish hatchery with the sound of spring-water forever in his ears. Are there no volumes of poems from a fish hatchery? Or are all the books on eugenics and feeding? There is room for a page of satire, too, the observations by some aboriginal inhabitant on viewing the elaborate mechanisms underlying our sports. Pleasure with derricks. Would the seigneur catch a trout? Very well. Science will see to it that he has one;



but it is going to take years and several men and a fortune in money before he lifts a fingerling from his hook. Civilization gives what civilization has previously taken away, with bill attached.

Lac Commandant, nine miles long and green with islands, climaxes the seigneurs' reserve toward the northeast. It is here that the animals have their headquarters. Deer are a commonplace. Seven wolves were killed last winter. Not newspaper wolves, they assured me, but the actual animal. Otter and mink and muskrats and foxes and partridges and eagles, the original seigneurs, still kept up their membership. The road in to Commandant had been made a game sanctuary for a mile on either side, a provision, I again thought privately, as lucky for the hunter as the deer.

As the end of my brief seigneurship approached, I perceived that the step down to plain censitaire again would be a jolt. What a setting for people with the intelligence to enjoy it! Wildness or domesticity, activity or relaxation, fraternity or solitude, social exhilaration or detachment. They delighted me by saying that the bogus name would be someday deleted. What more had they to ask of their genie?

It was fortunate, thought I, that I had my own lamp to rub.

## CHAPTER XXX

### I ENTER THE CAPITAL

IF there is anything in first impressions, I reached Ottawa at an auspicious moment in that autumn of 1926. The hay-fever season had just closed, the new governor-general was arriving.

Time, which is counted by presidents in Washington and kings in Britain, gets measured off into governors-general by Ottawa. Otherwheres people date their events by the calendar or the moon or even church festivals, but in the capital events occur when so and so was in residence at Rideau Hall. I felt myself lucky at starting the cycle, therefore, at the opening gun.

October, the royal month, was on its throne. Sunlight filled Connaught Place where his Excellency would arrive. A slow air drifted from the north without chill, an air I had associated with mountain peaks and balsams. On every side swam rows of Union Jacks red with the blood of the empire, and under them long lines of patient expectant people waiting to greet the new representative of His Majesty the King.

The Union Station, in this most convenient of cities, adjoins Connaught Place, the center of Ottawa, and the train bearing Lord Willingdon of Ratton, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., had remembered that punctuality is the courtesy of kings. It was in. A special platform had been constructed to ease His Excellency's descent upon Ottawa's soil. A glowing carpet guided his feet past the prime minister, the Federal Cabinet, the representatives of the militia and the naval forces of the dominion on his way to inspect the guard of honor. There was the pipe band of the Ottawa Highlanders, and the governor-general's band, and a bugle band. There was the National Anthem, without which His Excellency would hardly be able to drink a cup

of tea for the next five years. There was a bouquet of American Beauty rosebuds for Lady Willingdon. There were Mounted Police and secret police and every sort of guard but one. There was no guard against speeches.

These, at length, were over, and the royal progress was resumed between the ranks of uniformed splendor, confident personalities in gold braid, eloquent with swords. At the station entrance the escort of Princess Louise Dragoon Guards were drawn up, statuesque on their horses with lance pennons whipping in the breeze.

The crowd cheers. At least that is what the newspapers will say on the morrow. In reality Ottawa crowds do not waste their enthusiasm in mere noise. I have watched them welcome the Prince of Wales and Prince George and Lindbergh and the Queen of Rumania and the King of Siam and have never heard a sound remotely comparable to the roar that goes up when the local hockey team makes a goal. The Ottawa populace is interested, friendly, and informed, and very quiet.

Then I see, for the first time in my life, a gentleman getting into an automobile ahead of the lady waiting beside him. One does this only if one is *in loco regis*—or a peasant. The cavalry move off, the vice-regal couple bow themselves away through the soft cascading sunlight to a still larger reception in front of the Parliament Buildings, with more dignitaries and longer speeches. The royal salute of nineteen guns booms from the park. Once more the lances move, the shining helmets bob away in the direction of Government House two miles down the glittering river.

The picture is over. It was beautiful, even thrilling. I come to myself with a start and realize that I am a new-comer in a strange city. But with no residence staffed and waiting. Not a cannon to thunder. Certain contrasts are crushing. But in one particular am I ahead of His Excellency. No one will make me speeches.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### FROM NEPEAN POINT

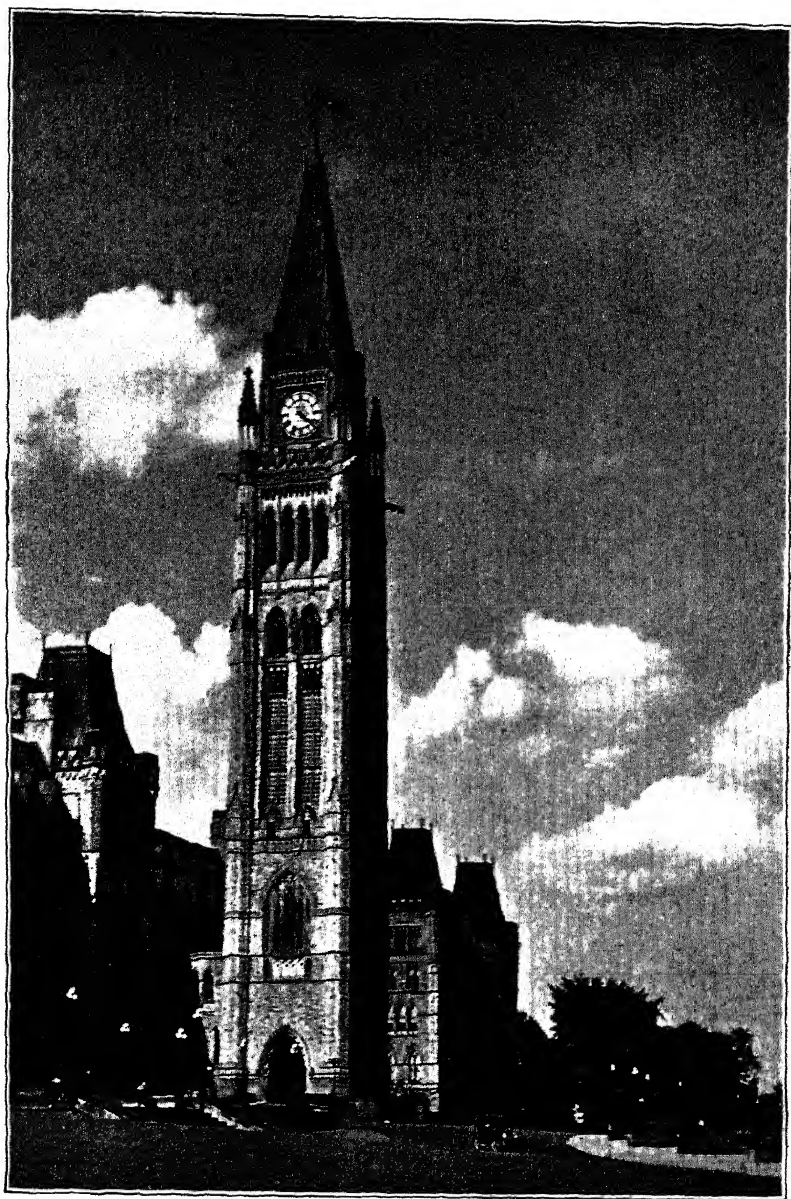
BEHIND the Chateau Laurier, which sits at the center of the city's web, lies a park, and at the far end of this park is a prow of rock called Nepean Point. Stroll out there some evening at sunset if you would see the city in its finest character.

An unexpected view suddenly flings open its arms. The Ottawa, escaping from the Chaudière, is resuming its broad and leisurely movement around a magnificent bend. Up-stream you can see something still of the once famous falls of the Chaudière, now put to work and strangled by the mills, like the bronzed country lads driven to the same job.

Along the northern horizon runs the hill-line of the Gatineau dipping into the valley of that river, and resuming along the slopes of wilder country to the northeast.

But the exciting view is cityward. The eye lifts from the quiet bay to the palisade of wooded cliff, and from the cliff to the group of stately buildings, an urban cordillera of pointed stone, the Parliament Buildings, the Confederation Building, the Chateau. It is a magnificent surprise, these well proportioned masses, this rhythm of the broken outline, rising above the zone of wood and water. And on a summer's evening, with the sky still luminous at ten o'clock and a full moon lifting from the cleft of the Rideau Canal, one sees that rare, rare combination of man's art reconciled with nature's to compose an entity superior to either. Wordsworth felt this once in the heart of London:

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A slight so touching in its majesty.



*Courtesy of Alexander Burritt*

THE PEACE TOWER, OTTAWA



There are, of course, a great many dull souls.

This whole park behind the Chateau is a rare possession. Much of Ottawa is so beautiful that it is visual music and this park sets the key. It is astonishingly central. Practically the whole of Ottawa works within ten minutes of it. Great trees and a little lake in a wooded hollow save it from being parky. A stream of flowers turned on by invisible gardeners, who must work at night, washes it in ever varying color through the summer. In winter the sunsets flare above a wide horizon, or the moon sails over the high Peace Tower while the carillon plays. In winter you can have here the solitude of Nova Zembla—often for the same reason.

The native Ottawan takes this beauty for granted, it is always available, but that does not leave the benches tenantless. In summer they are all but bed and board for the unemployed, who sit and stare at the halls of Parliament, across the ravine, hoping, I suppose, that the political mountain will labor and bring forth something larger than a mouse. And in the spring, especially on the first warm Sunday evenings, Nepean Point goes French.

Then you have almost the Boulevards. Girls, in twos, shapely black-eyed little things, are followed about the point by youths in threes and fours, young men with sleek black hair. The world is seventeen. Bursts of raillery hit their mark, and rebound. Laughter, as light and continuous as the breeze, ripples from group to group. Remarks of incredible frankness are taken in the spirit of their offering. Looks which might wreck a stethoscope make no havoc on these accustomed hearts. Occasionally a car stops, a boy, or two boys, dart out and engage a girl in low-toned conversation. Sometimes caution prevails, and she remains; sometimes adventure wins.

Romance has seized all these little animals made in God's image. Winter is behind, the energies used for battling the long cold are suddenly unpent for more delightful purposes. The

girls would not have come had they not wished to be pursued, but they throw innumerable obstacles in the way to render the pursuit more certain. They seem the very tinsel of flesh, if you glance more closely, the boys but weathervanes of desire. Tristan and Isolde would have looked on wonderingly and have sighed that the pearls of passion could be so imitated. Love at Woolworth's. For most of these youngsters are handing over their innocence for a season ticket to Paradise, good for the weeks of spring. Whatever it may do to them, it certainly enlivens Nepean Point.

Impressiveness reaches its highest of a summer midnight. The Peace Tower, lighted above by beams played upward from the dark, glows with an unsubstantial and moving beauty. A breeze washes the granite prow, and the river flows silently below. The summer aurora shifts its green reflection and fades. Here in this silence and solitude, one can review afresh all that is true and precious in life.

A city that gives you a Nepean Point in its very heart is no mean city.

Had any one been taking the air on Nepean Point in 1613, he would have seen Champlain go by.

This restless inquisitor had no sooner arrived on the site of the future Ville Marie in 1611 than he heard of the Kit-chi-ssippi, the Grand River. When he inquired who lived on the Grand River, he was told:

The Outaouaks,  
The Outauas,  
The Outaouais,  
The Ottawas.

This was cheerful news to Champlain, who had never suspected it, but better was to follow. An ambitious and energetic young fellow named Nicholas du Vignau reported to Cham-



plain that he had made his way up the Ottawa, and pushing on to the seacoast had discovered traces of white men and their boat.

Any part of this report would have fired Champlain, the whole of it was irresistible. So, packing du Vignau into a second canoe, Champlain set forth up the Grand River bound for China.

On June 4th, the party camped opposite the cliffs of Ottawa at the mouth of the Gatineau River, and that night Champlain wrote in his journal of the waterfall on the south shore. He decided to call it Le Rideau, because the "water slips down with such impetuosity that it makes an arch of four hundred paces." And Rideau it is to-day, although the curtain has worn rather thin.

A mile or so up-stream could be heard another and greater falls, the Chaudière. The Indians had called it the Kettle long before, and into this kettle they were supposed to throw tobacco, whenever they passed, with loud invocations, to appease the local spirit. Champlain's Indians did this, and then they made the long carry on the right of the falls.

Among Champlain's effects was an astrolabe, an instrument for taking the altitude of the sun, and necessary if you hoped to locate Pekin. On one of the carries this astrolabe was lost. It was heavy and the mosquitoes were very bad; perhaps that accounts for it. Or perhaps du Vignau had a hand in it, for du Vignau was growing nervous. Instead of feeling cheerier, the nearer they were to the "sea-coast," the glummer he got. He suggested that they postpone the trip more than once, and finally when he was confronted by the Algonquin, Chief Tessouat, with whom he had stayed, he was sorry he had come. For Tessouat laughed in his face at his tales of sea-coast and white men, and told Champlain that du Vignau had spent the winter with him on Allumette Island, or thereabouts, and never far from the family.

Champlain was dumbfounded. The hoax had seemed so circumstantial that even yet he could scarcely believe that du Vignau was lying. Tessouat was for having the liar slain, but Champlain contented himself with taking him back to Quebec and having him make a public acknowledgment of his fictional powers. And so frustration, which was Champlain's lifelong companion, once more laughed in his face.

Being Champlain, he never gave in, and in two years time he was again passing the Rideau and the Chaudière on his way to the discovery of Georgian Bay. As for the missing astrolabe, that was unearthed under an ancient log by a boy, some 254 years after it was dropped, and is now in a private collection in New York instead of in the Archives at Ottawa, where it should be. The statue of Champlain on Nepean Point is equipped with this instrument.

After Champlain came the soul-seekers, Fathers Le Caron and Poulin, Brébeuf and those others who faced every hardship and peril in order to snatch little redskin brands from the burning. They chalked up the number of these infants rescued from damnation with the enthusiasm of golfers breaking par, and by 1650 Father Viel was establishing missions along the Ottawa. In his wake came Nicholas Gatineau.

This young man explored the river now bearing his name and pushed over the slight height of land to the headwaters of the St. Maurice. And just in time, for those backwoods Prussians, the Iroquois, were systematically devastating the Ottawa Valley from Montreal to Mattawa. The Ottawa Indians were an honest, straightforward, and reputedly moral lot, but they were no match for the Iroquois who filled them with such terror that the Ottawans did not stop fleeing until they reached Wisconsin and Minnesota. Travel down the Ottawa River henceforth detoured up the Gatineau and down the St. Maurice until the Iroquois peace of 1700.

Had Nicholas Gatineau turned to the left instead of the

right at the headwaters of his river, he would have stumbled upon the sources of the Ottawa. This amazing water system rises almost due north of the city of Ottawa, flows west, then south, then east, in an enormous half-circle. One branch of the Gatineau takes its water from one end of Lake Kakabonga, while a branch of the Ottawa flows from another end of the lake. Here is a vast territory of lakes and rivers not yet fully mapped or even explored. The old loggers knew part of it, trappers are finding it out, and the adventurous youth of to-morrow will not neglect it forever. The very names of its tributaries have a lure—Kapitachuan, Kipiwa, Maganasibi, Lievre, Petawawa, Du Nord, and Bonnechère. Here still stand forests of pine and hemlock, balsam, birch, and spruce, maple and cedar. Above Lake Temiskaming the settlements fade away and the wilderness is supreme. Some day, I have no doubt, the summer planes will leave New York after breakfast, refuel at Ottawa, and then proceed to distribute their passengers among the camps on Lac des Quinze, Grand Victoria Lake, and Kakabonga. This last sounds as if it were in Africa; for all that is known of it, it might as well be. Certainly it cannot be long before this elysium of lakes and rivers, so relatively near, finds its own lovers.

By 1700 the fur canoes had resumed their natural route down the Ottawa, but the vicinity of the Chaudière was to remain only a camp-site for another century. Wolfe was to die with Montcalm and the United States to be born before any settlement was attempted on this fairest of sites.

Curiously enough it remained for an American to lay the foundations. The North West Company did not wish the Ottawa Valley to be settled and used its great influence at Montreal to that effect. Also, the great rapids at Carillon were a check to any navigation. By 1800 only a scattering of settlers had established homesteads in the first forty-five miles above Montreal; beyond that the wilderness.

How Philemon Wright, who lived at Woburn, near Boston, ever heard sufficiently pleasant tidings of this blood-stained wilderness to induce him to invade it is a historical mystery. He was thirty-six, married, the father of numerous children, and one of the revolutionists who had fought at Bunker Hill. His new state of Massachusetts was far from being congested in 1796, and if the prospects at Woburn had been too meager, one would think that he could have done well enough in the wilds of Connecticut, or on the Hudson. He had heard, however, of the Eastern Townships and he traveled to Montreal to inquire about their resources.

He remained only partly convinced and as his caution was equaled only by his pertinacity, he returned to Montreal the next year and, as his diary says, "viewed the country on both sides of the St. Lawrence, the whole of the distance from Quebec, until I arrived at the Ottawa, or Grand River."

The man was hard to suit, but harder still to discourage, and in 1798 he was back again for the third time to question the natives on the Ottawa's navigability, its timber, its possibilities for farming. The natives knew nothing, and the explorer returned to Woburn. After three round trips, one might suppose that the man would have crossed Canada off his list.

But Philemon, if taking pains makes a genius, was one. Like his Biblical namesake, his consecration to his quest must have refreshed the bowels of the saints. Once more he reached Montreal, this time with two men whom he had offered to pay for their trouble, and on October 1st, 1799, he first saw the Chaudière and his future home.

The forest was abundant, the dark loam of the glades appealing, the river magnificent, but Philemon was not the man to be rushed into a light enthusiasm. He spent days "climbing to the tops of one hundred or more tall trees." He delved here and checked there, inclining more and more to the level lands of the north bank rather than to the uplands of the future capital.

The three men returned to Woburn to convince the neighbors. Their combined efforts won, and for the fifth and last time Philemon—who assumed all the risks—set forth with five families, fourteen horses, eight oxen, seven sleighs, and “a number of barrels of clear pork.”

The new century had got only a month's start of the caravan. Forty miles above the mouth of the Ottawa the last road gave out. Snow lay two feet deep. Daylight lasted only eight hours and wood had to be cut at each stop for fires to warm the other sixteen. The women and children slept in covered sleighs, the cattle were tied to trees, but, as Philemon records, “I must say that I never saw men more cheerful and happy in my life—having no landlord to call upon us for expenses, nor to complain of our extravagance, nor no dirty floor to sleep on, but the sweet ground which belonged to our ancient sovereign.”

As Philemon had enthusiastically fought against his ancient sovereign rather recently this affectionate mention of him was something of a cautious afterthought.

The pilgrimage continued up the Ottawa aided by an Indian who was so entranced by the novel outfit that he cached his wife and offspring in the bush so that he could guide the white men to the Chaudière. This was reached on March 7th.

The rest of the tale reads like one of those success stories in the Old Testament, when the Lord, having tried the mettle of his chosen by every possible discomfort, relents and heaps on the benefits. The medley of Woburnites worked in astounding harmony under Philemon's direction. Houses rose. A thousand bushels of potatoes were dug the first summer. Cattle browsed on buds, like the adjacent deer, and fattened. When the Indians began to worry about their disappearing game preserves and sugar bush, Philemon once more invoked the ancient sovereign. And to such effect that the savages were ashamed at ever having doubted. Philemon was created a brother over a buried hatchet. In the second year the indefatigables reaped three thou-

sand bushels of wheat, built barns, mills, a smithy, and a shoemaker's shop, a tailor's shop, a bakehouse, and a tannery. In the winter they felled trees, and in spring rafted square timber to Quebec. And all the while the patriarch of forty grew in favor with God, man, and the Montreal banks.

There were setbacks, of course; devouring conflagrations and hard times. But Philemon's nose was long, his eyes deep-set and sharp, and a quarter of a century later, his farms and stock were valued above a quarter of a million.

Unlike many great men, he had friends to praise him while alive.

"Philemon Wright is in constant motion," wrote a visiting geologist, "teaching and being taught—a true pioneer, an enthusiast in reclaiming and cultivating wild land. He was good enough to show me the tree under which he slept the night of his arrival. In a manner, I felt that that tree was sacred, and that I was in the presence of a considerable mind—not perhaps able to figure in a ball-room, but certainly able to gather together and nourish a happy population."

John McTaggart who was partly responsible for the final location of the Rideau Canal said, "Philemon Wright is a perfect Jacob, and yet truly an American; but a loyal man to Hull—and that is enough. He has a kind heart and will differ from none, unless an infringement is attempted on his lands. No one is more the father of his people than he; when he was away from home any time, on his coming back guns are fired, bells rung and flags waved. It was he who proposed the Rideau Canal; and, with pleasure, I have heard him propose many other works equally great and famous."

It was 1839 when this brave and persistent pioneer was gathered to his fathers at the age of four score well-filled years, known far and wide as the Father of the Ottawa.

To-day a constituency named Wright seems to be the only monument to a life of heroically proportioned struggle and

reward. When one reflects that Ontario has done as much for the Duchess of Richmond's lapdogs, the tribute is hardly adequate. The meddlesome morons whose paramount ambition is to change every name in Canada from the one originally given have scored again. No person I have asked has been able to tell why Wright's name was obliterated, and still less why Hull's was imposed. Neither is very mellifluous, but Wright's has at least a meaning, and the city should have been sufficiently proud of its founder to have remembered him.

Meanwhile the country opposite the Wright clearings was still divided between swamp and hillock. To be sure on the map the locality was designated as the County of Carleton, after Wolfe's general, and lots had been drawn by United Empire Loyalists. They were even sold, about a hundred acres for one pound. But there was no zest for settlement until Ira Honeywell dragged in his wife and a few effects on a jumper in February, 1811. They set up housekeeping in the solitary forest, visited, I suppose, by the prospering farmers across the river, but otherwise with only the local beaver for company. Their cabin was three miles above the Chaudière. Abraham Dow arrived three years later, and three years after him John Burrows Honey who was to sell his swamps to Nicholas Sparks, and Ottawa might have grown very slowly indeed, if it had not been for one of the aging Duke of Wellington's bad dreams.

The War of 1812 had saddled the duke with a persistent worry that the United States might seize the St. Lawrence above Montreal and so cut off Upper Canada, as Ontario was called, from Lower Canada, Quebec, and the Maritimes. This fear had in reality agitated the Imperial Government for a generation, but neither embattled Britain nor the impoverished colony could attempt cross-wilderness canals. In 1815 the Royal Engineers in Canada had instructions to secure information; in 1816 a Captain Jebb made a survey between Kingston and Chaudière Falls; and in 1819 the Iron Duke appointed a com-

mission. Six years later it reported. The Duke, running his bony forefinger along the map from the fortified harbor of Kingston up the string of lakes and down the Rideau River, saw that only a few channels needed to be cut, a few locks built, to supply this alternate waterway, and so Colonel By of the Royal Engineers was commanded to pursue the work, with no limit put to the expenditure.

Colonel By was forty-three, soldierly in appearance, with dark hair and a florid complexion, a man of force and ability, and of absolute integrity. He managed to maintain a military discipline and a kind disposition at the same time. He seems to have had an invincible good nature.

"He encountered all privations with wonderful patience and good humor," say John McTaggart, "would run rapids that his Indians trembled to look at, and would cross lakes when the Canadians were gasping with fear at the waves that were rolling about them. He could sleep serenely anywhere, and eat anything—even raw pork.

He was even put into poetry by William Lett:

Seated upon his great black steed  
Of stately form and noble breed,  
A man who knew not how to flinch,  
A British soldier, every inch:  
Courteous alike to low and high,  
A gentleman was Colonel By.

Since the work of building 126 miles of waterway through a virgin wilderness would require years, Colonel By built a little house with large porches on the plateau this side of Nepean Point and behind the Chateau. Below him was the Entrance Bay of the canal. Beyond that he could see Lone Pine Island—still there, though the pine was chopped down by a vandal camper. Still further rose the mist from the Chaudière Falls, unspoiled and magnificent, and in the distance shone the broad levels of the upper river.



Within a year, Lock No. 3 was ready for a ceremony, and none less than Sir John Franklin, who had already added twelve hundred miles to the North American coast-line, laid the foundation stone. Philemon Wright and Sons had taken Dow's Great Swamp in hand and had made a very decent lake of it. The sixty sappers and miners were having difficulty at Hog's Back, where ice jams and freshets had already carried away two dams. Colonel By was stubborn, declaring that he would build a dam there if he had to make it of crown pieces. The dam is there.

Colonel By's energy, his fairness, his good humor, had quickly established him as a character in the people's eyes, and the duties of being a character quickly followed. He was brought disputes and settled them. He protected his workmen. They were soon calling the village, which had grown up in the hollow, Bytown. The Earl of Dalhousie instructed the colonel to lay out lots and lease them. The colonel at once reserved Barrack Hill, where the Parliament Buildings now stand, for the future. The location, as he said, was too fine to spoil with shacks. Long before the canal was completed, the colonel was the genius of Bytown, chief authority, arbiter, and friend. He gave barbecues of whole oxen and never declined to see the lowliest. And all the time the dams and locks and basins and channels and bridges were being completed. Five years saw it through, and in March of 1832 Colonel By was given a great banquet in Kingston, where he was praised for the indefatigable prosecution of a great work. He was told that he would "enjoy the gratitude of the present generation and secure for himself a renown imperishable in future ages."

It was a pleasing sentiment but uttered by one ignorant of politicians. Hardly had the colonel risen from the table before he was summoned to England, like a criminal, to answer for extravagance and for exceeding his authority.

His crime lay in pushing the canal to a conclusion like an

engineer instead of debating over it like a parliament. The cost was less than five million dollars and not excessive. The excellence of the work was not disputed. He had been distinctly ordered by the board not to wait for Parliamentary Grants but to proceed with all despatch consistent with economy. To have waited for these grants would have stopped the construction, increased the expense, and laid the government open to damages. So he had pushed the work forward without waiting for the vote to cover supplementary expenditures and so laid himself open to this criticism of exceeding his authority, acting not only within orders as understood but with common sense.

Common sense, however, is as abhorrent to a political party with a point to gain, as common honesty. Colonel By, who should have had a knighthood as part of his reward, was set aside. His open, honest, and zealous nature was deeply wounded, and he died soon after.

The Rideau Canal is his memorial. The name of his town yielded, very properly in this instance, to a more appropriate one. The name of his hill was changed, with the customary inanity, to Major Hill because a major came to live there. But the canal remains. While it has never transported warships from the clutches of pursuing Americans, it is constantly used by peaceful craft. And its face is the capital's fortune.

The motorist entering Ottawa from the south will find the canal his best guide. He passes Dow's Lake, and rolls in upon the Driveway under a hardly broken avenue of trees, wondering when he will reach the city that lately seemed so close ahead. The city is all about him, but he sees grass and flowers and trees and the ribbon of quiet water. He emerges from under the last bridge, and suddenly there spread before him the vista of the capital's heart: the open park, the Chateau, the towers of Parliament. He is in mid-city without ever having left green fields. It is an unique approach among all the capitals of the world, and a tribute to the wisdom of those who are adorning

Ottawa for her destiny. Summer or winter this strip of loveliness lies open to the sun and provides broad sky and many pictures to the sight. If I were a Commission, I should erect a tablet of thanks to the Duke of Wellington's apprehensions.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THEY say that Nicholas Sparks, who worked for Philemon Wright and bought the heart of Ottawa for four hundred dollars, shed salt tears when he thought over the transaction. Finding that the deal must stand, he philosophically brought his wooden plow over from Hull and proceeded to grow rich. He drew the great pine stumps, and methodically marked his estate off into lots. Then came Colonel By, and the canal, and his fortune was made. Nor was he niggardly. He let himself be persuaded by Colonel By to donate a strip of land sixty-six feet wide, and that is now Wellington Street, later adding thirty-three feet to make that avenue the spacious thing it is. Next he presented the Established Church of Scotland with the lot at the southwest corner of Wellington and Kent, in return for which the grateful Scots granted him the ownership of a pew for all time. Shortly afterward he presented the Anglicans with the land on which Christ Church Cathedral now stands at Sparks Street and Bronson. Evidently he had not allowed his first real estate deal to embitter him. And if his shade returns to walk the town, it has the distinction of being the only shade with *two* streets named after it, Sparks, the leading business street of the city, and Nicholas, which marks the eastern boundary of his ancient holdings.

Within a few years from Philemon Wright's advent, Bytown had become the chief stop on the square timber trail. Giant white pines, whose mournful descendants can still be found huddling together in sweet-scented groves, then covered the land; but the wanton destruction of vast areas was in progress.

Millions of feet of timber floated down the Gatineau to join the miles of it from the Ottawa. Output was no better regulated than it is in other businesses to-day, with the consequence that after a prosperous year, with prices high, the market would be glutted, sales cease, and hard times would settle upon the country.

The raftsmen were to this frontier what the cowpunchers were to the early West, hard seeds, living violent lives to violent ends. Death tickled them, and their heaven was a place of copious and frequent whisky blanc.

At first they were daring and agile French-Canadians, and the berry picker on Nepean Point could have heard the raft crews singing in deep-throated unison their immemorial songs, such as—

Derrier chez nous, ya-t-un étang  
En roulant ma boule.  
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant  
En roulant ma boule.  
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant  
En roulant ma boule roulant  
En roulant my boule.

Their ancestors had mingled with the Indian strain, and they could flare, under drink, with murderous intent. English-speaking rivals soon appeared, with hot-headed Irish shanty-men predominating, and the age of the "Shiners," as they were called, had begun.

Probably no community in Canada has lived through more dangerous and exciting days than Bytown in that decade of lawlessness. The Royal Sappers and Miners, sent out for the canal, had built a bridge over the ravine connecting Rideau Street with the footpath that curved around the base of Barrack Hill and the Old Graveyard to the corner of Wellington and Bank, and this Sappers Bridge was a sort of Thermopylaean Pass, now held by the Irish, now by the French-Canadians.

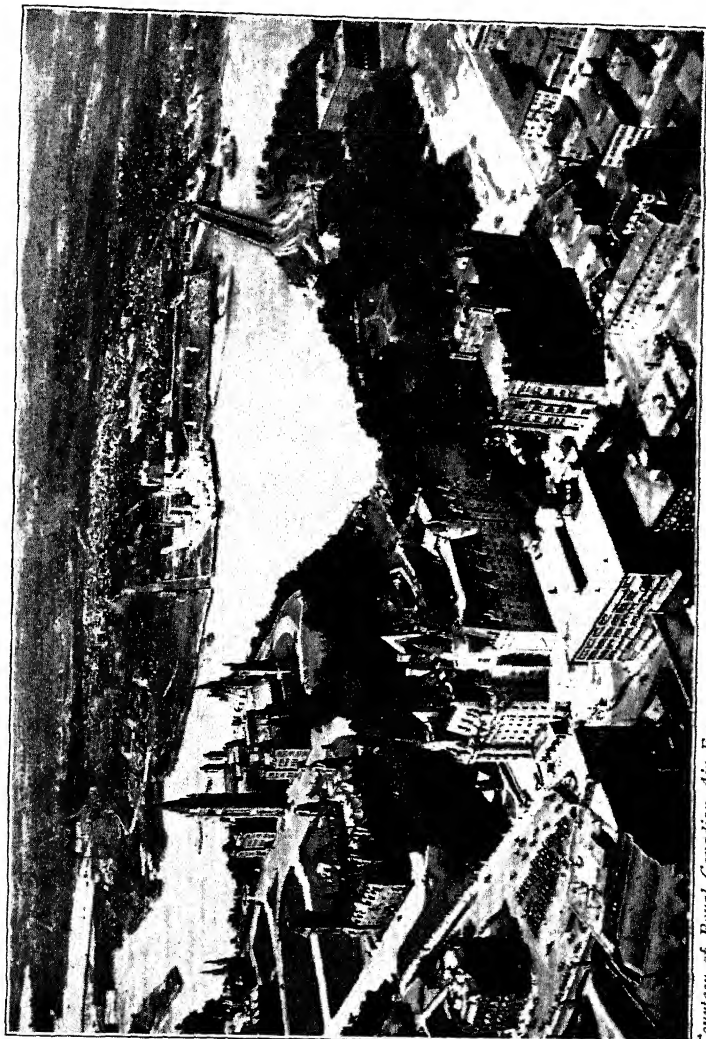
It was dangerous for those living west of it to cross it on certain occasions. The enemy surprised on the bridge was sometimes thrown over it, with fatal results. One man jumped over into deep snow to escape a strangling and sank so deep that he could not move. So they used him for a target until his eyes were shut, and then noticing an overhanging rock, tried to hurl it on him, thus killing and burying him at the same time, but a rival gang interfered.

A favorite diversion was cutting off the ears of the other side's animals, with occasional retaliation on the heads of the perpetrators. One good trick was to roll a keg of powder into the enemies' house, the foe disappearing through the windows, and the house following them. Much furniture was scattered over the country-side in this manner. Occasionally, a whole household was made to strip naked and run around the country in the snow.

Corkstown, as the Irish settlement was called, was the center of disturbance and the center of Corkstown was Mother McGinty's whitewashed shanty. Mother McGinty was queen of Corkstown's two rows of cabins in the swamp not far from the present Police Station, but a week's journey then from any effectual police. This woman, with a cap on her head, and a strong forearm, dealt out the whisky and beer and Jamaica rum, and when a man's money was gone, she chalked his tally on the wall for all to see. As William Lett wrote:

A short stroke for a half-pint stood,  
A longer for a quart was good,  
While something like an Eagle's talon  
Upon her blackboard was a gallon.  
And woe to him, who soon or late  
His tally did not liquidate.

Apt as the local Lett was at description, it would have taken Homer to depict the pay-day sprees. Any one who has



*Courtesy of Royal Canadian Air Force*

## THE HEART OF OTTAWA





seen French-Canadians fight knows that after they have knocked a man down, so strong is their sense of justice, they kick him for falling. Blood was spilt like beer, quart for quart. The din was as horrible as the fights were desperate. But Mother McGinty's athletic charms were sufficient to maintain her ascendancy over the sons of the sod.

This region was Valhalla for the husky farmers' sons of the neighborhood. As one shocked chronicler wrote, their knowledge scarcely extended to the ten commandments. "They anathematized horribly and lewd ideas suggested beastly language. The ministers of religion, when they appeared, were objects of aversion rather than of respect. Horse-racings took place on the Sabbath. Religionists were intolerant of each other. Roman Catholic was arrayed against Protestant and Protestant against Roman Catholic. There were fights as between the different tribes of Israel in David's time. The champions of Protestantism and of Romanism fought sometimes with sticks, sometimes with stones, and sometimes with firearms."

But these river-drivers, these religious enthusiasts, were mere sucking doves compared to political opponents. The Battle of Stony Monday shows that Bytown could take its politics as seriously as other places, notably Montreal, where the crowd had thoughtlessly burned up the Parliament Buildings to show their disapproval of Lord Elgin's signing the Rebellion Losses Bill.

Devotees of the governor-general's policy, the Liberals, conceived the idea of inviting him to address a meeting in Bytown; the Tories, who hated him, demurred. A meeting was called to discuss a reception. A Liberal was put in the chair. The Tories pulled out the platform props and brought the orators to the ground.

The ground, unfortunately, was paved with stones. These were soon pried up by the guiding stars of both parties and were substituted for insults as missiles. The air was filled with

flying rock. In the midst of the mêlée, a shot was fired and the populace ran for weapons. A store on Rideau Street issued arms to the wagon-loads of farmers who had driven in, the inhabitants had to go home for theirs. Guns were soon crackling, and a youth who had been looking on, the traditional innocent bystander, was the first to fall. The affair deepened in seriousness. The Tories had soon sorted themselves out and were drawn up in military array on Parliament Hill, while the Liberals held the market square. About a thousand men, now armed with guns and bayonets, were ready to decide whether Lord Elgin should come or whether he shouldn't.

Meanwhile Philemon Wright's armory had supplied cannon loaded with ox-chains to command the bridges. The Royal Canadian Rifles sent two companies into the town and the air was full of drums and fifes and flags. It looked as if Lord Elgin's invitation would result in the extermination of Bytown, when "the counsel of influential parties on both sides brought to a close this disgraceful affair."

It must not be thought that there were no shepherds for the flock. As early as 1836 the town had a newspaper called "The Bytown Gazette and Ottawa and Rideau Advertiser," owned and edited by a Scot named Dr. Alexander James Christie. A subscription cost one pound a year.

To the modern newspaper reader, who is greeted by three-inch head-lines of Hollywood divorce or local larceny, the Bytown Gazette looks as tame as a towel. The first page was devoted, to literature of all things, quotations from the leading periodicals of the United States and Europe, excerpts from Scott or Shakspeare or more neighborly poets. The second page held weekly letters from Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto, also advertisements, devoted largely to steamboat schedules and the timber trade. Then a brief editorial, and still briefer news. And more advertisements. No weather forecasts, no stocks, no sports, no week-end casualty lists, nothing by wire, for there

were no wires to this unincorporated village of twelve hundred souls, no railroads, and practically no roads.

Yet the paper was important. The correspondence from Lower Canada reminded the Bytonians that others inhabited the same world, and Dr. Christie's editorials kept them awake to the exciting developments in that exciting era of Canada's constitutional development—the Rebellion of '37, Lord Durham's Report, the Union of Upper and Lower Canada, the development of responsible government under Lord Sydenham, and the agitation as to the location of Canada's capital.

Dr. Christie's fervent advocacy of Bytown as the site for the nation's capital, some thirty years before there was a nation, was a long-continued piece of propagandizing in excelsis. Single-handed, against the journalists of the entire country, he argued, pled, and battled for a consideration of his hamlet. He stood up against first surprise, then raillery, then downright opposition. He met argument with better argument, and at each editor who dubbed him lunatic, he shouted imbecile.

At first glance the ordinary person would have been put to it to name a good reason why this village hidden in the forest, without communications, population, or prospects, other than a dwindling lumber business, should be elevated over Quebec or Montreal. But Christie gave columns of reasons:

Bytown being immediately on the boundary line may be said to be as much in one Province as in the other.

Bytown is, next to Quebec the strongest military position in the Canadas.

It is readily accessible by river and canal.

A numerous population would be planted in the heart of the country far removed from the risk of republican contamination.

And so on, from issue to issue.

It is a pity that Christie could not live to see Bytown's triumph. But he died in 1843 and his paper was sold, to become

in time one of the two leading organs of the press in the Ottawa valley, "The Citizen."

The burning of the Parliament buildings by Montreal brought the capital issue to a head. It was obvious that a city so ready with its matches was hardly a suitable place to send almost equally inflammable legislators. So Toronto and Quebec were selected to house the capital in alternate years. The government was practically on wheels, here to-day and camped somewhere else to-morrow. Law-makers had enough to annoy them without having to consult an atlas to see where they met next. At last they prayed the queen to pin down the capital somewhere.

The young Victoria assented. The mayors of Hamilton and Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec were requested to submit the supposed qualifications of their cities for the proposed honor. It was a sort of beauty contest in a large way, and the beauties were soon scratching at each other. Disputes, vilifications, counterblasts of sarcasm, were exchanged. It was enough to bring on a civil war. And finally Her Majesty, in despair, asked Sir Edmund Head, the governor-general, for advice. Where would he put the capital?

"At Bytown, ma'am."

Bytown. The Queen racked her brains. Had she heard of Bytown?

Thoughtful Sir Edmund had forwarded reasons with his suggestion. Bytown was at a safe distance from the Americans. The jealousies of the rival claimants could be settled in no other way. Furthermore it would be difficult, at Bytown, to create unruly mobs, there weren't that many people. With a permanent capital, records could be preserved instead of being perilously carted about the country. At Bytown, Her Majesty's law-makers would not have their minds taken from their work by anything worse than mosquitoes. Also the view was good.

And so in March, 1858, the Queen's choice was announced.

The ugly backwoods duckling had become a swan. The former swans set up an intolerable hissing. So bitter were the local hostilities that the Canadian Legislature was deadlocked for a year. From Bytown, however, a Richard W. Scott had been sent up as representative of the farmers, shantymen and canal-workers of that up-river village, and Scott had the courage of the Romans, the wiliness of the Greeks. Quietly, discreetly, he persuaded or brow-beat eighteen necessary voters into a change of mind, and the capital came to rest. "The sub-arctic lumber village converted by royal mandate into a political cockpit," as Goldwin Smith termed it, was at last to experience the exhilarating sensation of having turned upon it the eyes of its own country and the Empire.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### ON PARLIAMENT HILL

ONE could no longer be sure of finding snipe to shoot on Wellington Street, and the beaver had left the backswamps of Ottawa in disgust. Instead, architects were running around, and by September, 1860, the corner-stone of the Parliament Buildings was ready to be laid.

Queen Victoria, possibly wondering if Bytown had been the proper choice, decided to make it right with the Canadians by having the corner-stone laid with royal hands. So the Prince of Wales, Edward, to be known as the Peacemaker, journeyed up the Grand River and created the desired atmosphere.

One can understand the efforts of the late Bytonians to please the youthful prince. Some of these efforts are culled from an account:

Triumphal arches of huge piles of timber, constructed with wonderful skill, spanned the streets. Flags fluttered in the breeze from every house-top. As he passed from street to street, cheers rang through the air. He was carried up Grand River. He was made to look upon the wonders of the Lake and the Falls. He was shown the slides for bringing down timber in safety past the Great Falls of the Chaudière, and miles of booms for conducting logs to the saw mill. He was shown how expeditiously matches are made and was enticed to look upon the rapid revolutions of the saw, as it cut out pails and doors and sashes. He was walked over the Suspension Bridge that he might feel the spray of the Falls and he was taken upon a drum of timber and carried down the slides upon a raft.

It is rather difficult to imagine Edward VII diverting himself in the spray of waterfalls; so bound are our imaginations by a photograph.

By 1865 the public departments were ready, and just in time, for the project of confederating the provinces was in the air. On July 1st, 1867, the Dominion of Canada was announced to the world, and a town of less than twenty thousand, situated in the woods on a remote river, found herself prepared with stately buildings to assume her prideful rôle.

For fifty years the halls beneath these Gothic roofs were diligent with history. They laughed and were electrified by Sir John A. Macdonald. They witnessed his eclipse and echoed to the cheers of his resurrection. They were startled by the assassination of D'Arcy McGee and added the North West Territories to the dominion. They marveled at the stupidity which brought on the Riel Rebellion and were proud at the successes of the North West Mounted Police. They trembled when the fate of the Canadian Pacific Railway hung in one midnight's balance. They came under the spell of the Klondike. They recognized the French-Canadian, Sir Wilfred Laurier, as their master for fifteen years. They sent men to fight in South Africa. They mourned the queen who had created them. They declared war against the enemies of peace, and heard the far booming on the fatal lines of Flanders. And then, on a bitter night in February, 1916, they disappeared in flames.

The mind that invented the phoenix knew much of conflagrations. Burn a hovel and you get a house, burn a house and you get a palace. And so with Parliaments. Raze a rather squatty spire and, *voilà*, a Peace Tower soaring magnificently from the rock. In the nest old memories are white with ashes, but no matter, the new phoenix has finer projects in her fiery breast.

The approach is across a lawn of many acres, and in itself it is a thing of beauty. This grassy level seems to need no watering. No signs forbid the foot. And it is an inspired preparation for the buildings.

To its right stands the East Block with the governor-general's offices, to the left the West Block with departmental offices.

Below that, and fortunately out of sight, is a building usually assumed by tourists to be an abandoned stable, but which in reality houses the majesty of the Supreme Court. Our interests lie ahead.

Immediately on entering the main building, one is struck by the beauty of the stonework. Later the proportions make their impression, the buoyancy of the Gothic arch, and the serenity of all. But first one sees a pillar of stone branching at the top; the eye is led always up, is perpetually delighted with some new detail.

The visitor may wander about or be guided. The Commons Chamber, at the west end of the building, is the heart of the dominion. Here the policies which the prime minister and his cabinet have threshed out in secret are ground publicly into laws. At the north of the room is the speaker's chair, a replica of the chair in the British House of Commons, and the royal arms above it are of wood taken from the ceiling of Westminster Hall.

The government benches are to the left of the speaker, the Opposition to his right, while Miss Macphail with her fellow progressives occupies the distance on the right. The small tables in the center are used by the reporters for Hansard, the Congressional Record of Canada. They must be the most disillusioned men in the dominion, these two. It is their fate to catch every word that is poured upon the air. They know the platitude power of every member. They are skilled to recognize the address to the far-off constituency, to pierce the oratory of the Opposition which lives, indeed, to oppose if not impede.

The galleries above the chamber are ostensibly for visitors; in reality they are incubators for cynics.

Canada suffers, like other countries where democracy is engaged in that evolution which so often seems but the hope of the immature, from oratory and massed politicians. Canada has



only the population of Greater London, but an incomparable wealth of parliaments. See what Canada supports:

A governor-general at a salary of ten thousand pounds.

A prime minister and sixteen or seventeen other ministers.

A senate of seventy-two members, nearly as many as the United States.

A commons of 181 members.

A lieutenant-governor for each province.

A premier, a ministry, a parliament for each province, with mayors and councils and lesser folk ad infinitum. No wonder the taxes are layer upon layer deep. If one can imagine ten parliaments in London, all passing laws as fast as they can in the open season, one gets an approximate if not quite parallel picture of the surfeit. The incongruity is being gradually recognized. Government should be a business run by the best brains of the nation for the nation's profit. Sometimes one is forced to think that the original aim—the good of the people—has been lost in the intricacies, and worse, of the system. It is, however, the people's fault, and it is only the rare great statesman who is not a political Calvinist, believing that the public was born to be damned.

The proper study of the Parliament Buildings would enrich a week and leave the memory full of beauty. Architect John A. Pearson of Toronto, designer of the Sun Life Building in Montreal, created a magnificent memorial to himself in this masterpiece, and at astonishingly small cost, twelve million dollars, a figure totally incommensurate with the splendor of the result. The Nepean sandstone for the exterior was quarried ten miles from Ottawa, much of the interior is of Manitoba limestone, the cut stone-work a Wallace sandstone from Nova Scotia. The Commons lobby shows the Manitoba stone's warm creamy buff color with its delicately patterned fossil forms.

The Senate Chamber, in the East End, is richer and more

impressive than the Commons, thanks to its red carpet, the stone carvings, and the pictures from the War Memorial. The governor-general occupies the Throne when he opens and prorogues Parliament, and with the uniforms and the ladies in evening dress and ceremonial blossoming like a flower, the scene impresses.

The Court of Honor, opening north from Confederation Hall, at the entrance, leads to the old Library, spared by fire. This houses nearly a million volumes, which are not directly available to the public but can be utilized by one showing a good reason for desiring the privilege.

The Common Reading Room and Lobby, the Office of the Speaker of the Senate, the Library of the Speaker of the Commons, the rooms of the Prime Minister and of the Opposition Leader, the Senate Smoking Room are all worth viewing. Luxury and perfect taste of furnishings supplement the dignity of the proportions. Look closely at the details, the Commons Entrance door, the windows of the Senate Hall, the fireplace in the West Commons Lobby, the staircases. Peek in the private offices of the senators and members and ask yourself what wise laws would not be enacted if you occupied them. In the Parliamentary Restaurant have a table by the window and wonder if any other legislators have ever settled a nation's affairs in a finer setting.

The Memorial Chamber of the Tower presents the feeling person with the very concentrate of reality. This small yet lofty room is the chapel of remembrance for the nation. In the center rests a block of carven stone, Great Britain's gift, as altar for a book of names of the fallen. The story of Canada's participation is carved upon the paneled walls, and to complete the simplicity a subdued ornamentation of symbolic relief.

The floor stones came from the fields on which Canadians died. Belgium gave this, France that. Each stroke of the chisel

on the walls adds to the story. The legend is told with great force in a few words. You are made see the mobilization, the stealthy departure, the great attacks, the gas, Arras, Lenin Road, Ypres, Cambrai. And there are other panels which sum in a few syllables the struggle, the courage, the pain, the endless heroism.

They are too near  
To be great  
But our children  
Shall understand  
When and how our  
Fate was changed  
And by whose hand.

Nor was their agony  
Brief or once only  
Imposed on them the  
Wounded, the warspent.  
The sick received no  
Exemption being cured  
They returned and  
Endured and achieved  
Our redemption.

Not since her birth  
Has our earth seen  
Such worth loosed  
Upon her.

In this room I have seen women silently weep, not at the words, but at the sight of some insignia, some shoulder badge carved in stone and bringing back the king's cable from abroad. And yet you feel that death, which made this room, cannot live in it. It is still as the tomb, and its impressiveness is that of a terrible finality. But the mind is lifted by it.

Above the Memorial Chamber are the bells, the carillon, and the elevator man will tell you that there are fifty-three of them,

and they weigh so many tons, and that Percival Price, the carillonneur, gives a concert on them on Sabbath evenings and once or twice during the week. You see them sleeping pendant in the shadow like great bronze birds with music in their throats. Heard carillon are sweet, but it is the flashes of metallic melody caught unexpectedly that lift me into admiration. One can be walking Sparks Street in the narrowness of mood engendered by the meals of Sparks Street or the like, when a cascade of silvery sound sweeps from the upper air, and the mood is shattered. Or you may be sitting at Nepean Point where the music comes across water, which is the friend of music, and the transient rhythms ripple to you from their dovecot with a natural charm.

Above the bells is the gallery of the Peace Tower and the view. The fate of Ottawa, scenically speaking, is far from decided. It will require new planning, more millions, and some sort of insistence by the people, to put the city out of reach of mediocrity forever, but the view from the Tower reveals how adequately nature has done her part. The elements of her contribution are these: a noble promontory curtained with trees; three rivers eternally varying in mood and aspect; a circle of alternate field and forest, now lengthening the view, now inclosing it in an emerald frame; a hill country all across the north; a vein of water curving through the town; an air often of the most stimulating clarity; a tumble and a flow of season through the whole gamut of heat and cold.

And how has man collaborated with nature? Well and ill, but ill first. After choking up the waterfalls with mills, and blocking the approaches to Parliament Hill with an undergrowth of mediocre houses, some farther seeing individuals formed an Ottawa Improvement Commission, some decades ago. Of this more later. From the Tower one can see a little of what has been accomplished. The canal was saved first and the driveway made. Several city blocks were razed. As funds

ran low the wanton flames, at least the flames usually wanton, helpfully took a hand. They destroyed the old Russell House sitting in the way and the derelict banana-stands beside it. Then it destroyed the Russell Theater, removing the city's one large theater to be sure but assisting the Commission. Unable to endure the City Hall any longer, fire destroyed it, adding to the park. What next it will attack in its systematic enthusiasm is uncertain. That it will improve matters is sure.

The view from the Tower is a view with variations played on the fundamentals of water, wood, and sky. From the east gallery you see the residential district of Sandy Hill, almost submerged in trees, and Government House two miles away. Southward lies the bulk of the city, with the Victoria Museum in the distance, and beyond that the green fringe of country. Westward the eye is captured by the river, the Chaudière Falls, and the waters above them. The northern view is of Hull and the many-ovaled country of the Gatineau.

Summer softens these distances and raises the sky. Winter carves the atmosphere to the bone and the skeleton landscape lies white and blue. There is not moisture enough in the air to frost a pane. Only the white-veined rivers smoke at the waterfalls, until they, too, freeze, and the forests are but memoirs of summer bound in purple.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### THE ARCHIVES

TEN minutes' walk north from the Chateau Laurier, and two east from Nepean Point, stands the Canadian Archives building, the treasure house of the nation's past. Its walls are hung with pictures of the Canada forever gone. Its cabinets contain the implements of a vanished life. Here are the men who made Canada speaking to you from their letters. Do you wish to know what Bigot really said? Then read his correspondence over his shoulder. Are you curious about Sir John A. Macdonald? There are five hundred volumes of his letters and papers. Are you a map enthusiast? You have forty thousand charts to pore over. A hundred thousand books on Canadian history. A million pamphlets. Cellarsful of material yet undigested and arranged, with streams of papers, prints, and newssheets collecting in this reservoir of truth. The quintessence of Canada is under this roof. Here you will find the true flavor of the centuries of exploration, exploitation, colonization, struggle, conquest, rehabilitation, and growth. It is the most thrilling spot in Canada.

As early as 1872 the need of providing records for scholars found expression in the Archives. Parliament realized how dependent the quick are on the dead. It is the people who think the past is dead that have no life; they are buried in the present. I hope that when our illustrious seer, Mr. Ford, announced that history was bunk, he was thinking of the history he was forced to read in school. Fortunately there is a way of debunking history and that is to have access to its sources, its actual words

and cabals and secret policies from whose loins the acts of history sprang.

Dr. Brymner gently collected sources for thirty years and died. Lord Minto, who was governor-general and a man of culture and wide activity, urged an inquiry into the public records. At that time a quiet man, Arthur Doughty by name, was librarian in Quebec. In his veins ran divers interests, a passion for old Quebec, a delight in ferreting out antiquities. He was writing the story of Wolfe's battle with Montcalm in six octavo volumes. And none dull. By that occasional fortuity which combines the right man and the job, Dr. Doughty was brought to Ottawa to feed Dr. Brymner's stream of sources.

Suddenly the inflow began to quicken. The shelf of Wolfe became a room. His portraits, his every written word, the chair he sat in above the St. Charles, the map he had across his knees, the whole world of Wolfe, in brief, was rounded out.

And so with other personages and periods of Canadian history. The fog about certain events began to thin. Contradictions were resolved. Heroes and villains both were seen in clearer light, thanks to a continuous unearthing of papers, administrative correspondence, transcripts of material from the original in the Public Record Office, the British Museum and their Paris equivalents.

The greatness of Wolfe's soldier, Murray, came clearer in the documents of the first governor of Quebec, the same general.

Lord Dartmouth's papers explaining the Quebec Act to the British Parliament will explain it to you. They are available.

But Lord Dorchester's papers will never be. They were destroyed by the meddlesome Lady Maria Carleton. Archives save great men from their wives.

As the continent fills, the record deepens. Murray, Haldimand, Dartmouth, give but one side; Neilson, Papineau, La-fontaine, supply the other.

The Dalhousie correspondence clears up many things.

The papers of Lord Durham are invaluable for stripping the mystery from '37.

There is Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Sydenham, Lord Selkirk, the Hudson's Bay Company. The tree of knowledge has many branches, and Dr. Doughty would have liked to strip them all. An archivist's avarice knows no bounds; anything less than completeness is galling. And so the quiet man devised a scheme to hasten completeness.

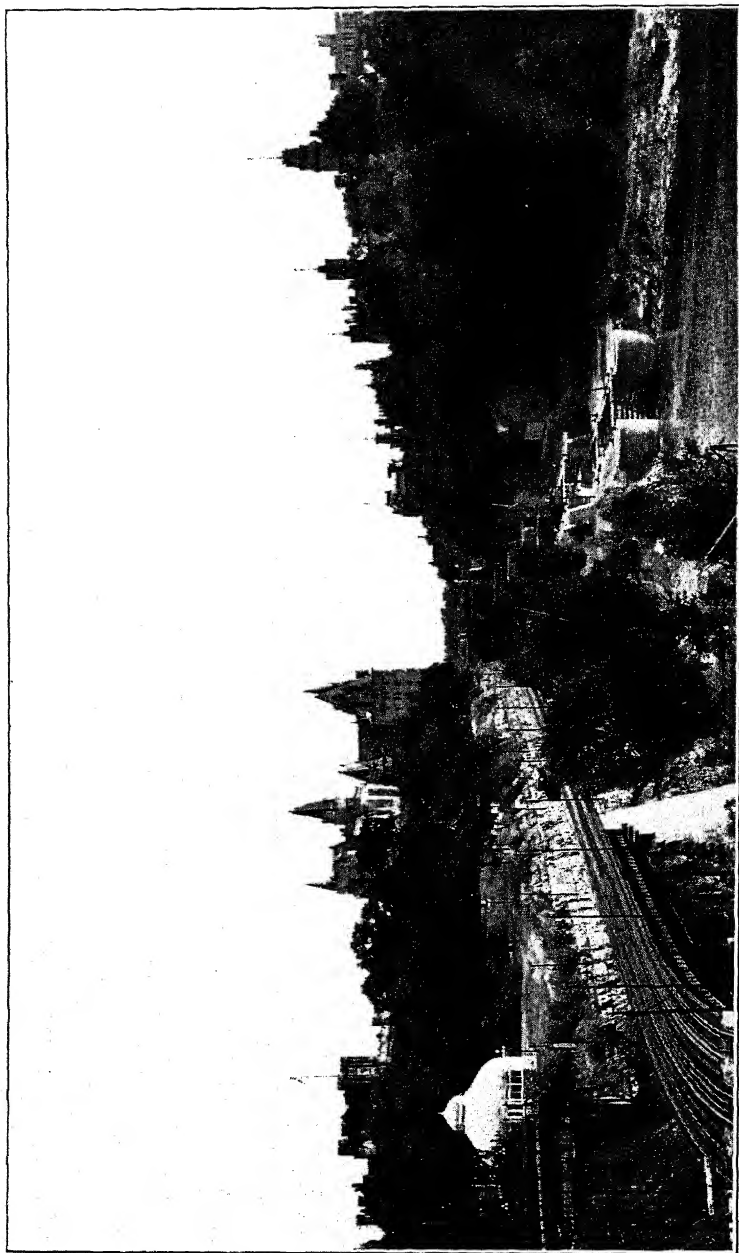
In 1923 a banquet inaugurated the Canadian Historical Society of England. It was a banquet brilliant with a convergence of lusters. Members of the royal family, the church, the nobility, the government, the Hudson's Bay Company, the army, sons of famous men whose names were as familiar to Canada as the names of her provinces—Lord Durham, Lord Elgin, Sir Charles Townshend, Lord Grey, Lord Minto, the Master of Elibank, descendant of James Murray—these accepted Sir Campbell Stuart's invitation, listened to a letter from the Marquis de Montcalm, and several pithy speeches. The Duke of Devonshire revealed the gist of the matter in this sentence:

I can only offer one word of advice to all of you who may have documents and papers of interest to Canada, and that is, the sooner you produce them the better. You will have to do so in due course, and to save both time and temper you had better do it with the greatest possible alacrity.

So great an enthusiasm for disgorging relics was aroused that Sir Campbell repeated his menu on the other side of the Channel. Descendants of Wolfe and Montcalm, of Carleton and Levis, met at the Palace of Versailles to found the Société d'Histoire du Canada, for the same attic-combing purposes. The dinner was in the Galerie des Batailles, and the ghost of the Grand Monarque must have been slightly bewildered to see his patriots of the *ancien régime* sitting down so heartily with the enemy.







*Canadian Government Photo*

THE RIDEAU LOCKS FROM NEPEAN POINT

I yield to nobody in a well-seated antipathy to museums; my surprise on entering the large ground-floor room of the Archives was emphatic. The walls were lively with old prints and oils. The exhibits, in cases well-spaced about the floor, seemed personal, hobby-like. Look at a few of us, they said, and go rested away. There was not a person in the place.

At the far-end of the room named for Lord Grey stood a model of Quebec of 1795, a fascinating reproduction. Near by a case displayed a document concerning Nova Scotia, signed Oliver Cromwell, dated 1656. Beside it, Sir John A. Macdonald's draft of the British North American Act. A Severn House Journal, 1776. Also, Laura Secord's petition to operate, not a candy-shop, but a ferry, at Queenston. Also Brant's letter declining vaccination for his Indians. In another case, the autographs of the French Kings before the Cession. Louis XIV's was bold and luxurious as one might expect.

Lord Northcliffe's room held a wealth of Wolfe, the books he read in Canada which he bequeathed to Guy Carleton, his secret instructions, his last letter, the first sermon preached in Quebec after the conquest. Here was a case of books from Lord Amherst: "Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight—the History of the WORLD in Five Books, 1677." And a tome entitled "Miscellanies" with such chapter headings as—

Dreams

Apparitions

Impulses

Knockings

Blows Invincible

Magick

Transportation in the Air

Converse with Angels and Spirits

Glances of Love and Envy.

In short, a book of first aid for any emergency. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's library skirted the wall, a curious miscellany, too.

In the Minto Room—but I shall let you have the Minto Room as a sort of Klondike to pan around in. And when you see what there is to see on the first floor, it is as if you had merely bought a map for the trip, the real expedition is to come. The wealth of material is immense, and irreplaceable. And although many hands have helped, it chiefly does honor to the acumen and patience of a quiet man from Quebec.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### OTTAWA IN NINETY MINUTES

LET us postulate a tourist. He is a conscientious sight-seer and an uncomfortable man. He has ninety minutes to spare for the capital and wishes to miss nothing of importance. What shall I show him on a June afternoon?

The Chateau is everybody's starting-place. I wish that a stranger's first view of it could be as he comes toward Connaught Place on a winter night, a still night without traffic, steely cold. As he passes around the post-office, the Chateau rises from the soft illumination of the Place. Its upward lines carry his glance past snowy turret and goblin-shaped tower into the mysterious sky. He is aware of an impetuous upward sweep against the opaque curtain overhead, swiftness against poise, an up-rushing emotion turned into pale stone. He knows that he is looking at a beautiful hotel.

He is interested enough to walk around into the park, deep with snow, and see its Norman bulk through the trees. The Peace Tower is a dim shaft of light, its foot lost in the darkness. The canal's snow catches an echo of the radiance, and he sees that, by a stroke of architect's genius, it is really a moat for the Chateau. And now he knows that he is looking at one of the world's most beautiful hotels.

The Chateau is much more than a hotel to Ottawa; it is the city's club. There are conventional clubs, of course, preëminently the venerable Rideau Club opposite the Parliament gates and beside which the new American Legation is rising; but the Chateau is for everybody. It is the home of the prime minister and the place for a winter swim. It glows with splendor

for the great military balls at which the governor-general may add the note of exact rightness, and its cafeteria has saved the lives of more bachelors than any other influence in Ottawa. Women with a taste for the fantastic arrange tea-parties in its totem-pole room, while politicians take a room upstairs, send a bell-hop to the vendor and begin their lobby. Next year the lobby will give birth to a post-office on Lac St. Jean or a bridge in Rupert's Land. When a large orchestra comes to Ottawa, which is once in every three or four years, it plays in the hockey rink. When the Hart House Quartet, one of the fine quartets of the world, arrives for its annual sacrifice, it plays in the Little Theater. But if something that appeals is taking place, the Chateau will be host. Every Saturday through the winter the Canadian Club presents some statesman, economist, or traveler in what remains of the fine old dining-room with its vistas of the river and the Gatineau Hills, giving Ottawa an opportunity of hearing more famous men than many a metropolis. It is hard now to imagine Ottawa or Quebec, Calgary or Edmonton or Victoria without the dignity and excellence of their railway hotels. By a bold stroke of providing her small cities with these large-city social centers, Canada became urbane and able to entertain the distinguished of the world.

Our exigent tourist is fingering his watch. He declines to walk through Major Hill Park, even to see where Colonel By had his house, or the noon gun that sets a thousand watches, so we drive north on MacKenzie Avenue, beside the Chateau, turning right and then left into Sussex Street and pass the old Catholic Church which figures in the early prints, the Basilica. It was dedicated in 1846, which is old for Ottawa, and it possesses the loudest bells.

There are a few places in Ottawa far enough from church bells to sleep, but not many. Some of them chime modestly and pleasantly and subside. Others must be operated by some sort of machinery that makes a din which would not be tolerated

in the infernal regions. If a private person shattered the early quiet with such a jangle he would be haled before the magistrate. Why should it be different with organizations, sacred or profane, Protestant, Catholic, or Holy Roller? If churches cannot induce their members to rise at unusual hours for the love of it, they should devise a system of private alarms instead of waking whole neighborhoods to blasphemy. What the sick within earshot must suffer while the well are being saved, is something beyond statistics. But let us pass on.

Almost immediately on the left is the Archives Building, and the sentried edifice beyond is not a fortress but the Mint. Sussex now curves with the river. The large tree-sheltered house on the left, at Dalhousie Street, is Earnscliffe where Sir John A. Macdonald lived and now the residence of London's High Commissioner Sir William Clarke. A few minutes farther on, the pillared and costly Government Research Laboratory, depressing in color and departing from the universal Gothic of the city in style. The Rideau River is crossed, but one has to go to Hull to see the falls, and on the right appears the lodge at the entrance to Government House Park.

All the governors-general to Canada since Confederation have taken this drive, and I have often wondered what impressions are recorded in the vice-regal breast as they near the place that is to be their home for the next five years. Most of these gentlemen are of great wealth. They have access to Buckingham Palace and belong on the upmost tier of British society. They leave magnificent estates and London houses with London's civilization at their doors. They must query in their minds, as the car proceeds along the nondescript street, just what they are getting into.

The gates are reached. A long curving driveway leads between tall trees with wide reaches of lawn on either hand. A portico gives dignity to the stone house built by Thomas MacKay a century ago and which has taken to itself a ball-room

and wings. Their Excellencies, reassured by the park, discover that they are to be comfortable in a life of country estate seclusion varied by public ceremonial. Here they will entertain the official world and occasionally give a public party.

The Ottawan enjoys more bread and circuses than any other Canadian. By writing his name in the callers' book at Government House he signifies his humble presence in the world and is, two or three times a year, invited into *the* atmosphere itself. The aides-de-camp hate the skating parties worst, for they are pure crush. The garden party is somewhat better, for garden parties demand top hats which are selective. The garden party falls on the king's birthday, June 3rd, when the Ottawa spring has at last relented into sun and flowers. The new green of terrace and trees, the women vernally clad by Paris or New York, the music, the notables in the receiving line, the space—an advantage which softens the witches' sabbath noise of other parties—combine to make the hour exhilarating. But for the purest pleasure, post yourself by a woman who knows, and listen to her strip the other women of their pretensions. Or derive from some friendly statesman's innuendos the smoother ways of political advancement. With an ear to the lawn, catch the undertone of empire.

The governor-general's life is not all a bed of carefully cultivated roses. Like his king, he has small powers but large influence. From the ancient point of view the crown is upside down; to-day it symbolizes the majesty of the people, and in Canada its representative can act only on the advice of the people's executive, the prime minister. In speeches he must be careful to say nothing embarrassing to the government or the Opposition, which certainly restricts the field. A sense of duty and a sense of the prestige, helped by a sense of humor, overset the irritations and limitations of the office, and beneath the formal expressions of regret at Their Excellencies' departure rings an undoubted sincerity.



Beyond Government House lies Rockcliffe Park, a place of great pines, steep slopes, and wide views of the rivers, the Ottawa, the Gatineau. In winter the ski-jump is loud with cataracts of boys. In spring the cloistered glades are a lovers' warren with virtue strictly enforced by the mosquitoes. Rafts of lumber still warp into the coves.

A ferry takes one across to Gatineau Point, a French Canadian village, not yet given over to esthetic preoccupations, but which could be one of the loveliest spots in Quebec province. It has two rivers at its doors, a promenade of trees, and a magnificent view of the capital. It used to be a rendezvous for the shantymen who paused to sniff the health-giving fumes of beer. To-day it is a picture of somnolent acquiescence to the ways of time and flood, particularly flood. For when the snows melt and the rivers heave their ice aside, this village submerges and remains submerged for weeks at a time. The natives go about in boats, leaving for business by the second-story windows. The women are not excited by fluidity, and the children lead this quasi-nautical existence with distinct pleasure. But composure is the key-note. The same thing happened last year and will happen next. To take up the carpets and move upstairs in the expectation of the village turning Venice for six weeks is, I admit, contrary to the accepted notions of housekeeping. Only French-Canadians could be so charming about it.

The village of Rockcliffe has spread over the fields and under the woods south and east of the park, and is Ottawa's handsomest and haughtiest suburb. It is still a village, with a highly individual postman, a highly individual constable, such as villages should have. It commands glorious views, the sweep of country down the river changes its beauty with every change of weather. I point out to my tourist the little lake, the park beneath the bluff, the "N" division barracks of the Mounted Police beyond, and the airdrome beyond that, but we must turn south on Acacia Avenue, a friendly road met by little lanes all

beckoning. By turning right on Mariposa to pass the Ashbury Boys' School and left down Springfield Road to reach the river, and up Wurtemberg to see Sir Robert Borden's residence, we reach the heart of Sandy Hill where a man can have his home under magnificent old trees and dig his garden and still be within a fifteen minute walk of the city's center.

At Chapel Street and Laurier is the house where Sir Wilfrid Laurier lived and which his widow left to the Liberal Party. The Right Honorable Mackenzie King inhabits it now. Just south of Laurier on Chapel lives Madge Macbeth, the Capital's most trenchant and kinetic writer. Her excellent study of the married, "Shackles," drew sparks from the sleeping flint of Ottawa's reading populace. When "The Land of Afternoon" appeared over an obvious nom de plume, she was accused of writing it by all who shivered before its witty devastations. The authorship has never been divulged. The fact that Ottawa resented this penetrating satire, rather than shrugging its shoulders at the shafts that hurt, justifies the book. For me it made the city human and not a jot less delightful. If Mrs. Macbeth did not write it, I should like to pay my compliments to the person who did. But of all her varied work, the book that concerns us here is "The Great Fright," which she did in collaboration with A. B. Conway, and which every one who enjoys the French-Canadian should read. All the humor of the habitant, conscious and unconscious, which was left out of Maria Chapdelaine is here set down, without malice but with no occasion lost. It is not easy to poke fun at a race for two or three hundred pages and have them like it; yet the French-Canadians themselves are the first to praise this most discerning book.

Farther west on Laurier is a bridge and one of the city's astonishing views. If there were anything in environment, Ottawans should have beautiful thoughts, for beauty beats in upon them from every side. But rarely does the chime strike.

There was an Archibald Lampman; there is a Duncan Campbell Scott.

By the grey shores of Rideau  
The bells are calling clear,  
Over the dying ripple  
The swallows dip and veer,  
The spring is coming slow  
As it came last year.

But a slow spring is sure  
With freshets of cold rain;  
As it came last year  
And ever may come again,  
With flowers frail and pure  
Where the pure snow had lain.

The bells have ceased their calling  
But silence calls as clear,  
Within the earth's shadow  
A few stars appear,  
The chill night is falling  
As it fell last year.

Poetry, like fine wine, must be savored. If you gulp down those simple lines of Duncan Scott's, you will never realize their bouquet, the overtones. But a slow spring is sure.

Instead of driving my tourist along Laurier to Metcalfe Street and the Carnegie Library, I turned off to Lisgar that I might take him by the house which, if Canada had a Poet Laureate, would be known as Laureate House. One poem that Scott wrote in that house, "The Piper of Arll," another Laureate, Masfield of England, called "the most beautiful sea-poem of modern times." It is a house that offers to the lambs of culture astray in Ottawa a fold of books, music, painting, and conversation—the atmosphere that civilization breathes. The host within

was born five years before the Dominion itself. At seventeen he went into the Department of Indian Affairs which he leaves at seventy, a tall, graying, life-weathered gentleman with aquiline nose, firm mouth, restless questing eyes, and the rare aristocratic manner, the true urbanity. "The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott," 340 pages of them, are the man, fundamentally in league with the forces of life, but well aware of death:

Death seems triumphant only here and there:  
Life is the sovereign presence everywhere.

He knows that there are times to still the heart:

I do not ask, now that the day is over  
For certitudes the daylight did not bring,  
I do not long for colour through the shadow,  
Nor in winter for the spring;

If he admits frustration, he disarms the admission with a figure of beauty:

All our human passion and endeavour  
Idle as a thistledown  
Lightly wheeling, blown about forever;  
All our vain renown  
Slighter is than flicker of the rushes;  
All our prate of evil and of good  
Lesser than the comment of two thrushes  
Talking in the wood.

And he soon turns to "The Heroic Soul":

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:  
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings  
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,  
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave:  
Then from the portal where the ripple rings  
He bursts into the boundless morning—free!

He would not be a poet, if he could not seize some appearance of nature which we have looked emptily upon a hundred times and have it fill him with beauty.

The old moon lay, a silvern wraith  
Within the new moon's hold,  
The pearl of shadow pale as frost  
Lit from her virgin gold.

With the pure faith of early love  
Before the coming night,  
She pledged the beauty that she held  
A destiny of light.

He vanquishes the earthly enemy with music. Here is the first stanza of "In a Country Churchyard."

This is the acre of unfathomed rest,  
These stones, with weed and lichen bound, enclose  
No active grief, no uncompleted woes,  
But only finished work and harboured quest,  
And balm for ills;  
And the last gold that smote the ashen west  
Lies garnered here between the harvest hills.

England said of this elegy, "Here certainly is a poem that for music and feeling must rank amongst the great poetry of our language."

To present these macerations of poems is to convey little of their whole effect. Perhaps "Imogen's Wish" shows the poet in essence, his Mozartian music, his exquisite feeling and observation :

When I have spent my little life,  
I pray you of your grace  
Lay me in some secluded spot  
A maple-shadowed place;

## QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND OTTAWA

Where spring shall gently green the grass  
Where silver snow has lain,  
Where only tempered sun shall fall,  
After a soothing rain.

For mine own flower I would prefer,  
Leaving the world the rest,  
A brood of the wood-daffodil,  
To tremble on my breast,

Then you might say if wandered there,  
Far from your light and power,  
"She must have lived with lovely thought  
To choose so pure a flower."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY

WITHIN thirteen years of Confederation, Canada had a National Gallery. So swiftly did culture tread on the heels of turmoil. But the Gallery was not, certainly, a creation of marble and Old Masters. A few pictures were hung in a dingy upper story of the Fisheries Building, and the main occupation of the premises continued to be hatching not geniuses but trout. From time to time the government fed the Gallery minute grants of money; and although the collection of art was still under the ægis of Isaak Walton, rather than of Helen, it had acquired by 1907 an Advisory Arts Council of three.

One of these three was Sir Edmund Walker, one of those rare men of business who have an astute commercial sense and also are genuinely informed about art. He saw that the Gallery required a skilled director, a man of intuition charged with enthusiasm. A young man named Eric Brown, with some experience of Canada's artistic needs behind him and definite ideas concerning the work that lay ahead, was secured.

Mr. Brown saw at once that Helen could not be housed compatibly over a fish hatchery, and that no Gallery could thrive on the alternate attentions and inattentions of Parliament. An act must be passed. An act was passed giving the institution and its advisers broad powers to do almost anything they wanted in the furtherance of art. Meanwhile the paintings had been carried to their present quarters, also temporary, in the newly erected Victoria Memorial Museum. There now remained only to acquire a collection befitting the nation, to stimulate Ca-

nadians into painting, and to persuade the public to glance at the works already painted. This program, to be sure, had to be accomplished on the annual grant of ten thousand dollars, but by swimming still harder against the current of indifference, the director and the board believed they could make progress.

Politics unconsciously made a contribution to these efforts at this critical juncture by frightening Canada with the specter of reciprocity. An earthquake of latent national feeling shook the land. From the fissures thus opened in the old complacency sprang new impulses, and among them a desire for expression in paint by young Canadians.

It must not be supposed that art began in Canada with 1911. Paul Kane, born a century before, had made copies of the Europeans which he exhibited in Toronto as early as 1845. He had wandered across the continent sketching the Indians and had received commissions from the Hudson's Bay Company and the Legislature of Upper Canada. The Gallery has four works of his, Canada's first landscape painter. Cornelius Krieghoff had lived in Montreal and Quebec before Confederation and was moved by the serene habitant to make sympathetic studies of his life. There was an Ontario Society of Artists and a Royal Canadian Academy, and the first artists whom connoisseurs in other lands were to esteem highly were already painting. Horatio Walker on the Island of Orleans was setting upon canvas his feeling of the mysterious in the commonplace. From the dull round of peasant life, he managed to lift pictures of great power and poignancy. To-day he is represented in the galleries of this continent and in many private collections. William Brymner at the same time was stimulating students in Montreal, one of whom was Clarence Gagnon. J. W. Morrice was painting his landscapes, landscapes which now hang in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, the Tate Gallery and in Washington. Maurice Cullen and Homer Watson were



then at their prime. Had Canadian art stopped in 1911 the walls in the mansions of Helen would not be bare.

But as yet the country at large had hardly been heard from. It required the new enthusiasm after 1911 to cover Canada with studios and draw on Lake Superior, on the Rockies, and the Pacific Coast, for new subjects and new strength. Tom Thomson, who was thirty-four in the reciprocity year, is credited with the ablest pioneering. For eight months of the year he lived alone in Algonquin Park, absorbing the individuality of the northland and then communicating it to canvas with a compelling sincerity. Other young artists, most of whom were engaged in commercial designing, followed his lead, and at length there emerged the School of Seven, partial radicals, stopping much this side of the eccentricities of France, but making considerable departure from local convention.

Local convention raised, of course, its ridiculous storm. People who had hardly ever looked at a painting in their lives wrote letters to the press concerning the new outrage. The Gallery was thronged. The isolation of art was over.

The National Gallery, which had welcomed the new spirit, continued the work of education. Mr. Brown and others, networked the country in lecture tours. Paintings were sent from the permanent collection on loan to any community desiring them. School-children, who had never seen anything better than a poster, had glimpses of Helen's brightness.

The Gallery inaugurated an annual exhibition for the display of the best works selected from professional exhibitions everywhere in Canada, so that no one with talent need go unrecognized. At first the exhibition was drawn almost entirely from Montreal and Toronto. But each year the circle of application spread until the Maritimes, the Prairie Provinces, and the Coast sent strong and individual work. And to-day, in spite of the demons of depression, Vancouver is building her own mansion to Helen.

The National Gallery has never forgotten its most vital function, the acquisition of fine art. While Dr. Doughty was raking England for his Archives, Mr. Brown was ransacking the Continent for the Masters. Part connoisseur, part sleuth, he stole about Europe seeking what he might filch at a possible price, for in the heyday of prosperity the government grant rarely exceeded \$130,000, and even a newspaper reader knows that an art buyer cannot enjoy much of a saturnalia on the remnants of \$130,000 after the expenses of a Gallery have been deducted.

Thanks to his uncanny skill and gifts from patrons of the arts, the National Gallery offers to-day representative paintings of every school, and sometimes great paintings. There is Rubens' "Christ with the Cross," one of his great works. Titian is represented by a marvelous portrait of a prelate. There are three Tintoretto's. "The Repentant Magdalen," by Paul Veronese. An Andrea del Sarto. A Botticelli. A Gainsborough. A George Romney. Three by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two Corots. A Millet. A Monet. "The Shipwreck," by Turner. A Whistler water color. A Sargent. A magnificent sea study of Paul Dougherty's. And these are only a few of the head-liners. Nor shall I begin to mention the Canadians who are, of course, adequately represented. Nor the sculptors.

Ottawa, Canada indeed, immersed in the animal predicaments of getting and spending, can be thankful that they have this treasure of beauty which is unassailable by markets. It is worthy of a treasure-house of its own as some day it will have, unless we are really on the road back to caves.

My tourist looked at his watch and decided against a tour of the Museum proper with its Indian exhibits, its prehistoric beasts and fossilized coal. But I told him a little of the research going on in the upper stories.

Ottawa is, in some part, a city of invisible talents. Some uni-

versal men live here. They are all quiet men. London and Vienna are more apt to know their names than the dwellers on Sparks Street. They are quoted in erudite journals as authorities on their subjects. Consider Marius Barbeau, to mention one. His investigations among the Indians of northwest British Columbia have been exhaustive, he *knows* the French-Canadian, his language, philosophy, and song. His is solid work and its results enrich the land. In Ottawa there are many, too, who are engaged in special investigations carried on nowhere in Canada. It is a city much of whose night life is concerned with writing articles for the Britannica.

Or with watching hockey matches. Just beyond the Museum is the Auditorium where boys play hockey until somebody in Chicago or New York offers them a prime minister's salary to play on American ice. Undress a professional, anywhere, and you will find an ex-amateur from Ottawa.

The Driveway once more, then past the Exhibition Grounds, past Dow's Lake and by a left turn into a pleasant tree-shaded part of Ottawa which is the Experimental Farm, where science labors in the vineyard.

In Adam's state, grain was grain, fruit fruit, and eggs were eggs; to-day these things are problems to furrow the brows of specialists. To-morrow they will be art. The simple hen has joined the peerage and Lady Dot lays 325 eggs a year. The cow is no longer a ruminative beast, but a high-pressure producer; one, a Holstein Friesian, gave 30,886 pounds of milk and 1,681 of butter in a year.

There is a Society for the Improvement of Clover, and the bee which, heaven knows, was until lately considered the model of busyness, has been reproved for loafing. Apiary Reminders are mailed around to the bee-keepers who suspect their bees of considering shorter hours. Bees from Italy have been discouraged from swarming in the Italian manner.

There is a Fibre Division in the Farm army. Also a Chem-

istry Division. They are studying the physiology, mycology, and quite possibly the morals of botany. An enthusiast can take flights in ensilage or soil microbiology and have a pleasant correspondence with the Dominion Agrostologist. They have improved the apple until Eve would hardly know it. They are teaching wheat to grow practically on ice. The Eskimo of the future will take you out of the igloo to show his fields of waving Marquis ready to be threshed and sent south to Hudson Bay. At the Farm you can see the plot of ground where Dr. William Saunders conducted his experiments resulting in the Marquis wheat. This Farm, with its thousands of projects for national enrichment, is the child of government at its best.

From the Farm, west on Carling Avenue, past the Civic Hospital, one of the few hospitals in Canada enjoying the highest rating, to the Driveway and north across the Champlain Bridge to Quebec Province. The view of the Government Buildings, sending up their towers and spires into the sky, is the object here. It is a skyline that would give even an Athenian pause.

Ahead is the Royal Ottawa Golf Club and a little farther up the river the Country Club, a small, exclusive, and altogether charming place, but we turn right toward Hull.

If ever there were two cities comparable to the Mary and Martha of the scriptures, it is Ottawa of the Parliament Buildings and Hull of the paper mills. Ottawa is dressed in fine raiment and spends her days conversing. Hull works. But when night falls Ottawa remembers Hull and, visiting, leaves money with her. It is for entertainment received.



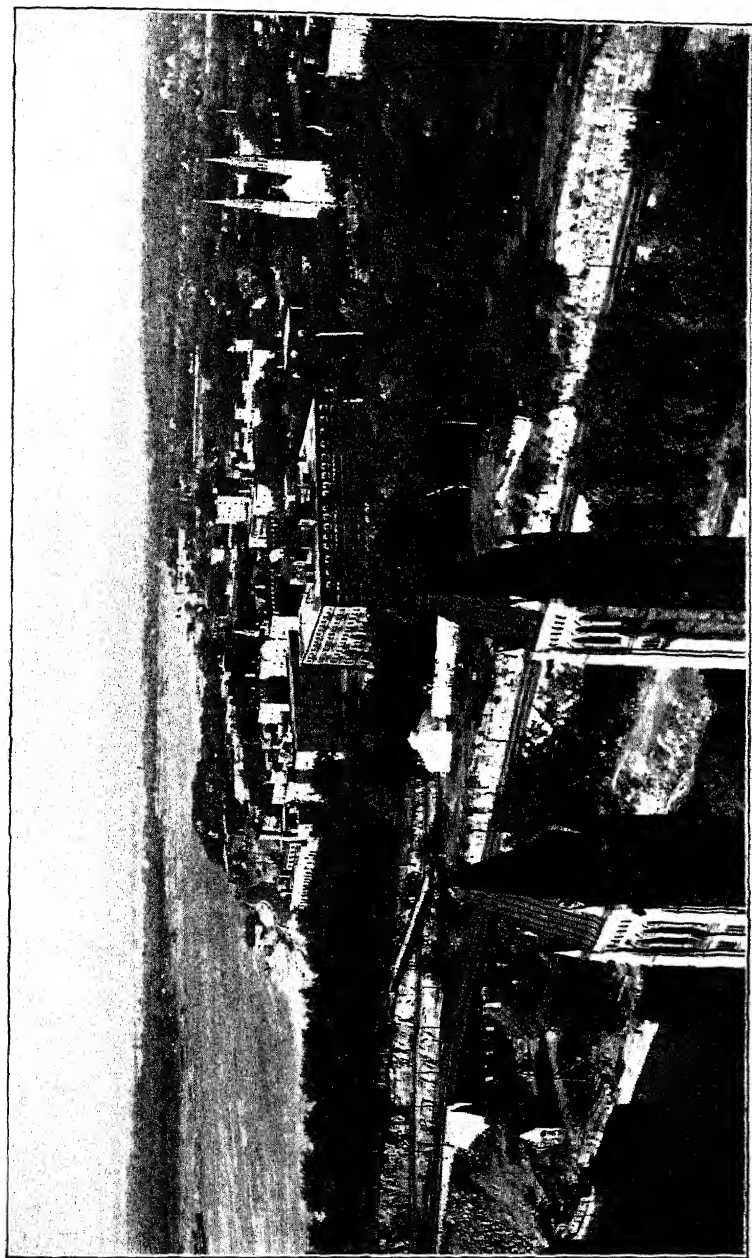
annuation on a fair pension lies somewhere on the western horizon, and it is often reached before the retired man is in the sere and yellow leaf.

Ottawa is not composed wholly of civil servants. A tradesman population forms one thick stratum, and there are descendants of the timber kings to create an old family tradition. But the hierarchy of government overshadows all other social life.

The civil servant's hours are comparatively brief and unhurried, from nine to four in summer, with an hour and a half for lunch. He walks home for the midday meal along shaded streets. He has a garden and a car. He plays universally, golf and tennis, squash or badminton, he swims and motors, fishes and skis. He attends the talkies with some fidelity, reads more magazines than books, and misses as little hockey as he can. It is the life of a man within the reach of contentment.

But here compensation puts her just finger on the scale. Because Ottawa lunches at home, the lack of interest in the public diet is lamentable. Traveling salesmen and the humble visitor are left to wander along a gloomy beach of side-arm lunches, Oriental cafés, and soda-fountain dining-halls. Men do not live by being technically nourished. Food eaten in a mood of assassination does not really digest. Perhaps some impoverished gentlewoman will create a restaurant in Ottawa which a man can visit time and time again and still be charmed at the prospect. Or perhaps this is impossible in a home-going town.

Compensation again balances contentment with complacency. The Ottawan cannot go to the theater because the only large one burned down several years ago and has never been replaced, and he cares only in small numbers for the Little Theater. He remains impressively away from lectures. Some fifteen of him, out of the hundred and twenty thousand, paid to hear the editor of the London Times. So few attended an evening of Will Rogers, who followed John McCormack, that Rogers said the next time he came it would be with McCormack, and he would



Canadian Government Photo

THE OTTAWA FROM PARLIAMENT HILL.





give McCormack the Auditorium, taking his own little crowd into the dressing-room. Libraries, on the other hand, are well patronized, and in conversation, especially political conversation, the Ottawan is well informed. There is nothing of the churl about him, nothing of the blackguard, almost nothing of the fanatic. He is loyal, if not mercurial; and wholesome, if not given to feeling poetically wretched. Life in Ottawa is lived by the great majority in a low key. It is a relatively simple, comfortable, friendly, gossipy, healthy life, above all, a sensible life.

There are two ways of looking at it. I hear complaints of its narrowness. Were there no mails, no transportation, no contacts with the world, such a complaint might be half true. Only half true, for it takes a great man to have exhausted the opportunities offered by a hundred and twenty thousand people. In reality, the contacts make it a very broad life, and I do not doubt but that a boy with singleness of will could find avenues to any ascendancy he chooses. Imagination and impulse are the requisites, as everywhere. Life in Ottawa is fundamentally sound. Despite the absence of Broadway plays, despite the deplorable paucity of great music, despite the fact that philosophy does not intervene in conversation in the Athenian manner, life of a delightful quality can be found in many homes.

To return to material existence. Ottawa's other fortune is her setting, and it would be ungracious not to descant upon the climate. After sampling many of the climates on this northern hemisphere, I have come to the conclusion that the yearly round of seasons in Ottawa composes as interesting and recompenseful a climate as any city provides. There are, to be sure, days of sullen, gray, unmoving cloud, of obstinate and perverse sunlessness, to which I shall never accommodate myself without spleen. Winter is not without abominable thaws, and spring has maddening relapses into winter. To one who enjoys the tempestuous sluicing down of southern rains, a storm in Ottawa

is an anemic performance. But where is perfection in climate? It lies in contrast and in the superlative days of the various modes. Judged by this standard Ottawa is without a peer. The number of superb days in the year is very large. The days of diamond brilliance in winter must amount to weeks. Spring, fleeting as she is, gives a honeymoon of weather. And summer, although punctuated by a few welcome hot days, is but a sedater spring. While as for autumn, it is like the closing bars of a symphony which one would not have end. For this emotion, Santayana's great line must be borne in mind—"The length of things is vanity, only their height is joy."

Bearing this changeable but exhilarating atmosphere in mind, it remains to consider Ottawa's setting. The city, or all of it that counts as urban, is concentrated upon the few blocks about the Chateau and the station. Ten minutes in a car will carry a man over running water in any direction and so exorcize the witches of his business. Ten minutes more and he is in open country, with lanes of spruces leading up to old stone houses, and long slopes of farmland interspersed with woods. A third ten minutes and he is in the hills, the granite verges of the Gatineau and the western eaves of the great Laurentian highland. Here the wilderness slips down to the road, and lakes lead around headlands into solitude. In the little rivers of this country the trout rise, and the deer wade, and the Ottawa itself broadens into lakes of great expanse.

Twenty years ago the Ottawa Improvement Commission outlined a plan for utilizing the natural beauty of Ottawa. The net of waters, the woodlands, the heights, were all considered and included. This larger Ottawa would have had a magnificence, now never to be recaptured, at a small cost. But Canada was more parochial then and her legislators were unable to believe that money spent on the capital also benefited the country at large.

The attitude is changing, and the farthest provinces are now

realizing that Ottawa is more than a city. Some day they will heap benefits upon her and save the great beauty still remaining. The time is probably not far away when Canadians will turn to their capital as Frenchmen turn to Paris and the Scots to Edinburgh. Quebec is the city of a peopled past, Montreal the city of a momentous present; to Ottawa the future!



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## INDEX

- Abraham, Plains of, 107  
 Allen, Ethan, 208  
 Amherst, 205  
 André, Brother, 221  
 Angelique des Meloises, 126  
 Archives Building, 286  
 Arnold, Benedict, 68, 208  
 Art Gallery (Montreal), 226  
 Ashbury School, 296  
 Astor, J. J., 212  
  
 Back River, 235  
 Bank of Montreal, 214  
 Barbeau, Marius, 305  
 Basilica, Quebec, 76 ff.  
 Basilica of Ste. Anne, 144  
 Basset, 177  
 Bastien family, 142  
 Battle of the Plains, 115 ff.  
 Battlefield Park, 145  
 Beaver, 193, 211  
 Beaver Club, 212  
 Beaver Hall Hill, 213  
 Beloeil, 236  
 Bigot, 99 ff., 126  
 Blanchard's Hotel, 134  
 Boisdon, 134  
 Boswell's Brewery, 60  
 Bougainville, 105  
 Bourgeois, Marguerite, 162 ff., 181,  
     183, 199  
 Bout de l'Isle, 230  
 Break-Neck Stairs, 27  
 Brown, Eric, 301  
 By, Colonel, 266 ff.  
 Bytown, 270 ff.  
 Bytown Gazette, 274 ff.  
  
 Carignan-Salières Regiment, 63  
 Cartier, 6 ff.; early days, 6; portrait,  
     10; voyage to Canada, 7; voy-  
     age to Mount Royal, 149  
 Cathedral, The English, 126  
 Caughnawauga, 234  
 Chamby, 236  
 Champlain, 17 ff.; character, 59; ex-  
     plores the Ottawa, 258; hunts  
     the Iroquois, 23; monument, 26;  
     reaches Canada, 20; story of his  
     marriage, 28 ff.  
 Charlesbourg Royal, 12  
 Charon Frères, 226  
 Chateau de Ramezay, 200  
 Chateau Frontenac, 3 ff., 27  
 Chateau Laurier, 256, 291 ff.  
 Chateau St. Louis, 80, 119, 243  
 Chaudière Falls, 256, 259  
 Christie, Dr., 275  
 Citadel of Quebec, 119 ff.  
 City Hall, Quebec, 127  
 Civic Hospital, Ottawa, 306  
 Civic Library, Montreal, 225  
 Closse, Lambert, 161  
 Colbert, 62 ff., 80, 82  
 Company of the Hundred Associates,  
     127  
 Connaught Place, 254  
 Convent of the Holy Name, 220  
 Convent of the Precious Blood, 220  
 Convent Villa Maria, 220  
 Côte de la Montagne, 133  
 Côte de Ste. Geneviève, 8  
 Country Club, Ottawa, 306  
 Courcelles, 66  
 Court House, Quebec, 127  
 Court House, Montreal, 214  
 Crone, Kennedy, 240  
  
 d'Ailleboust, 125, 157  
 de Caen, 32

- de Callières, 197  
 de Casson, Dollier, 173 ff., 177, 200, 234  
 de Lahontan, Baron, 187 ff.  
 de Lauson, 153 ff.  
 de la Dauversière, 151 ff.  
 de l'Incarnation, Mère Marie, 88 ff.  
 de Maisonneuve, 154 ff.  
 de Queylus, 163 ff.  
 de Ramezay, 200 ff.  
 Denonville, 82, 175  
 de Repentigny, Marie Madeleine, 91 ff.  
 de Roquemont, 33, 35  
 de Verchères, Madeleine, 193 ff.  
 du Vignau, 258  
 Dollard, 167  
 Dominion Square, 222  
 Donnacona, 8, 11  
 Doughty, Dr., 287  
 Dow, 265  
 Driveway, Ottawa, 305  
 Duchesneau, 81  
 Dufferin Terrace, 25  
 Duke of Kent, 123 ff.; his houses, 123, 140; his companion, 124  
 Duke of Richmond, 126  
 Duval, 21  
 Earnscliffe, 293  
 Elgin, Lord, 273  
 Exhibition Grounds, Ottawa, 305  
 Experimental Farm, Ottawa, 305  
 Fenelon, 184  
 Fortifications, Quebec, 121  
 Franklin, 201  
 Fraser Institute, 224  
 Frontenac, 78 ff.; defends Quebec, 83; quarrels with Duchesneau, 81, Fenelon, 184, Jesuits, 81, Laval, 82, Perrot, 81; vanquishes Iroquois, 83; dies, 87  
 Gage, 201  
 Gatineau Point, 295  
 Gatineau River, 256  
 Gazette, Montreal, 202  
 Giffard, 128  
 Golden Dog, 146  
 Golf Club, Royal Ottawa, 306  
 Government House, 293 ff.  
 Grande Allée, 145  
 Grey Nunnery, 226  
 Guy St., 226  
 Hébert, 15, 127  
 Henry, Alexander, 212  
 "Here and There About Montreal," 215  
 Hochelaga, 8, 9, 149 ff.  
 Hôpital Général, 226, 265  
 Hospitalières, 166  
 Hôtel Dieu, Montreal, 159, 233  
 Hull, 306  
 Ile de la Ste. Hélène, 151  
 Intendant's Palace, 68, 95  
 Indian Lorette, 142  
 Iroquois, 157, 163, 166 ff., 176 ff.  
 Irving, Washington, 212  
 Isle of Orleans, 146, 244  
 Jesuits, The, 41 ff.  
 Jesuit Chapel, 128; College, 127; Relations, The, 43 ff.  
 Kirke Brothers, The, 32 ff.  
 Lachine, 175, 233  
 Lafontaine Park, 233  
 Lairer, 8, 13, 20  
 Lake of Two Mountains, 235  
 Laprairie, 235  
 La Salle, 173 ff., 234  
 Laval, 71 ff., 244; his diet, 73; lands in Quebec, 72  
 Laval Seminary, 74  
 Laval University, 75, 165, 171  
 le Ber, Jeanne, 183, 197  
 le Jeune, 43 ff.  
 le Moyne, 161, 186 ff.  
 Lévis, 110  
 Lévis, Point, 108  
 l'habitation, 22  
 l'Hotel Dieu, 130  
 Library, Carnegie, 298  
 Log Chateau, 249



- Lorette, 142  
 Lotbinière, 125  
 Lucerne-in-Quebec, 249  
  
 Macbeth, Madge, 296  
 Madame de Bullion, 154, 162, 165  
 Madame de la Peltre, 88 ff., 156  
 Madame de St. Laurent, 124 ff.  
 Major Hill Park, 292  
 Mance, Jeanne, 154 ff.  
 Massé, Monument, 57  
 McGill University, 224  
 McTavish, Simon, 213  
 Memorial Chamber, 282  
 Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, 88 ff.  
 Mint, The Royal, 293  
 Monklands, 184  
 Montcalm, 94 ff.; birth, 95; career, 95; headquarters, 139; takes Oswego, 98; takes Ticonderoga, 102; tomb, 93  
 Montebello, 242  
 Montgomery, 40, 201, 208  
 Montmorency, Battle of, 110  
 Montmorency Falls, 137  
 Montreal, at the Cession, 203; character of, 237 ff.; harbor, 230; peoples, 240; weather, 239; when American, 206  
 Mother House of the Congregation, 183  
 Mountain, Jacob, 125  
 Mountain Mission, 181  
 Mount Bruno, 236  
 Mount Royal, 156, 217 ff.  
 Mounted Police Barracks, 295  
  
 National Battlefields Park, 107  
 National Gallery, 301  
 Nelson Monument, 215  
 Nepean Point, 235 ff.  
 Neptune Hotel, 133  
 Notre Dame Church, Montreal, 179  
 Notre Dame de Bonsecours, 183  
 Notre Dame de la Victoire, 86  
 Notre Dame des Neiges, 220  
 Notre Dame des Victoires, 134 ff.  
 Notre Dame St., Montreal, 178  
 Notre Dame St., Quebec, 133  
  
 Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, 202  
  
 Oka, 235  
 Olier, 152 ff., 180  
 Oratory of St. Joseph, 222  
 Ottawa, 254 ff.; becomes the capital, 276; climate, 309; Improvement Commission, 310; life in, 307 ff.  
  
 Papineau, 245 ff.  
 Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, 279 ff.; Quebec, 129 ff.  
 Parloir St., 90  
 Peace Tower, 258, 284 ff.  
 Peel St., 219  
 Phillips Square, 217  
 Phips, 83 ff.  
 Pilote, 161  
 Place, The, 133  
 Place d'Armes, Montreal, 159 ff., 217; Quebec, 14 ff.  
 Place Royale, 150  
 Place Youville, 228  
 Point Callières, 172  
  
 Quebec, 3 ff.; citadel, 119; discovery, 7; fortifications, 121; first ball, 67; first industries, 65; Literary and Historical Society, 128  
 Quebec Bridge, 146  
  
 Rampart St., 94  
 Récollets, 127  
 Récollets' Gate, 205, 208  
 Repplier, Agnes, 90  
 Rideau Canal, 266 ff.  
 Rideau Falls, 259  
 Rivière des Prairies, 151  
 Roberval, 12  
 Rockcliffe Park, 295  
 Royal Ottawa Golf Club, 306  
 Royal Sappers and Miners, 271  
 Royal Victoria Hospital, 233  
 Rue de la Fabrique, 8  
 Rue du Fort, 21  
 Rue Notre Dame, 21

- Sailor, 133  
 Sandy Hill, 296  
 Sault au Matelot, 133  
 Sault St. Louis, 151  
 Saunders, Admiral, 107, 112  
 Scott, Duncan Campbell, 297  
 Seigneur, The, 240  
 Seigneurie de la Petite Nation, 242  
 Seigneurie System, 243  
 Seminary of St. Sulpice, 178, 180 ff.  
 Sherbrooke St., 223  
 Shiners, The, 271  
 Sillery, 40  
 Sparks, Nicholas, 270 ff., 275  
 Spencer Wood, 145  
 Sous le Cap St., 132  
 Sous le Fort, 27  
 Sovereign Council, 66  
 St. Amable St., 215  
 St. Andrews, 128  
 Ste. Anne de Beaupré, 143  
 Ste. Catherine St., 222  
 St. Charles, 145  
 St. Foy Monument, 145  
 St. James Cathedral, 222 ff.  
 St. James St., 214  
 St. John St., 130  
 St. Sulpice St., 178  
 Stadacona, 8, 11  
 Stokes, 215  
 Sulpicians, The, 163 ff.  
 Talon, 61 ff.  
 Ticonderoga, 102  
 Townshend, 108  
 Ursulines, The, 88 ff.  
 Ursuline Convent, 90  
 United Empire Loyalists, 209, 265  
 University of Montreal, 220, 233  
 Vaudreuil, 95 ff., 175 ff., 295  
 Verdun, 232 ff.  
 Victoria Museum, 305  
 Victoria Square, 213  
 Ville Marie, 160  
 Vimont, Father, 155  
 Walker, Horatio, 147  
 Wellington, 265  
 Westmount, 224  
 Willingdon, Lord, 254  
 Windmill Point, 159, 230  
 Windsor Hotel, 222  
 Windsor Station, 222  
 Wolfe, 108 ff.; fight at Montmorency, 111; headquarters, 139; tactics before Quebec, 112  
 Wolfe's Cove, 114  
 Wright, Philemon, 262 ff.  
 Youville, Madame d', 226 ff.

















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